

AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
JOHN E. DAVIS, M.A.  
MISSIONARY AMONG THE TELUGUS.

THE LIFE STORY OF A LIFETIME



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Mrs. J. W. Githrie

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## **DEDICATION.**

TO THE BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
UNIONS, INTO WHOSE HANDS WE GIVE  
THE TORCH OF THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL  
OF OUR BLESSED LORD TO BE CARRIED  
FARTHER INTO THE DARKNESS OF  
HEATHENDOM. THIS BOOK IS IN-  
SCRIBED.



THE LATE REV. JOHN EDWIN DAVIS, M.A.  
Missionary to the Telugus, 1897-1904.



**THE LIFE STORY**  
**OF**  
**A LEPER**

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**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN E. DAVIS**

**Missionary Among the Telugus.**

*New York 1917*

## PREFACE.

On the suggestion of my brother George and fellow-missionaries, I have written this brief sketch of my life. I cannot see to write a word myself. I cannot speak out loud. A large part of my body is paralysed, so this has been a slow and difficult task and has taken a long time. I wish the reward of a rich blessing upon the lady who so kindly gave me her spare moments to write down my thoughts. I could not sit and write and re-write as I might if I were well. Nor could I wait until I was in the mood for writing. I had to work whenever I could get some one to write for me, and so the pictures are not so graphic nor the sentences so smooth nor the thought so cohesive as I would like.

J. E. DAVIS.



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## INTRODUCTION

Here is the life story of a remarkable character. In an age when heroism is being displayed in world dimensions on a trench line driving twice across one continent and through a sector of a second, and when the saying is current that there are no ordinary men, but that the men of entire nations are heroes, we find a man who stands the severest test of high courage, and emerges amongst his fellows a super hero.

Judge Hughes, the author of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' in his 'Manliness of Christ' speaks of three types of courage. One is that of the man who in the excitement of battle with cannon roaring and bugles blowing and men shouting rushes up the fire-swept slope and captures the battery at the summit. A higher form is that shown by the man taken unawares while standing on a dock, when the cry of a drowning person, friend or stranger suddenly tests him and he responds by risking his life to save a perishing fellow. The highest is that of the person who stands and waits, and who through long years of testing struggle and trying temptation of calumny it may be, of misrepresentation and persecution refuses to lower his ideals or to surrender the unselfish purpose to which he has devoted his life.

This is the supreme type of courage. This is the courage of the Christ. The first is the courage of the mass, the second that of the individual man, the third is divine. The real test of the courage of those splendid fellows now fighting in the trenches will come when, maimed and broken, they return to their ordinary pursuits and take up again the common tasks of life. If with poor health and the limitation of lost limbs and shattered powers, they shoulder those tasks and carry them through without complaining and without vindic-

tyranny, if they still maintain inviolate their high ideals and remain true to the unselfish purpose which impelled them to offer their lives on the altar of King and country. Then they will go down in history as heroes of the highest type.

Such was the courage of John K. Davis, the very finest type of heroic Christian manhood. Tested to the limit he passed true. I knew him in college, where we roomed together. I traveled with him to India and through a dozen years fought side by side with him on the Christian far-flung by the sea in the great world struggle. In the last fifteen years of his life I visited him as often as it was possible and kept up correspondence with him to the end. He never once failed. I never even feared that he would. At one time at Newark, in the early days of his affliction, it seemed as if he had reached his end and that he must capitulate, but he did not. From that time onward his courage took on the higher form of a calm heroism that increased in brilliance to the glorious end.

He remained true when all life's modest hopes, all the fruitage of years of laborious work and preparation were suddenly and tragically blasted. In the full maturity of manhood when all life's dreams and wishes, the bright light of a separate existence fell upon him and doomed him to a lingering death. The years thus spent or slowly dying were all he needed to crown his unselfish efforts with the reward of a great achievement. The denial of that achievement was his chief affliction. To trust the hand that bore the way to well-deserved success, is the severest test of faith. From that test John K. Davis emerged a victor.

Wearing the white lily of a stainless life, a most guileless and pure soul he was at first suspected of having contracted a disease as heathenish and dangerous as that from which he suffered, and as foul

morally as his real malady was physically and yet his temper did not sour. However he suffered such torture under the lash of that absolutely baseless suspicion that he once exclaimed: "Hell is not a place, it is a mental condition, and distrust and suspicion are its malignant elements."<sup>1</sup>

He loved his family with a demonstrative tender ness, but owing to the dangerous character of his work soon he repelled the affectionate advances without being able to explain. He loved his young men through their endowments and endeavours on others, and though he yearned for them with a true longing he rigidly repressed his impulses. One less strong could not have resisted so alluring a temptation. When the hopeless nature of his affliction became evident he urged his wife and pleaded with her to let him quietly retire to the *Lazzaretto di Trapani* and there pursue the easier path of suffering patiently, until death should release him. But she argued that she could not live without him, to leave her would be to kill her, nor could she then leave the children to go with him, so she, as for her sake, and not his own, he remained with them.

He was the most irrepressibly hopeful of men, even hilariously optimistic. On these hopes fell the crushing and depressing weight of a continuous danger. There was no possibility of a cure short of a miracle and very little possibility of any alleviation, and yet his hope was undiminished to the end. He trampled despair under foot and laughed at despondency.

He was one of the most variable of men. His capacity for Christian fellowship was boundless. His fondness for congenial company amounted to an insatiable craving. Yet the last six years of his life he spent amongst people of a strange tongue and an alien faith. He was blind and toward the last utterly helpless, but his hope held firm. His courage never faded. His faith was undimmed, his joy unabated. These were amongst

his last words to me "Don't think me unhappy. My little room shines with the glory of an invisible presence, and my heart thrills with the abiding fullness of the joy of God." Men who came to commiserate, went away themselves comforted. Many whose faith staggered at a visitation so relentless as that which his marred and broken body presented, returned from his company with a new sense of the mysterious power that alone can sustain and satisfy. He demonstrated this one great outstanding truth, that "not possession or position, not health or friends or human fellowship, but the presence of the Spirit of God in the human heart alone can satisfy."

H. F. LAFLAMME.

New York City,  
July 1, 1917

## CHAPTER I

### Childhood and Early Recollections.

I WAS born in the village of Wickham County of Northumberland Ontario Canada, on the 17th of February 1858. My father's name was Mordern Law Day and my mother a Mary Wilson. My father's father was Welsh and his mother German. My mother's parents came from Ipswich England and had a coat of arms and had been educated in London. At their wedding they were given £500 each and came to Canada and settled in the forest near Woodstock Ontario.

We were a large family consisting of seven boys and two girls. My mother used to cut and make our clothes by hand. For sewing machines were not yet invented. My father was not a good business man. He lost money by giving notes for others who ran away to the States and left him to pay them. He also went to Pennsylvania with his family and spent two years in litigation over the estate of his father who died intestate. He was offered for thousands dollars for his claims, but came back to Canada poorer than when he went. His father was a J. K. Loyalist.

Just after this he met with several bad accidents. Upon one occasion he fell off a load the waggon ran over him and he had five ribs broken. He also had his pelvis broken by the kick of a horse and one leg broken three times. He became a cripple and lost his farm, while the family were all small. Hence we children had to struggle to make a living. My brother George left school at twelve years of age and carried about a peddling box selling small articles from house to house to help support the family. I remember keeping the rattle out of a field for a neighbor when I was four years old. I got a penny a day and my dinner. When I had worked three days, and the hay

was all drawn in he paid me three pence and said, 'Now my little man, what are you going to do with so much money?' I said, 'Please Sir I'll give it to my mother to buy tea with.' It was the first money I had earned and I held it in my hand and ran all the way home and gave it to my mother. We all worked during the holidays at anything we could get to do. Although we were poor our mother kept our clothes clean and well mended and we looked about as well dressed as the children of well to do families. My father was not a Christian at that time but mother used to take down the family Bible every morning and calling us all together, would read a few verses and explain them and then bow with us in prayer and ask God to keep us from sin and temptation during the day. No matter how great a hurry we were in she would never let us begin the day without prayer. Misery and suffering had brought her close to Jesus and she determined to bring her family up to serve Him. She taught us to hate liquor and to shun those who were accustomed to drink. Later on my father was converted and joined the church and never touched liquor again but he was never fully able to support us. My eldest brother rented a farm when he was sixteen years old, and was really the manager of the household. We were all brought up to hard work both at home and for our neighbors but we were strong and healthy and never seemed to be tired. We attended the Baptist Sunday School and church every Sunday and generally went to the prayer meeting on Wednesday night. My mother was intensely religious and her words and prayers have been ringing in my ears all my life and if I have been of any use in the world to God or my fellow man I owe it to my mother and the teachers in the Sunday School where I spent my childhood days.

I was just five years old and probably did not know what sin was till the following took place. As it had



an important bearing on my after life I desire to record it. My mother had gone to the village and my eldest sister was in charge of our younger children. I was very fond of cucumbers but my mother had forbidden me to eat them except when they were put on the table. We had a nice lot in the garden and I determined to get one. I asked my sister for a knife to cut a notch in my arrow. I had previously put some pepper and salt in my pocket and when I had made the arrow ready slipped the knife into my pocket also and going out with my bow and arrow I began to shoot here and there about the garden. Back came I about the arrow a little nearer the cucumber patch. At last I was down under a bush where my sister could not see me. I then threw down my bow and arrow and crept on my hands and knees up to the cucumber patch. I cut off two large ones and went as quickly as I could around to the back of the house and into the washshed. There was a little loft in the washshed where the older boys used to sit down and take their noon rest. I climbed up the ladder as quick as possible and ring down on the buffalo robe picked one of the cucumbers, got out my pepper and salt and ate it. I had just begun to peel the other when my sister appeared at the top of the ladder. She had missed me and remembering that I had kept the knife suspected that I was a mischief. She took the cucumber and knife from me and made me come into the house. She told me over and over again what an awful sin I had committed. I had disobeyed my mother and told a lie and that was very angry with me. When mother came home and the family gathered for supper she told them all what I had done and I was sent to bed without any supper. My little face flushed smart and I was so ashamed that I wished I could die. As I lay on my bed nothing, my mother came up with the Bible and read me the story of Ananias and Sapphira. She told me how they were

struck dead for telling a lie how angry God was with them, and how all the Christians of that time were frightened at this terrible judgment. By the time she had finished the story I thought my judgment day had come too and that God was about to strike me dead. I didn't wish to die then as I had done before for I was terribly afraid. My mother assured me that God would forgive me if I repented and kissing away my tears, made me say the child's prayer and then bade me good night. But for months afterwards, whenever a thunderstorm came up, I thought God was after me to strike me dead and I would run to the house and crawl under my mother's bed. I thought she was so good that God wouldn't touch me while I was there. This impression of God's anger against sin made me so early in my life has lived with me until this day. Had my mother passed over it lightly or spoken of it as a smart prank I had played on my sister my life might have been altogether different. It is these early impressions that shape our lives and mould our characters. Parents ought to be exceedingly careful about such matters.

I left school in April when I was nine years of age, to harrow in the grain and from that time on never attended school in the summer. But after the roots had been gathered in in the fall, I went back and attended during the four winter months. Thus I continued to do till I was about fourteen then I took a team and drew cordwood to market during the greater part of the winter season. I remember taking a load of hay twelve miles to a hay market when I was fourteen. I got it weighed and sold it. I had to push it off myself through a window hole in a driving barn, hitch my horses to the back of the sleighs and draw them out backwards to the street again through a little narrow lane. This required considerable skill, for I had to hold the tongue of the

slaughter and guide the horses by my words. No one offered to help me but I succeeded in getting out safely. I then got my money, fed my horses, ate a cold dinner and drove back home in the afternoon.

I was very fond of horses and learned to ride and drive them in my early childhood. One of our neighbors was an expert, and used to break in all the wildest horses in the country. He often called me to help him; hence I learned how to use all the ropes and appliances for throwing kicking and ugly horses. This practical training was useful to me in after life and I never was afraid of any horse however ugly he might be. At this time we rented a large farm of three hundred acres and kept thirty cows. I used to milk eight every night and morning and often in the harvest time when my older brothers were busy fifteen or twenty. We sent the milk to the cheese factory during the week, but on Sundays we had to store it in the cellar. My oldest brother and sister who had attended Colborne High School for two years were away from home tracking school by this time and my brother Charles had become manager of the home. We all worked hard during the day, but in the evening played games or gathered around the organ with my youngest sister and sang songs and hymns till mother would come and order us off to bed. My brother James and I went to Barnum's Circus to see the wild animals, but we were more interested in the clowns and the gymnastic performances. From that time on we used to practice walking on our hands and turning hand-springs during the noon hour while the others were taking their rest. We soon succeeded and were able to turn seven hand-springs in succession. A hard day's work in the harvest field did not seem to tire us, for we would walk miles and spend half the night in hunting cows. The rough out-door life developed our

constitutions and made us strong and able to fight our own way in life

### My Conversion.

In the year 1871 when I was fifteen years old Elder Lacey our aged pastor conducted prayer services every evening during the first week of the New Year, and as one or two young men were converted he was led to continue the meetings. Before the month was over the people began to come from all directions every night the church was so full that they could not seat them. At this time the Rev J H Moore an evangelist came to assist the pastor. He was a young man full of life and energy and had a wonderful influence over the young people. Almost every night someone professed faith in Christ as his Saviour. Old men wept over their sins and backsliders were restored to fellowship in the church. I attended all these meetings and was deeply wrought upon by the Spirit but pride and the fear of my companions kept me back. One night a boy that I used to go to school with stood up in the meeting and said that God for Christ's sake had forgiven all his sins and he was very happy. This confession was the sword of the Spirit that pierced my heart. I got up, went down out of the gallery and walked two miles and a half home. I thought if this boy could find forgiveness in Christ I could too. From that time on I began to confess my sins, with repentance and tears, and ask God to give me a new heart. I used to walk by myself at night and pray by the hour but the more I prayed the more my sins came up before me and by the end of February I was just as far away as ever. I had fasted, prayed and wept over my sins till I was worn out and still I was in darkness. I made up my mind that I was lost. I had read in the Bible that God's Spirit would not always strive with man, and another verse, "Quench

not the Spirit — and I began to think that God had taken His Spirit from me. Mr. Moore came to supply our church as student pastor for the summer. His sermons and prayer meeting talks were so earnest that a number of young men and women were converted, and I also was deeply moved by the Holy Spirit. I used to go behind the barn every night to pray, and I promised God that I would give Him my heart and serve Him all my life. But when Mr. Moore returned to college I gradually became cold and indifferent to spiritual things until the death of my little brother, the youngest of the family, brought me near to the Lord once more. I used to go out into the fields in the starlight and there pour out my heart to God in prayer and plead with Him to forgive my sins. Over and over again I promised to be faithful and serve Him, but association with wild companions soon caused me to forget all my promises, and I felt that God was greatly displeased with me and that there was no forgiveness for me. I made up my mind that I was lost, that my mother and the other members of the family would go to Heaven, but I would be sent to Hell. I thought I was just and right that it should be so, but did not tell my mother for fear it would cause her pain. I stopped praying and just made up my mind there was no hope for me. After I had been in this frame of mind for about a week I went to feed the young cattle that were kept in a barn about half a mile away. As I rode up to the straw stack a verse of Scripture came into my mind. "All we like sheep have gone astray — we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." It was like a light from Heaven. I understood it now — Jesus had borne my sins upon the cross and I was free. He cried out — "It is finished," and gave up the ghost. I knew that my pardon was purchased by His blood and that I was saved. It all came to me in a moment,

like a flash of lightning from the heavens, and I was so happy that I burst into tears and knelt by the straw-stack and offered thanksgiving and praise to God for His great mercy and loving kindness to me. I then hastened and cut open the ice in the creek for the cattle to drink. Fed them all and jumping on my horse, rode home again. When I was going down the lane, I was singing that old familiar hymn:

" Oh happy day that fixed my choice

Oh Thou my Saviour and my God

Well may this glowing heart rejoice

And tell its raptures all abroad

Happy day, happy day when Jesus washed my sins  
away "

My mother heard me singing, and when I put my horse in the stable and returned to the house, she ran out to meet me and putting her arms around me, said: " My boy, have you found Jesus? " I said, " Yes, mother, I have. " She replied: " I thought so when I heard you singing. I knew you were in trouble about your soul and I have been praying for you ever since those meetings began. " On Saturday mother and I went to the covenant meeting that was held in the church. There I told the pastor and members of the church that I had found peace through faith in the blood of Christ, and I wanted to be baptized. I was received by a hearty and unanimous vote and baptized on the following Sunday evening with twenty-four others. About sixty persons in all were baptized during the great revival in the old Haldimand Church. This was the happiest time in all my life. For weeks afterwards it seemed as I were walking on air and God was very near me. I was no longer afraid of the opinions of my worldly companions. The wisest young man in the neighborhood told me he was glad that I had taken a stand for Christ, and that he wished he had done so too.

### My Fall and Restoration.

After the crops were in, I went to Colborne to be a clerk in a store. I took care of a horse for my board and got three dollars a month for my work. This seemed very small pay, but some clerks did not receive anything during the first three months in those days. I had the promise of promotion if I did my work well. I was determined to succeed, hence I was always at the store early in the morning, had it opened, sprinkled and swept clean, and the sidewalk swept before any of the others arrived.

They told me I wasn't to sell anything during the first month, but just to sweep and dust, practice doing up packages, watch the others and see how the business was run.

I began work in the grocery department and the second morning I was there two teamsters called for tobacco. I took the money and before the week was over began to sell things just as the other clerks did. I was the youngest and latest arrival in the store, hence the others wanted me to do all the disagreeable work and leave them to wait on the customers. This I refused to do. I took my share of the sweeping, dusting, cleaning lamps and carrying eggs and butter in and out of the cellar, but when I began to wait on a customer I would not let any of them take my place. This caused considerable friction, but I was firm and would not yield to them. They frequently reported me to the manager, but at the end of the month he increased my wages one dollar, so I knew I had won his good opinion.

I had to stay till nine and sometimes ten o'clock three nights during the week, but the other three nights I got off at six. I had never lived in a town before

and did not know anything about the temptations of town life. The other clerks all smoked and swore and did not object to taking a glass of whiskey when they were treated or had enough money to buy it. Tom was my companion, and in the evenings often took me to the bowling alleys or the billiard rooms. If he had any money he would try a shot at the target. If he hit the bullseye he was allowed three shots free, but if he missed it had to pay ten cents more before he could shoot again. If he played billiards it cost him as much as a hour for the use of the table. Besides this the boys generally played for the drinks, hence there was a good deal of treating and drinking. I had no money to spare and did not take part in the games. I told Tom those fellows keeping the bowling alleys and billiard saloons were too lazy to work and were getting rich out of the money we worked so hard for, that the boys were a lot of fools to toil all the month and give their money to those lazy luffers and that I did not intend to do it. Tom perfectly agreed with me that they were making an easy living but he could not resist the temptation when he met with other young fellows in the evening so I had to keep pretty much to myself. There was no Baptist church in Colborne at that time so I attended the Methodist church on Sundays. I did not know anyone and nobody took any interest in me. I soon found that the town was a place where everyone looked out for himself. The boys were sharper than the country boys, but not so honest.

Before the summer was over I was receiving six dollars a month, but I did not like the work and determined to go back to the farm. The manager then offered me an advance of two dollars a month if I would stay, but as they kept liquor in the cellar and always treated their customers, I refused.

That summer spent in town gave me an insight into



another side of life about which I had before known nothing. I did not go very far astray, but I learned to smoke cigars, and certainly lost a good deal of my spiritual life.

I learned card wood and logs nearly all the following winter. Sometimes I was invited out to parties where there was dancing. At first I took part only in the games, but as I was very fond of music I soon joined those who were dancing. There was no particular harm in this, but I was associated with pretty wild companions, and often the young men had quarters hidden in the outhouse or in the barn. During the next two years little by little I was led away from the church and my first love for Christ. Once or twice I played dominoes for the drinks in a hotel. I generally took cigars, and did not drink much, but the other three young men all tried to see who could drink the most, and consequently got pretty drunk before we went home. One night I went to a dance where there was liquor and some rough company. Two of the young men got drunk, quarrelled and fought, and on the whole I was a disgraceful proceeding. Another young man and I took our young ladies and quietly left for home. When I had bidden them goodnight I started back to my own home again, but I felt so ashamed of having taken a lady to such a place and so afraid my mother would find it out that I did not know what to do. At last I thought if my mother will feel so badly what about my Saviour whom I have promised to love and serve all my life? I was so overcome with grief that I could not go any further so I threw myself down in the fence corner and there wept and prayed and confessed my sins to God. I said, "O Lord, if you will only forgive me this once and take me back into your love, I will never wander away again, nor even trust myself any more." As I groined in

again over my soul I remembered a verse of a hymn I heard them sing in church

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed'  
How sweet 'their memory still'  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill."

A young man had said to me shortly before this "You would make a first class athlete if you were not so dim— religious that has spoiled you for the world." What he said was quite true. I had partaken of heavenly things and this world would never satisfy my heart again. I remained in that fence corner until after four o'clock in the morning and then walked quietly home, tossed the bed clothes about and made my evening suit, put on my working clothes and began a new day's work with a tired body but a glad heart. I had been unhappy during all this time but now it was over. On the following Wednesday night I attended the prayer meeting and when there was an opportunity I told the brethren and sisters how I had been wandering away from God and asked them to pray for me. After the meeting was over they gathered around me, shook my hand so heartily and were so glad to see me back that I was quite happy. I felt God had forgiven me and my brethren in the church almost wept when they welcomed me back. This was my first and only fall. From that time onward I set my face heavenward and though I have not been all I ought to be, still I have loved God and have tried to serve Him.

### Light on My Future Career

I had a conviction that I was not going to work on the farms always hence my prayer was, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" I had been praying in that way for two years, when one night on my way

home from church I knelt down in a fence corner and began to pray. Suddenly I heard a voice saying to me,

Go on just as you are for the present. I will show you the way and make you very useful. This may have been an inner voice probably it was but I heard it just as distinctly as I ever heard any person speaking in my life. I looked about me but there was no one there. I was so happy and so lifted up that I just sat there and laughed and cried with joy. Then I thanked God again and went slowly to the house. I told no one of this experience till many years afterwards. During this time I saved all my money and put it in the bank or loaned it at interest. Each Fall I went to see my parents and gave them twenty five or forty dollars also collected some from my other brothers and brought it to them. Then I saw that they were supplied with wood made things comfortable for the winter made them good bye and returned to my work. By the time I made up my mind that smoking was an expensive and useless habit and that my money was not my own. So I threw my cigars into the fire and never touched tobacco again but gave the money that I would have spent for cigars to the church and to missions. Another year passed by and I made up my mind that I would start to school again. I bought a set of books and attended a common school near by all winter with a view to entering High School and fitting myself to be a teacher. I did pretty well in the school and took up some work privately getting the teacher to help me evenings. I had been out of school so long that I found studying hard work and so many of the young men in the neighborhood were going to Manitoba I decided to go too and take up a homestead for myself. While I was talking over my plans with my sister I received a letter from my brother George saying that he had joined Doctor Crawford and was going West to

build a Baptist College. He asked me if I would not like to come along. I replied in the affirmative. The following Saturday I went to town, bought some clothes, bade my parents and friends good bye and on Monday morning took the train for the West.

## CHAPTER II

### Pioneer Life in the West (1888-89)

I was always fond of adventure and the going out into the unknown just suited me. I traveled via Chicago and up through the Western States as that was the only rail route leading to our Canadian West at that time. When we got into Minnesota a blizzard came and our train was snowbound for two days. We had to farm pasture and go out in the farm houses round about to buy bread and meat as our lunch baskets were about exhausted. Toward the close of the second day three engineers came with snow plows, cleared the road and took our train to Crookston. There we had our supper at a restaurant bought the daily papers and got aboard our train once more. There was a story in the paper of a man who had left his farm and gone south to Chicago. He warned everyone against going so far north to take a farm. He said the cold there was so severe that he found his own frozen stiff standing up against the wall in January. His horse had also been frozen and during a blizzard he had to fasten a clothesline between the house and washed for fear he would lose his way while carrying his load. The thermometer dropped to sixty five below zero and he could scarcely keep enough fire on to heat the kettle. In March he resolved to get out and leave the land to the Government as he had started south on the train. He said he saw four men standing beside the track leaning on their shovels and as they did not move he asked the conductor about them and found they had frozen to death in December and had been standing there all winter. This was all he wanted to see of the North West as anyone was welcome to his land and buildings. The absurdity of this story caused a roar of laughter in the train for we were going hundreds of miles farther North.

It was a slow tiresome journey and we were often stuck in the snow. The last sixty miles of road had been newly laid and was not at all new so we were allowed to run only two miles a load. We reached Winnipeg on Sunday and entered the Trinity Baptist church as my brother was preaching. I had been just a week on the journey.



THE LATE MRS. J. E. DAVIS.

Winnipeg was all new to me. The dog teams were coming in from different directions, bringing the mail, and men clad in buffalo coats were teaming goods with oxen around the streets. My brother and five students were there and we spent a few days buying three yoke

of sleds and sleighs. Winnipeg was full of men going out West for land. The Rev. Alexander McDonald, his sunny wife and a few Baptist brethren received us into their homes, and entertained us while we were making preparations for our journey farther West. They gave us a farewell in the church on March 15th. We departed next morning with the thermometer at zero, feeling we had met with warm friends, who were praying for the prosperity of our enterprise.

We had heavy loads and the snow was deep, so we were able to make only about sixteen miles a day with the oxen. The set of sleighs was covered with canvas. We had a little camp stove inside, where we cooked our food and slept during the night. We shot a few prairie chickens along the road and cut what wood we needed from little bluffs of timber we passed. We reached Rapid City in eight days. My brother soon secured eleven hundred acres of land for the new College, partly by homesteading. Dr. Crawford's plan was to have the students work the land in the summer and study mostly in the winter months. He believed in manual training in education.

We got out about fifty loads of wood and posts, up the river five miles, before the snow went off. I found a homestead for myself nine miles south west of the town.

We began plowing on the College land on April 29th, put in about sixty acres of oats on sod and broke one hundred acres more before August. My brother and I burned lime in a kiln at night and led the students hauling boulders off the prairie for our building during the day. I was strong, had never been sick and did not think I ever would be. I remember, on one occasion, I had been up half the night and worked till noon the next day, when Hugh Crawford, the Doctor's son, who had a homestead near

mine, came to me in trouble. He could not strike out the lands with his men on the new prairie. He took my place at the lone kiln. I walked ten miles to his farm, struck out four lands, each eighty rods long, got my supper in his shack and walked back to the College farm by eleven o'clock that night, almost eaten up by the mosquitoes, but I was up at five the next morning as fresh as ever.

That summer in June my brother Charles and my father and mother all died of typhoid fever. My brother had been dead two weeks before we received the news. The mail was carried by stage one hundred and fifty miles west from Winnipeg. On this occasion it arrived on Sunday, and as the people surrounded the Postoffice anxiously awaiting news from their friends in the East, the postmaster kindly delivered our letter. I was watching cattle out on the prairie when my brother handed it to me. I was greatly surprised to hear of my brother's death, for he was a strong young man. As I sat there on the prairie thinking over the matter I was fairly rebellious and my heart was murmuring against God for taking him away. I had my Bible with me and was preparing my Sunday School lesson, when suddenly the wind blew over the leaves and my eyes rested on the forty-sixth Psalm, tenth verse. "Be still and know that I am God." When I read these words I felt that God was rebuking me. I hid my face in my hands as I lay upon the ground and murmured no more. I understood then that friends and relatives must all stand aside when God's call comes. Human love may soothe our dying bed, but it cannot keep us back from death. For a few days I went about my work with a heavy heart, but there is nothing like work to help us forget our trouble.

On July 9th, the second party of students arrived, one coming by the river bringing eleven tons of freight,



and the other four driving from Winnipeg with three horse teams and nine head of cattle. We had the freight to haul thirty miles, the hay to cut and our harvesting to do, as well as the erection of the building. But we got to work, and as two of the students had been masons and another was a first class carpenter under their instructions twelve of us built the walls and put up a three story building 28 by 34 feet.

In October the first the stone work was completed and the building raised in. My brother then went east to Ingersoll Ont. and was married to Miss Lydia Harris. By that time the railway had reached Portage la Prairie and he was back again in two weeks. Driving from the Portage his ponies got stuck in a slough about five miles from Rapid City. The word came to me after dark that night. I harnessed the horses, took a lantern and rode out through the rain to meet them. We exchanged teams and made our way back to the town.

Next morning at five o'clock I started for Portage la Prairie to meet Dr Crawford his daughter Emily a lady student and our cook. When I had gone about ten miles I met one of the students who was bringing a load of furniture. His wagon was down in a mud-hole and his own could not extricate it. I hitched my horses ahead of his and drew them out, then proceeded on my way. Toward evening when I had gone about thirty miles I came to a farm house and resolved to stay there all night. I took supper early and retired. It was a small log house with one room and my bed was not curtained off. The lady of the house went behind a curtain when I prepared for bed. I was soon fast asleep for I was very tired. About ten o'clock I was awakened by a loud knocking at the door. The door opened and three ladies and an old man came in. As they were taking supper I learned that Dr and Miss Crawford were in the party. Then came the ques-

tion, how am I to get up and dress myself and leave the bed for the ladies? I waited until they were all gathered around the table and were busy taking supper and making questions about the road and the distance they had to travel when I managed to dress myself and leave the bed without being seen. Then I introduced myself and they were very glad to meet me. Mr. Crawford and I took our buffalo robes and slept in a new house partly built. It was a cold night, and as we lay on the floor I felt very sorry for the poor old man, for I knew he had always had every comfort and knew nothing of the rough life in the West. The other women went to bed but Miss Crawford sat in the rocking chair and cried most of the night.

The College building was ready for occupation with its bare walls, eighteen inches thick. They were often nicely festooned with frost during the winter, but none of our party of eighteen had a sick day. The students all studied as hard as they had worked. We had a Literary Society and a College paper, and we spent a profitable winter with my brother, his wife and Miss Crawford as teachers. We had four big wood stoves to keep going and for lack of money to hire help, my brother often went out five miles for a load of wood and taught his classes until ten o'clock at night. Many of us had been out of school for a long time, and hence we found studying hard work.

### **My First Sermon.**

Besides their studies many of the students went out among the settlers and preached on Sundays. Early in the winter Mr. Vauvick had arranged to preach to some settlers about five miles from the College. I accompanied him as he went to preach his first sermon. It was a cold day thirty five below zero, but the people turned out well and the house was full when we arrived.

We had a good meeting and Mr. Venable won the confidence of all who were there.

On our way home he said to me: "I want you to preach the sermon next Sunday." I had never done such a thing and told him that it was impossible. But he would not let me off. So during the week I spent my spare moments in preparing my sermon. The next Sunday when we arrived at the house where the meeting was to be held I was introduced to a gentleman and his wife and met a lady. They were all college graduates and this made me think the more of them. I was nervous, very laughing and tremulous at the thought of standing up before people. My knees almost knocked together when first I came to my feet, but by the time he was up and reading in the Scripture were finished I had gathered a little more courage and lifted up my heart to God in prayer, as His blessing on my message and on those gathered. Although I had made good preparation, I forgot almost everything but I struggled through. I was so earnest in presenting the claims of Christ that one man was a heathen.

We continued these meetings until the season went off in the Spring. Other students did the same in other neighboring towns. Next summer a revival happened; my brother gathered the Baptist people together and began a church. He also started a subscription list to build a chapel. While the building was going up, they rented a hall and he preached to them. He was fresh from college and his strong vigorous sermons, full of tenderness and passion made the Bible a new book to me and quickened the desire in me to preach the Gospel. My brother Albert who had joined the College party also became a preacher.

### Forming and Preaching

The Spring came and I went to my farm, built a shack and settled down for the summer. There were a

few young men in tents and shacks, scattered here and there over the prairie, who spent their Sundays in fishing and shooting, or in playing cards and telling stories. There were also a few Christian families in the neighborhood, but no one seemed willing to conduct a service on Sunday. I could not keep still and let this state of affairs continue, so I got the use of a house for a service. Then I went around and notified all the young men in the vicinity. There was a lady in the neighborhood who had been leader of a choir, and a number of the young men had good voices, so we began our meeting by singing a number of hymns. When they had all become interested in the hymns, I stood up and led in prayer. and after the reading of God's word, I did my best to point them to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." I had made a beginning and could not go back, so I kept up the service all summer. I had no books to help me, and my sermons at best, could not have been more than exhortations but I had heard, "The crow does sing as sweetly as the lark when unattended." They had no one else to listen to, and had been without a service so long that they seemed hungry for the word of life. I toiled hard all the week and walked six miles and preached every Sunday.

### **The Boom.**

When the next winter came on, I studied privately with Prof S. J. McKee and Prof J. E. Wells. The latter had come West to edit the Rapid City Standard, which was owned by my brother. Besides reviewing my English studies, I got a good start in Latin. That was the year of the boom in the West. American capitalists came into Winnipeg, and began to buy town lots at extravagant prices and sell them to one another, always raising the price. Soon they were buying lots in every town in Manitoba and the West. People got

excited and I never saw anything like it in all my life. Lots were drawn out on paper and sold where towns did not exist. People in Ontario sent money to purchase Rapid City lots lying in the marshy grounds of the river. The excitement ran high all winter, and the man who owned most of the town plot suddenly became wealthy. He lost his head, was often the worse of liquor, lit his cigar with a five-dollar bill, invested heavily in syndicates dealing in town property and died a few years later in abject poverty. Rapid City had thousands of surveyed lots, but only about fifty buildings. The railway had been surveyed to go through at this point, but a change of government carried it next year twenty miles to the south. Brandon sprang up there and Rapid City collapsed.

The Americans did their sharp work, sold out at the right time, took their money and returned home. The whole country was bankrupt. Many were left in extreme poverty. Few men thought of paying their debts. The boom killed all interest in the country and left all business in a state of stagnation for the next ten years.

I did not have any money to invest nor any faith in such wild speculation, so I kept plodding away at my studies in the Academy that had been opened by Prof. McKee and my brother for literary students only, as Prairie College on the hill accepted only students for theology on the manual-labor basis.

### A Close Call

I spent a second summer on my farm and preached in two neighborhoods every Sunday. By that time I had concluded that preaching the gospel was to be my life-work. In the Fall I returned to the Academy and had Professors McKee and Wells as my principal teachers. At Christmas I visited my sister at Portage la Prairie, and on my way back rode in the

same car with Miss Irvine the lady teacher in the Academy. When we reached Brandon it was forty two below zero. There was a strong wind blowing from the north west, and the stage driver to Rapid City refused to face it. I told Miss Irvine we must remain in Brandon all night but she was determined to hire a livery with two horses and go on. In a short time the driver came with our large fine looking horse and said he would take us the twenty miles in two hours so we started out. The wind was so strong, and blew the fine snow in the horse's face so badly that the animal would turn right around in spite of the driver. I had to get out and run ahead of the horse, and every now and then rub the iceles off his eyes and nose. At the half way house the thermometer stood at sixty below zero. After getting warmed we took the trail again but lost it ten times. Once we stopped our horse near a bluff of dry timber and resolved to build a fire and stay there all night. But I found the trail again and called to the driver to come on. By this time Miss Irvine had become so cold that she did not reply when I spoke to her. When we reached the Academy I carried her in and it took some time bringing her to consciousness. The driver and I had our faces frozen. Next day we heard of the death of several farmers lost in the storm. That was the hardest experience I ever passed through in the North West. It was only by the mercy of God that we escaped with our lives.

In May that year I went to Winnipeg wrote on the matriculation examination and was one of the successful candidates. Then I returned to my farm and broke fifty acres of prairie on an adjoining section for a gentleman, as I had done the year before thus earning two hundred dollars each year and completing my homestead duties. That summer I also kept up my preaching appointments. One Sunday I remember a

Scottish family came eight miles, bringing the aged mother on a stove-bowl with the oxen. They had no wagon and often came to hear the gospel and join in the worship. I shed tears of joy when I saw such faith and devotion, and this was reward enough for me. In the Fall I held at the settlers' good-bye and started for Winnipeg to attend college. The Church of England, the Catholics and the Presbyterians all had colleges affiliated with the Provincial University. Naturally I chose the Presbyterian.

Prince College and the Academy kept open for another year with an enrollment of about forty students. But Dr. Crawford was receiving very little help from the area Baptists. Manitoba was passing through hard times. Manitoba has not yet been established. There could not be sold even at fifteen cents a bushel nor wheat at fifty. Six Baptist churches had been organized by the foreign party and ten in all had been started in the Manitoba Baptist Convention. During the same period another Baptist foreign had been started in Toronto with a million dollars of endowment. Dr. McKee was sent to Manitoba and advised that Prince College be closed and that a Baptist university be educated at McMaster Hall. As soon as the program was made by Baptists in Manitoba for the next eight years. The American Baptist Home Mission Board gave employment to Dr. Crawford and Rev. Alexander McInnes, Dakota for ten years and paid the salaries of men here who went to Moose Jaw and organized a church there. My brother Albert and some of students of Prince College remained in the American side and are still here while others went to Toronto. Prof. McKee moved his Academy to Brandon and soon had over sixty students. He and Mrs. William Burton, Sec. of Toronto saw the great need of a college for Baptists in Brandon as well as the great opportunity and made substantial gifts, both for a new

building and for endowment. Mr McKee's Academy was merged in Brandon College, and he was made the leading professor, with Dr A P McDiarmid as principal. The College has grown into a great institution. Pioneers endure hardship, lay foundations, "set the ball a-rolling" and are often quite forgotten.



## CHAPTER III

### Working My Way Through College

During my last summer on the farm Rev. Theo. Sale, who was pastor of the church in Rapid City, came down to preach for me one Sunday in harvest time. It was a fine day, and so many came to the meeting that half the people could not get in the house. Many sat outside on benches around the door. He made me read the Ser. portion and open the meeting with prayer. After the meeting was over I took him back to my farm, gave him a cup of tea and then drove him to Rapid City. He told me he felt sure that God had called me to preach the gospel, and in fact the conviction had been steadily growing upon me that that was the work God would have me do. I could make money and be successful as a farmer, but that seemed to have no attraction for me. I knew, however, that in this day of light and progress, the minister of the Gospel must have an education that will qualify him to meet and deal with all classes of people. I resolved that however difficult it might be, I would take the Arts course and pass the B.A. examination.

I had never lived in a city before. I was a stranger at the College and a stranger in the church, and during the first two weeks I was more lonely than I had ever been when camping on the prairie. I had never been among Presbyterians before, and was the only Baptist in the College. The students were mostly Scotch-Canadians. We had the Campbells and Camerons, the Hardens and McPhersons, the MacBeths and McLeans, the Melvers and Melbourns. They were great men at sports of all kinds, and some of them greatly excelled in throwing the sledge hammer and in putting the heavy weight and shoulder stone. They were also good football players. I did not know much about these

kinds of sports but I joined the football club and was soon chosen to play on the first eleven, where I soon learned to hold my place for three years. I had not been there long when one of the attacking men jerked my front man up and carried him out to the room. I laughed at the end but a coming assault to carry him out so easily. The big fellow then proceeded to carry me out also. I have been ready that morning the students in Princeton College were waiting and we did not go on such a plan. He kept time he got hold of me and started to pull me down. The door I was in was open on the floor. After I had repeated it three times he made up his mind but it was a genuine and real thing that he had imagined. This gave me a reputation among the men and I was allowed to go free from that time onwards.

The second Sunday I was in the city. I attended the Baptist Sunday School and when it was over Henry Harger, one of the deacons, whom he had with me at the door, asked me if I were not angry in the city. When he learned who I was he introduced me to his sister and they took me home with them to tea. From that time on we became great friends and when I felt the need of a change I used to run over to their house and have a chat with them in the evening. He was a hard working business man but was constantly getting hold of young men who were staying in the city. He would invite them to his own home to tea and then take them to church. His wife and sister cooperated with him. They sought to throw a good influence around young men and keep them from the hotels and billiard saloons. It is wonderful what a good Christian business man can do in his spare hours. The only real fact that he is a real man with a good heart. I soon became acquainted with the pastor the Rev. A. A. Cameron and his family. They also took a kindly interest in me and often visited me in their home and while taking tea together he frequently told me of his boy

good days and his struggle for an education, and gave me a word of encouragement.

There was a good Literary Society in the college, and the students put as much life and energy into that as they did into a game of football. Here we learned to read and debate and get accustomed to speaking on the job or platform. Dr. Hurre, one of the professors, generally acted as literary critic. He was a scholarly man, and his criticisms were always wise and just. I remember one Friday evening after taking part in a debate that I awaited his criticism with a good deal of anxiety. In summing up his remarks, he said: "I congratulate Mr. Davis on his masterly speech. He is a little nervous and bashful but will doubtless get over that in time. He is a strong vigorous debater and made his points clear and sustained them well, but I would remind him that his is a stage and not a war room. Much rather much of the farmer than of the man who intends to lead a public life. I would advise him to read the poets and cultivate a taste for good literature." I felt he had let me off easy, but I made a mental note of his criticism and from that time on I began to get acquainted with Tennyson, Longfellow and Shakespeare. I enjoyed the evenings in the Literary Society very much, for my life had been spent mostly on the farm and I had not had an opportunity of meeting and associating with a body of educated young men. I had begun late in life and was behind in almost everything. This at least kept me humble and made me resolve to work hard and attain to something higher and nobler than I had yet attained. When Spring came we had a pretty severe examination and I failed in Algebra.

### **On a Summer Field.**

I had taken some part in the prayer meetings at the Baptist Church, preached at the jail occasionally

of a Sunday morning visited the hospital and taught a class in Sunday School so the church licensed me to preach and I went out to Southern Manitoba and began work there. I taught school through the week and preached three times on Sunday. The preaching places were all miles apart and after preaching in the schoolhouse where I taught I had to walk a mile west and take another service at two o'clock. From there I rode six miles to a village called Clearwater on horseback and preached at seven in the evening. Then I rode back to the central place of service gave the horse over to Mr. Macleary who had so kindly loaned him to me and walked six miles home after night. I also conducted prayer meetings in two of these places at which a few young people professed conversion and some of the older ones who had wandered away returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls.

One Saturday while on horseback riding over the prairie I lost my way but came across a wagon track which I followed for two or three miles. Then suddenly, I saw in the distance some kind of a building. As I rode up to it I found there was a horse stable and while looking about for a shack or tent I discovered a dug out. It was built on the side of a hill, the walls and the roof were made of long strips of mud dug from the prairie. A stovepipe appeared out of the top and as a little smoke was coming up it the air I concluded somebody must be living there and accordingly went to the door and knocked. A lady appeared and after a little hesitation invited me to come in. There was no floor in the building and very little furniture, but in one corner I discovered a piano. A few boards had been laid down for a platform and it was resting on them. The ladies tipped behind a curtain and soon appeared quite well dressed. I soon learned the story. Their husbands had been merchants in Montreal, had

failed in business and had gone away to the West with the hope of bettering their condition in life. I found they were well educated and good musicians. One of them played the piano and we sang several hymns together. I prayed with them, invited them to attend the service on Sunday, and bade them good bye. I never saw them again, but I heard they thought their clothes were not good enough to go out anywhere in society. They had seen better days and it was hard for them to accept their surroundings. It is easy for anyone to ascend, but much more difficult to lose all and start over again. But they remarked that they never knew who their real friends were till after they became poor.

I enjoyed my summer's work very much. During my spare hours I reviewed all my work in Algebra, and in October bade farewell to the writers and once more set out for College. On arriving in Winnipeg I passed my supplemental examination and entered upon new work. I had arrived at the stage in which a student is called upon to decide what honor course he will pursue. After talking the matter over with the professors, I chose mental and moral science, political economy and logic. Thus I entered upon a new world of thought.

We were new and green and took the subjects pretty seriously. We read Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding and found the mind was a *tabula rasa* on which the external world writes, and that all our knowledge comes to us through experience. But we learned also from Leibnitz that the mind itself formed the larger factor in our knowledge. According to the empirical philosophy, we cannot know things in themselves, but only their qualities. Then Bishop Berkeley taught us that we could not know the mind either, except through its attributes, such as thought and

volition. Hume carried us still farther away from the real world by declaring that we could know neither matter nor mind but only a succession of sensations. As we listened to the lectures of the professors and read the various authors, we became more and more confused, and at the end of the year were not very sure whether we knew anything or not.

We had a great many other things, however, that kept us in contact with the real world. I practised football playing every night and played in the College tournament, and we were again successful in winning first place. We learned to recite and debate in the Literary Society and occasionally conducted a session of mock parliament. We organized a Y. M. C. A. in the College, and I took my turn with the others in leading the meetings. I also visited the jail occasionally and preached to the prisoners, and, as the Presbyterians had many preaching stations that were supplied by the students during the winter, I was occasionally asked to go out fifty or a hundred miles by train and conduct the Sunday services. When I was in the city on Sunday, I attended the Baptist church and taught in the Sunday School.

### The Riel Rebellion.

This was in the year 1885. Toward Spring, the second Riel Rebellion broke out in the North-West. Some policemen were shot down at Duck Lake and the news spread like wildfire all over the country. The half-breeds had been collecting arms and ammunition, and it was feared that the various Indian tribes would join them. The Ninetieth Battalion of Volunteers was ordered to the front, and a number of our students were compelled to leave college don their regimentals and go with their battalion. A special train took the four hundred troops to the West and we students went up

to see them off. We had played football with many of them and hence were specially interested in them.

There was one young man that I wished to see very much. He was an Irish Catholic and I had known him for some years. He was clever and gifted in almost every way. He was the champion skater, a great foot-ball player and an expert in the game of lacrosse. He was also a good student. His very gifts often brought him into bad company and he seemed to take part in drinking, gambling and other vices common to the average sportsman. About eighteen months previous to this, on a cold evening home one night from the station, I found him in a side street the worse of liquor and laughing on to a lamp post. After much coaxing and persuading I got him to come with me and took him to his home. I rang the bell and his mother came to the door. He went into the back parlour and she and I had a pretty plain talk for I had gathered from his remarks that his father had lost his confidence, and that he had not been home for three days. I asked her if his own mother turned against him, who thought more of him or care for him? After a few days he came back to the college and began to do well in his studies again. All that winter I watched over him, went for walks with him, kept him away from hotels and from bad companions, and in the Spring he won a scholarship on his examination. Now he was going to the front and might be shot down and I would never see him again. Would he be lost or would he be saved? This was the question that was in my mind and I walked up and down the main platform looking in the car windows to see if I could catch a glimpse of him. It was getting late and I had just given up all hope of seeing him and was turning to go back to the college when someone laid a hand on my shoulder and turning I saw it was Harry. We went down into an alleyway between two buildings and had a little talk together. "If

I die in battle," he said. "I expect to meet you in Heaven. The night you took me in from that lamp post I had planned to commit suicide. I was waiting for the police to get off the street. Then I intended to cross over, make my way to the river and jump in. I thought everybody in the world was against me and that no one cared whether I lived or died and I didn't rate myself. But when you came and took me home and stood by me all Winter, I began to respect myself again and determined to mend my ways. We just knelt and had a word of prayer together, then I bade him fare well and he took his place on the train. As I moved out from the station, we waved handkerchiefs at each other till the train got in motion, then I wended my way back to the college, feeling that at least I had done my duty.

Our Ninetieth had only been gone a few days when a French battalion arrived from Quebec and camped north of the railway, and before the week was out a battalion of Highlanders came up from Nova Scotia and camped right in front of our lounge. So we had heard some bugle calls and bagpipes and the trilling of troops at all hours of the day, and it required a good deal of will power to keep down to our studies. There was constant excitement kept up by the news that was coming from the front. Seven of the young men in the Ninetieth were killed in battle and the bodies of two of our old college boys were sent back to W. waiting for interment. One of them had been studying in the medical college, as three of the medical students and I were bearers at his funeral. He was a dashing, wild young fellow and was shot dead without a moment's warning. The funeral sermon was preached in the Congregational church. According to the preacher's view all soldiers were heroes and no one could be better prepared to meet his God than he who fell fighting for his country. When we had laid the body to rest



and were returning one of the medical students remarked to me that the preacher had a happy way of getting men into the kingdom of God. 'Speak well of the dead.' I said, 'Yes,' he replied, 'I know all that, but I know F. . . . better than anyone else and if he is in heaven then there must be some other way than the straight and narrow one that leads to those golden gates.' People do not need to go to war in order to die. I replied, 'Accidents are happening here on the streets every day. Supposing you were killed on the road home this evening, would you be any better off than F. . . . ?' 'No,' he said, 'I don't pretend that I am ready for heaven, but I hope when I finish my studies to lead a better life.' In the day and the hour ye think not the Son of Man cometh. I replied, 'Be ye also ready.' Now is the accepted time. You will never have a better one. Your heart is moved over the death of your fellow students. Why not settle the matter now? We I think, he said, I wish I were in your place and felt as sure of heaven as you do, but I can't do it yet. As he said this we came to the parting of the ways, and I bade him good night.

### **Shoal Lake and Strathclair**

Towards the end of May the examinations came on and we had ten days' pretty hard work, but when it was over I felt fairly well satisfied. I knew I had made a better record than I ever had done before. That evening I went to meet the Home Mission Board and they sent me out to Strathclair to preach for the Summer. I went as far as Brandon by train, then took the stage to Rapid City, and my old friend Professor McKee met me there and took me about twenty miles on my journey. I then left my trunk and valise at a farm house and walked twenty miles on to Strathclair. When I arrived I found they had been without any services for eight months. There had been

a quarrel among some of the members of the church, and as they had no pastor they had ceased to hold prayer meetings. I got Isaac McLean to drive me around to see the Baptist people. The crop had been a failure the year before and they thought they could not pay me anything for my services. I told them I was there to preach the gospel whether I received any thing for it or not and repeated the Parable of the Pounds. The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want. After talking the matter over at some time Peter McLean a good man and full of faith and he was willing to give me a room and not demand whether the others gave me anything or not. I raised the able people together on Thursday night and we had a good prayer meeting then I talked to them about their children and the young people as well as the without and told them they were responsible for giving the gospel to the nations round about them. At the close of the meeting those who had been unfriendly came together shook hands and forgave one another and promised to tell their neighbors that there would be a service in the big church at eleven o'clock the following Sunday.

On Sunday the settlers turned out pretty well and almost filled the little church. We had a good service and I was introduced to all who came to the meeting. After dinner I mounted my horse and rode fourteen miles west to Oakburn where I preached at two o'clock. Here there was only one Baptist family. Mr. Morgan, his wife his mother and sister but there were some Presbyterians in the neighborhood and some who did not belong to any church at all. On Monday and Tuesday I went about the neighborhood visited the people from house to house had prayer with them and invited them to the Sunday service. On Wednesday I returned to my boarding place to conduct the evening prayer meeting. In June I conducted special meetings

ten nights in succession. A number of the young people professed faith in Christ and some of the older ones, who had been careless and indifferent about spiritual things, returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. The church was strengthened and encouraged and my heart was full of joy and gladness. I kept up the preaching services and prayer meetings all Summer.

Away to the North West of us there was a place called Snow Lake. The Mounted Police had been stationed there in former days and a few of them still remained to keep order in the country. There were two huts & two general stores, a Postoffice and a few private dwellings. The place had a hard name. An English Church minister had visited it occasionally some years before, but as no one would attend the service he had abandoned it. A Methodist minister also had made an attempt and they treated him cruelly, and as he was far away and had more work than he could do, he left them to their selves. That Summer they had a boat race on Sunday and a man was drowned and buried without any funeral service. Another Sunday they had a horse race and a man who was drinking was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. He too was buried by his companions without even a prayer.

On Sunday I preached at Strathclair in the morning, at Fighburn in the afternoon and then rode my pony around the north end of the lake down to the south end where the village was at that time. I went straight to the schoolhouse and tied my pony in the shed. When I came into the school building it was cold and chilly, there had been a dance there on Friday night and the whole place was upside down and the floor very dirty. There were a few young men about the door but no one offered to do anything. So I took off my coat, went to the woodshed, split some kindling, brought wood and put on a good fire, then

lit one of the lamps, found a broom and began to sweep out the building. The young men sat on the benches giggling, each afraid to do anything lest the others should say. He was getting religious. Soon one of the hotelkeepers and his wife came in. She began to clean the lamps and sent him to take the broom from me and to finish sweeping out the schoolroom. After the lamps were lit I moved under the table, hoping that others might come, but as they did not and he came for opening the meeting hall at last I gave out a few car hymns. I thought I would get the young men to join in the singing and thus get them interested. But in this I was mistaken for when I began to sing no one joined with me and I had to sing the hymns through alone. Two young men sat upon the window, cracked their feet together and kept pulling and hauling each other and giggling. I was not a very good singer and didn't enjoy singing alone, but I put all my energy into the hymns and sang through to the end. I then read the Scriptures and prayed. During which time quite a number of others came into the room and took their seats. Just as I gave out the second hymn the Mado family arrived from the south and some others with them. As soon as I had read the first verse of the hymn Miss Mado raised the tune and led the singing. The hotelkeeper and his wife and a number of others joined in and I found they had good voices and could sing well when they wished to. I preached a short practical sermon and at the conclusion told them I was willing to preach for them every Sunday night without any reward but I thought they ought to take up a collection to pay the school trustees for the oil and wood we used. Two men jumped up and said, "All right boss. We'll see about that" and taking him by the hand, he passed it around and got a good collection. We then sang a hymn and I dismissed them with the benediction. I was at the door before any of them could get out,

shook hands with them and invited them to come again. The hotelkeeper asked me to come and stay with them all night. I was glad he did so for both the pony and my self were tired out. After supper he and his wife came into the parlor with me and I had prayer with them. He then went back to the bar room, but she remained with me and told me how ashamed she was that they should be keeping a hotel. She said they had a good farm a few miles away and were doing well on it, but that the love of money had led her husband to go into this business and stated that both her parents and hers would be very much grieved if they knew what they were doing. She was also in great trouble about her own soul. I read her all the precious promises of Christ and we knelt and prayed together. I told her the Lord would forgive her even though they were engaged in keeping hotel, if she would only turn to Him with her whole heart. When we arose from prayer the tears were running down her cheeks, and she said: "By God's help I am going to lead a new life and I am sure He sent you here to help us all." I bade her good-night and returned to my room.

The next morning I rode out about five miles south-east of there to visit a Baptist family, of which I had heard. I found the wife was a Christian, but the husband was not, so I had prayer with her and the children. She sent me about three miles farther on to visit a Scotchman who had injured his spine and had been unable to do any work all Summer. When I arrived at his place I found him in a very bad frame of mind. He was cursing his bad luck and murmuring against God for laying him aside in the busy season of the year. I tried to talk with him, but he would not listen, he would not let me read or pray with him. He said that the God who would send him such trouble was not a just God, and blasphemed so horribly that I went out

of the room and left him. His wife was a good woman, and the tears were in her eyes as she told me something of their troubles and misfortunes. I had prayer with her and the children, and my own heart was so moved in pity for them that I could not keep back the tears, as I poured out my soul to God in their behalf. When I had finished and was about to go away, he called his wife and she stepped behind the curtain to see what he wanted. In a moment she returned and said he was sorry for the way he had treated me when I had come such a distance to see him, and wanted me to come to his bedside again. This time it was all different. He asked me to forgive him for what he had said, and to read and pray with him. I found he knew many of the Psalms by heart and had been well brought up in Scotland. I read him the story of the Prodigal Son, and quoted many other precious passages, and then I knelt and prayed for him. When I rose up I saw the big tears running down on his dark beard. He thanked me for coming, and told me if he got well, he would bring the whole family to hear me preach. I bade them good-bye and visited a few other homes, stayed with a Baptist family all night, and the next day got back to my boarding place.

I kept up this service till the first week in October, when I had to leave again for college. The wife of the hotel-keeper found her Saviour and was very happy. Several others were also seriously considering the question. The last Sunday I was with them I bade them all good-bye, and promised to try to send someone in my place. When I reached Winnipeg I induced the Home Mission Board to send a pastor out to Strathclair, and he had the joy of baptizing the hotel-keeper and his wife and a number of others.

### Last Year in College

I reached Waco just in time for the College opening. It was a great event for the students and many of the friends of the College were present. The large chapel room was filled to overflowing and the scholarships and prizes taken by the students in the May examinations, were awarded. While they were calling the names of successful candidates in the various departments and presenting them with their prizes, I was waiting for my own name to be called. There were just two of us in the philosophy class who had taken scholarships. I came second and when my name was called I walked down to the Principal's desk and received a check for \$400.00. I thanked him and returned to my seat with a heart full of gratitude and thanksgiving to my Heavenly Father who has granted me the strength to persevere in my studies. Just after the scholarships were awarded it was announced that prizes would be given in the Literary Society and I was greatly surprised to hear that I had won the first prize for public speaking. I had taken part in all the debates during the previous winter but I was not at all a polished speaker like many of the other students. The prize was on a paper written of the History of Ancient Egypt by Professor Rawlinson. I was the only Baptist in the College and I felt that my Presbyterian friends had more than done me justice in presenting me with this prize. At the close of my course I was also awarded the Harvey Medal in Metaphysics. It was a great evening for many of us, especially for those who had received scholarships and we went to our rooms with happy hearts and with a resolve to do our best in the future. It took a week or two for us to get our football association, Literary Society and Y. M. C. A. organized and to get back into the way of studying again, but it was not very long before we were down to work as usual.

This was my last year in the College and I resolved to do my best to help my fellow students heavenward. I used to play football with them in order to get them to the Young Men's Christian Association on prayer meeting and one night when we were practicing an incident occurred which caused me a good deal of anxiety. A number of the old players had graduated and gone away and a number of new ones had come in from the College and joined our team. Among them was a tall strong young man who played a very rough game. He was continually kicking and tripping some of the smaller ones, and there were many complaints against him. I always played on the defence, so never came in contact with him but this night he left his place and came down and played with the forwards near our goal. Presently the ball dropped between us. We both ran forward but I was quicker than he and as I passed him he put out his foot and tripped me. I fell on my hands and knees on the ball, and stuck to it till I had kicked it away. Then I told him that it was a foul. I resumed my place but just as I did the ball came near once more and as I ran after it he again tripped me. This time I warned him not to repeat it but before the hour was up the ball dropped off to one side near us two and we both ran for it. I got ahead of him but just as I kicked the ball he charged and tripped me and gave me a push with his hands. I fell on the sidewalk cut the knee of my pants and bruised myself somewhat. I was pretty good-natured but this was a little more than I could endure and turning quickly around, I seized him and giving him a roll on my hip brought him violently to the ground. Some of the boys said that I struck him with the flat of my hand but I did not remember doing this. He was kicking violently and trying to get up. I seized him by the legs, stood him on his head, and then giving him a push over, went up the



field after the ball. My blood was up and I cleared a road for myself, carried the ball down to the other goal and drove it between the flags.

Then I began to think of what I had done. I was playing football in order to have an influence over the students and now I had lost my temper and probably forfeited my influence. No, as soon as the game was finished I went to him and apologized. I told him I was sorry I had lost my temper and asked him to forgive me. He put out his hand and we shook hands and walked off the field together.

The next evening I had to lead the students' prayer meeting. I was very much ashamed of what I had done and all that evening I humbled myself before the Lord and asked Him to forgive me and not let me lose my influence over the men because of this incident. The next day at four o'clock when the College closed, the bell rang for the Y M C A. prayer meeting. We assembled in one of the large classrooms, and with a good deal of fear and trembling I took my place at the teacher's desk and announced a hymn. We sang several hymns while the students were assembling. Then I read the Scriptures and lifted up my voice in prayer. Nearly every student in the College was present. The classroom was packed full and while the meeting was going on Dr. King, our good old Principal came in and sat down. I addressed the students with an humble spirit but with as much energy and positive conviction as ever I had done. When the meeting was over one of the students, who belonged to the rougher class, came up and shook hands with me. I told him I was glad to see him at the meeting. "Well," he said, "I don't care much about religion but I like to hear a man talk who can knock a fellow down on the football field when he deserves it." I tried to tell him that I did wrong, but he would

not listen to it at all. He said, "If you hadn't done that, you wouldn't have been a man at all and these are my sentiments." The affair turned out better than I expected. I went to my room, thanked God for it and asked Him for grace to control myself in the future. I heard afterwards that Dr. King often mentioned my name to the next generation of students as one who had exerted a great influence in the College for good. I think he got this impression from that packed classroom. He altogether overestimated the little work I did. I was conscious of failure all the time I was there and as I look back over the years now, I know I could have done a thousand fold more, if I had only been more in earnest.

I worked hard during the Christmas holidays preaching but it was a change for me. Besides I earned eighteen dollars, which I needed very much for living was expensive in the West and books and college fees, together with our board and other expenses, left many of us in the Spring with empty purses.

I plodded on as usual through the winter and went up to the examinations in May feeling pretty confident that I could make a pass on any paper that was set before me. I had put a good deal of time on Psychology, and was well acquainted with the subtleties of subjective philosophy. The examinations lasted about two weeks and I wrote on my last paper on a Friday morning.

## CHAPTER IV

### McMaster and the Missionary Call.

When I returned to the College Dr. King asked me what I was going to do in the Summer. I told him I didn't know yet. He said that if I wished they would give me a church for six months and the congregation could create a pastor from the East. I thanked him very heartily and told him I would think the matter over and let him know later on. I could have gone out under the Baptist Home Mission Board but the remuneration would not have been large. I could have taken Normal Training and taught school in the West and received a good salary for that. But I had left all good at length to preach the gospel so I went up to my room, packed the trunk and called on parents to ask for special guidance. Just then a ring came on my door and I rose and opened it. The reverent father handed me a letter from my brother Rev. R. D. Davis H. B. who was pastor at Poplar Hill and had written that asking me to come East and take charge of his churches for the Summer and saying that I would find a money order in the letter to defray expenses. I felt that was the answer to my prayer. He then said I will answer and while they are yet speaking I will hear. I put on my hat ran most of the way to the Postoffice got the money I needed jumped on the street car and went a mile and a half to the T. P. R. station and secured my ticket for Toronto. I then returned to the College, packed my trunk and said good-bye to the professors and students and a few Baptist friends and at seven o'clock took the train and bade farewell to Manitoba and the Western prairie.

I reached Port Arthur about ten o'clock Saturday morning and took the steamboat over the lakes to Owen Sound. It was the last of May and the weather was beautiful. The lakes were as calm as a

pond, and we had a good rest and enjoyed the passage very much. On Monday morning the Captain came to me and asked if I would conduct a service and I consented to do so. But in a few minutes he returned, bringing with him an old friend who was then a Presbyterian missionary to the Indians. As he was a man of age and experience I at once asked him to take the service. But he insisted on my taking part with him, so I distributed the hymn books and some of the ladies gathered about the piano.

When they had selected a number of familiar pieces, I took a hymn book and announced the first hymn, but just as I did so two men walked into the saloon. One of them was a large broad shouldered man six feet four inches tall. He stepped up to me and said, 'This is a public saloon and I forbid you to hold any service here. We have paid for our tickets and have a right to enjoy this saloon without being compelled to listen to any of your nonsense.' I told him that we were conducting the service by request of the Captain and if he did not wish to hear he could kindly go up on the deck, but this he refused to do. Just then a short stout red headed man threw off his coat and rolling up his sleeves took his stand in front of this great giant. He said, 'I want you to understand you are in a Christian country and I am not going to let any of your infidel stop this meeting.' I was afraid there was going to be trouble so I stepped between the men and tried to quiet them. Just then the first officer came in, accompanied by three of the sailors. He told the man that a service was conducted on the steamer every Sunday by order of the Company and that if he didn't wish to hear he could go to his stateroom. He still protested and began to speak rudely, when the officer laid a hand upon his arm and said, 'Not another word, or I will have you put in prison for the rest of the journey.' The big man wheeled

around walked up the companion ladder to the deck and joined his companion and two well-dressed ladies. I heard afterwards that they were a party making a tour around the world.

I then gave out the hymn the lady at the piano began to play and all present joined in the singing. I had them sing two or three hymns in order to divert their minds from the excitement that had just taken place. I then read selected portions of Scripture and lifted my heart and voice in prayer. After the singing of another hymn Mr. McKay the missionary preached a very vigorous sermon.

On the deck I met a gentleman from the American side who said he gathered from my prayer that I believed in future punishment. He went on to aver that he didn't suppose there were many educated men that believed in that doctrine in this age of light and progress. He said he could prove to me that such a thing could not be. I told him I would be very glad to accept his doctrine if he was able to prove it. "Well," he said, "every truth must be square with itself. We read in St. John's Epistle that God is Love and there is no other statement just like that in the Bible. Here are two nouns, God and Love, with only the copula between them which signifies God is equal to Love and Love is equal to God. Now if we know what Love can do, we also know what God can do. Love can only love; it cannot punish. A thing cannot go contrary to its own nature and the nature of Love is to love and since Love cannot punish God cannot punish, therefore there cannot be any hell." I had just finished studying John Stuart Mill's six books of Inductive and Deductive Logic so I took a pencil out of my pocket and drew a big circle on the deck with the blue end of the pencil and over that circle I wrote God. Then in the centre of the circle I drew a small circle with the red end

of the pencil and over it I wrote Love. Then I said to him 'The big circle (God) contains the little circle (Love) and so we can truthfully say that God is all of Love. But let us reverse the proposition, as you have done and say the little circle (Love) contains the big circle (God) that is Love is all of God. We can plainly see that this is not true for the little circle is just a small portion of the larger one. Therefore Love is only a small part of God.' I then made another circle within the larger circle and wrote over it Light and I said 'God is Light' but Light is not God it is only a small portion of Him.' I then drew another small circle within the larger one and wrote 'Consuming Fire' over it and said 'The Lord is God is a Consuming Fire' but Fire is not God, God is Omnipotent Omnipresent and Omniprudent' and yet none of these is God and even the sum total of them is not God for God is a person and a person can love and can punish and yet be just. All parents punish their children at times and yet they love. All the laws of nature lead us to believe in punishment. You cannot transgress a law of nature without suffering. If you put your hand in the fire the law of retaliation sets in and you are burned. If you jump overboard here in the lake you are drowned. If you transgress the laws of health you break down your constitution and sickness, pain and death follow. Therefore I believe in a real hell for all those who willfully transgress the laws of God. He said he had never looked at the matter in that way before and would take time to think it over.

We reached Owen Sound Monday morning and took the train for Toronto. As we moved on I noticed how beautiful the foliage was. The maple trees were just budding out their beautiful leaves and all nature was thrabbing with life and putting on her beautiful Summer garments. For over six years I had

saw nothing but the boundless prairie and its dreary wastes, and here in the grain were woods and brush and gardens and the first yards of farmhouses were decorated with spruce and cedar trees and beautiful hedges. There were also rows of maples along the road and fences. The old school song I had learned in my childhood came back to my memory, and I found myself humming the tune of *The Maple Leaf Forever*. I thought it was the prettiest piece of music I had ever seen. I had heard that when Canada was first discovered by the French a priest made a journey along the shores of Lake Huron and on writing back to Montreal he described the country as the Garden of Eden. As I looked at that lovely stretch of country I could not help admiring his taste.

We arrived at Toronto in the afternoon and remained there overnight. The next morning I took the train for Niagara and after a couple of days at Niagara fell in with my brother at Poplar Hill. On Sunday I preached in both of his churches. After introducing me to the deacons and a few of the leading members he left me in charge of the Niagara road and went to the West to survey fields for the Illinois Home Mission Board.

I had for a considerable period up to the settlers in the West but I had never been responsible for looking after a large church before. My brother had created a new building at Poplar Hill the year before. That Winter he conducted special services in which about fifty young men and women found the Saviour and were received into the church by baptism. At East Williams, also, a similar work of grace was going on and about fifteen had been baptized there. To take care of all these young converts and to make them feel that they were responsible for the propagation of the Gospel, both at home and abroad was a great undertaking for one who had had no little experience. The Poplar Hill congregation was the largest country congregation I

had ever seen. Every Sunday night the seats were drawn out in the aisles and the building was packed to its utmost capacity. The young people for miles around came to that church and the attention was all that could be desired.

My brother had a good library and I did considerable reading. Among other books I read Herry's History of Baptist Missions. While reading the lives of Carey and Judson, my own heart was deeply stirred and I felt that I must be a missionary to the Hindus some day, but I wished to take a course in Theology, and so tried to put the thought out of my mind. Towards the last of September my brother returned, and I handed the work over to him, packed my trunk and set out for Toronto. There was no McMaster University then, only the Theological Department. I arrived early in October and was present at the opening of the College.

After securing my room and purchasing the books I required, I left for a short visit to my sister in Port Hope. On my way down I called to see Miss Laura Lockhart, the young lady I had left nearly seven years previous, when I went to the West. We had kept up an irregular correspondence and there was an understanding between us that when we met again, if we cared for each other as we had done in past years, we would become engaged. I stayed at her mother's place that Friday night and we drove to my sister's on Saturday. On Sunday we attended the Port Hope church and drove back home in the evening. By this time we had come to understand each other and found that we had not changed very much during the seven years of separation. As she remarked, "Hearts don't change much after all, men are only boys grown tall."

On Monday morning I returned to College. Every-



thing was new to me. In the Presbyterian College a large proportion of the Theological students were graduates in Arts, but as we had no University at that time the number of graduates in the Theological classes was small and I thought that our men intellectually were not as well equipped. But in regard to things spiritual I realized that I was breathing a different atmosphere both among the students and the professors. There was a real desire for fellowship with God and often a little band of the students met together to pray and to encourage one another to strive more earnestly after spiritual attainment. One day in every month was spent in reading papers on home and foreign mission work. These papers were carefully prepared by the students or the professors, and they generally provoked a good deal of discussion.

### **Appointment as a Missionary**

In these monthly meetings we heard of the work that was going on in all parts of the world. My heart was greatly stirred and I knew that if I lived I would have to go to the foreign field. Two of our missionaries in India had died and Dr. McLauren, the founder of our Mission, was broken in health and was returning home. All Winter the Foreign Mission Board kept appealing to the students to volunteer, but the terrible heat of India and the cholera, fever and other dreadful diseases seemed to prevent them from doing so. At the close of one of the meetings in March I was so wrought upon that I felt I must offer myself to my Heavenly Father and to the Board for service. That night I wrote a letter to the Secretary, Mr. James Grant, and told him that I was willing to go if the Board thought I was fit to undertake such a work. In a few days I received a reply asking me to meet the Committee on a certain date. At this time, Furman and Widder two students from the United States, were visiting the col-



rooming together at the time and the next week when I went down to meet the Board he came with me. After the Board had examined me in regard to my conversion and call to the ministry and to the foreign field I was asked to slip into another room for a few minutes, while my application was being discussed. I had not long to wait for soon the Secretary came to the door, and taking me by the hand said: "You have been unanimously appointed by the Board and I want to congratulate you on so grand a prospect." The members of the Board gathered around me and shook my hand very heartily. I then told them that Mr. Laflamme was waiting in the room below and wished to meet them. The Secretary asked me to send him up and I did so. He was only twenty-two, and some of them thought he was too young to enter upon so responsible a work, but after questioning him for over an hour, they appointed him also.

We continued our studies until the end of March, when we again met the Executive Committee. They wished us to go out and do some speaking among the churches that they might get acquainted with us and become interested in us and in the work we were going to do, and so their sympathy and prayers would be behind us in the coming years. At this meeting we learned that our first and only single lady missionary, Miss M. J. Frith had suffered a stroke, and had been ordered home by the doctors, and that she and the McLaurins were already on their way to Canada.

The Board was in debt, funds were not coming in as rapidly as they should, and the Committee seemed very much discouraged. We wished to visit the churches together thinking that we would make a better impression than by being separated, but a majority of the Committee wished us to go out singly, saying that in this way we could visit twice as many

churches. We told them we believed it was not a matter of how many churches we could touch but of the interest God would use us to awaken in the hearts of His people. After considerable discussion Mr. William Craig Stee came to his feet and said: 'Brethren I believe in God, and He is not going to let this work fail. Let the young brethren go out together.' Some of the Board members had said we would not raise enough money to pay our traveling expenses as they had sent out others before to collect for them and they had not succeeded in getting anything. Mr. Craig then wrote a cheque for one hundred dollars and gave it to me saying: 'If you need this money to pay your expenses you can cash it at the bank and if not you can return it to me.' That settled the matter and we were permitted to go out together.

In the following Sunday we supported vacant pulpits and received twelve dollars each. We took the money and bought some charts and foreign missionary literature. Mr. Lathams made out a list of the churches he thought we could visit. He had been collecting money for Washburn College for two summers, and was thoroughly acquainted with the pastors and churches. He had been in college when he was fifteen. He was tall, handsome and graceful, carried himself erect and combed his dark red or auburn hair in perpendicular style, had studied elocution and had a splendid well trained voice, was magnetic, interesting, and like his name a veritable flame of fire. From the very day that he decided to be a missionary he threw himself into it with all his heart and soul. Confident of his own ability he was in no way abashed to stand before the largest audiences in our city churches. I was quite bashful, and trying to be formed a great contrast, and perhaps this made our work all the better. As he was acquainted with the churches, I let him do the corresponding with the pastors and manage the

book fund while I was made treasurer of all the funds we should receive.

Having made our preparations as rapidly as possible and having gotten our list of churches printed in *The Canadian Baptist* we went forth on our first tour. We spoke every night in the week, five nights. Baptist churches and on Saturday nights in an assembly of young men at the Y. M. C. building at whatever place we happened to be in. We spent our Sundays in towns and city churches and generally spoke four times each. When we had been out about two weeks I sent our beloved Treasurer T. H. Shrontons two hundred dollars. We had used our journey for a little over three weeks. We had worked so hard that both of us were feeling the need of rest and indeed Mr. Laffanme had no special home if that he was nearly exhausted.

In the books we had bought Mr. Laffanme wrote on the fly leaf. This book is a gift to you on condition that you read it through, pray over it, talk about it and lend it to others. One of the books was Dr. Pierson's *Crimes of Missions*, and we gave a copy of it to every pastor and to the women's circles. When our books were all distributed we received fifteen dollars from one of the circles to purchase a fresh supply. Besides the collections that were given us, I cannot now recall ten dollars enclosed in an envelope so that when we arrived in Toronto, after a little over three weeks spent among the churches, I had not only nearly two hundred dollars more to forward to the Treasurer but also sufficient to meet all our travelling expenses. We stayed in the College a few days and rested and spoke in the Toronto churches on Sunday. While speaking in the Rivercourt Road church we met Mr. H. J. Moore, Superintendent of the Sunday School who gave Mr. Laffanme fifty dollars toward his book fund. This enabled us to buy more books and

foreign missionary literature and was just what we had been praying for.

After the College closed we went East on another tour among the churches. On this tour we visited Trenton, Hallowell, Bangor, Me. and some of the churches in the Ottawa Valley. I then had the privilege of spending two days with Mr. Lathams in his own home at Winchester, after which we went to Ottawa for a Sunday. From there we worked our way down to Montreal and spent the next Sunday in the churches of that city. While speaking at the United Church on the Sunday morning I exhibited a chart showing how much money was expended annually by the people of America for liquor, for pleasure, for gambling and for tobacco and how little for missions. At the close of the meeting Mr. Lathams went down to our door and I to the other to shake hands with the people. To our surprise a great many felt from one to five dollars each in our hands. Among other gifts I received a paper on which was written the letters "L. L. \$25.00" Call at my office in morning morning and you will receive the money. Signed A. Smoker. He and we started on this trip to the East some of the members of the Board told us that if we could raise fifteen hundred dollars they would send out a third man to help along with us in the fall. Hence we had been speaking about this in all the churches and had received gifts in regard of wherever we went. In the evening we spoke in the First Church and there too we had a good reception and were handed additional amounts for the third man fund.

We also spent a memorable day with the churches in London. When we appealed for gifts for the third man fund we received over two hundred dollars. Many servant girls and girls working in factories came and gave us a dollar each at the close of the service. We toured on west as far as Windsor and had extended

meetings in Harris Owen Sound and many other places. By the time we returned to Toronto about one thousand dollars in gifts and pledges had been secured. In the month of June we attended every Association we could possibly reach.

While on this trip, we were constantly speaking on the same platform with Dr T H Rand, who represented our educational work, and with the Rev Alexander Grant the Superintendent of Home Missions. Mr Grant was a wonderful character and usually held the audience spellbound for a whole hour. It was hard to begin an address on Foreign Missions after ten o'clock at night following so great a speaker. There was something about Foreign Missions, however, that appealed to the hearts of the people, and they gave us a splendid hearing wherever we went. Often the meetings did not close till eleven o'clock. After spending two weeks in this work, we again returned to Toronto.

### Ordination.

After a few days' rest, an Ordination Council was called in Bloor Street church when Messrs J B Kennedy H F Laflamme and myself were examined and ordained. Among those who laid their hands on us were the Reverends Joshua Denovan, John Dempsey, W K Anderson Alexander Grant James Grant, Dr J H Castle, Dr B D Thomas, Dr Malcolm McVicar, Dr John McLaurin, and others whose names I cannot recall now. Dr McLaurin had reached home by this time and gave a stirring address on Foreign Missions that evening and Mr Denovan preached one of his characteristic sermons on the text, "Preach the Word, be instant in season, out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine." He emphasized the point of being "instant in season and

out of season' and especially urged that we should preach the Word continually out of season. This caused a smile in the audience but it always lingered in my memory.

### **Marriage and Farewell.**

During the Winter when I became so interested in Foreign Missions, I had communicated the fact to the lady who was to be my partner in life. She was in full sympathy with me and ready to accompany me to the ends of the earth on as great a mission. Our marriage took place on the 26th of July, 1887, at her mother's residence. We went to Niagara Falls on our wedding tour and from there to Poplar Hill, to say farewell to my brother and his wife. Returning home I preached in the Port Hope church for three Sundays, during the absence of their pastor. I also visited the Peterborough churches and spoke on Foreign Missions.

We then began to make preparations and to pack our boxes for India and at the end of September we left my wife's home for Toronto where I spoke in Jarvis Street church on Sunday. On Monday Mr. Laffan, Mr. MacIsaac and I went to Hamilton to attend a farewell meeting in the Park Church. There was a large number present and the seating capacity of the building was taxed to the utmost. We had a splendid meeting and did not get to bed till after twelve o'clock. On Tuesday evening we were back again in Toronto and were present at a farewell meeting held in Jarvis St. church. Here, too, we had a grand meeting and the money we still needed to make up the fifteen hundred dollars for the third man fund was given to Mr. Laffan that night. Attending these meetings and going without sleep half the nights was very trying but we set our faces toward India feeling that we had many warm friends who were remembering us in their prayers. Senator McMaster



and a large party came to see us off. While bidding us good-bye, old Mr. Shenstone, our beloved Treasurer, kissed his hand and put it on my wife's cheek. She never forgot that act of gallantry. We took the train for New York about two o'clock in the afternoon, the members of the Board and many other friends were on the platform and waved their handkerchiefs till we passed out of sight.

## CHAPTER V

### The Passage to India (1887)

In New York Messrs John V. Forman, Robert P. Wilder, Mr. Lathams and myself addressed an audience of six hundred young men in the Third Street Young Men's Christian Association building. On the following morning the 10th of September we went aboard our ship, and to our surprise met Dr. Geo. Mrs. Malcolm McVicar and Rev. Malcolm McVicar, who had seen our names in the paper and came to the ship to bid us farewell. So we had Canadian friends with us to the last. At ten o'clock a Liverpool tug took our ship, the "Arabia" of the White Star Line out of the harbor, and with flags flying and bands of music playing, we steamed out past the Statue of Liberty and bade farewell to America.

The weather was pretty rough during the first two days, and not many of the passengers appeared on deck, but we had a pleasant journey most of the way. We were just ten days on the trip and landed at Liverpool early in the evening, and after getting our goods through the Customs, took train for London.

We spent the next ten days purchasing our outfit and waiting for our ship to sail. The steamers were so crowded that we were unable to get a passage on any line from London, and were obliged to go back to Liverpool and take passage on the S. S. "McKenzie" of the Clan Line for Madras.

At the breakfast table we met three young lady missionaries, and found that one of them, Miss Johnson, was going right to Granada with us. There belonged to the Brethren. For the past fifty years too many souls have been going on in the Church of England. Several thousands of the High Church party have become Catholics, while probably from fifty to a hundred thousand Low Churchmen have left the Church

and formed themselves into a body called the Brethren. Some of their leaders are sons and daughters of clergy men. The father of one of these young ladies was a teacher. In many respects they hold the same views as the Baptists. They accept the Bible and the Bible only as their creed. They believe in regenerate church membership and baptize adult believers only and by immersion but unlike Baptists they do not believe in an ordained ministry. They are very spiritually minded and are among the best gospel preachers I heard in India. They have a small Mission not far from our own and I learned to love and esteem them for their works' sake.

About ten o'clock we weighed anchor and were towed out of the harbor. The *McKenzie* carried a great deal of freight and only a few passengers. It was small and the last rough weather made it pitch and roll terribly. We had a pretty rough passage through the Bay of Hwey. Mr. Laflamme and Mrs. Davis were both sick and although I kept on my feet, I did not feel any too comfortable.

By the time we reached the Straits of Gibraltar the weather was fine and the sea calm. We had a look at the great fortress as we passed by. The British have gunned out the rock and placed hundred ton guns that can throw shells right across to Africa. Thus it is said that in time of war they hold the key to the Mediterranean. As we steamed slowly down the sea, we couldn't help but admire the beautiful sunsets. On Sunday Mr. Russell a missionary who was going to teach in the Madras Christian College conducted the service and preached a very able sermon on the text, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

After another day or two we arrived at Malta, and our ship anchored right near the spot where St. Paul and his fellow prisoners landed so many years ago. The Captain came over and showed us the place where two

was met. There was a large creek coming from the island into the sea, and the water meeting with this stream of water kept up a constant splash of foam. As we looked at the spot and realised that this was the Island of Melita, of which we had so often read in the Acts of the Apostles, the priest seemed almost moved to us. Mr. Luffmore and I went down to say an our knees in prayer, and thanked God for bringing us thus to our journey's end. We were on the same business that St. Paul had been, on our eighth or ninth previous, and we praised the angel who had spared his life and had used him in bringing the gospel to the West, so in His love and mercy He would spare us and permit us to carry it back again to the farther East.

After leaving off some of the goods and taking on coal we again proceeded on our journey. The next day the sea was so calm that the passengers had a day of sports, and we continuously took part with the others in the games. A large rope was tied to a spar high up on the mast, and up to a number competed in climbing the rope hand over hand. In this contest Mr. Luffmore came first. He went to the very top and took hold of the spar with his hands. No one else was able to climb so high, not even the officers of the ship. He also came first in the potato race, and Mr. Russell second. I succeeded in getting first place in picking ropes on pegs, and in putting bags of sand into a hole in a box, and when all the games and the races were over we ended up by having a tug of war. A list of the names of the gentlemen passengers was prepared and a young man and I were asked to choose sides. There were some coffee planters on board in the second class compartment, but I had not met any of them. They were big strong fellows and my opponent having secured first choice and being acquainted with them, chose all the large heavy men. When we went out to pull, there was only one other

man as heavy as myself on our side and three of us were musclemen. We had beaten the first engineer, who was a very small man. When the captain saw how apparently unequal in our opponents we were in weight and strength he wanted the men to make some change, but they were unwilling to do so. Mr. Ladame and I had been accustomed to pulling on tugboats and placed our men about a yard apart so that they would not step on, one another and I cautioned a lot of them to keep their feet light on the floor. When the word was given our opponents seemed to pull as with ease and we slid along about a yard on the deck. They then began to jump in the air and about in a moment we had the advantage of them. They were crowded so closely that they tripped on one another and fell in a heap on the deck. We then changed sides and succeeded in drawing them up the deck as easy as we had drawn them down. The captain and he then clapped their hands and cheered us vigorously. They couldn't understand the secret of our success but it was easily explained. We were under, while some of our opponents were rather the worse of liquor and very untidy. After this last sports the officers and passengers showed us musclemen much more respect than they had done at first. This gave us an opportunity of speaking with many of them personally about their spiritual welfare.

A week ago we arrived at Port Said. The weather had been gradually growing warmer and the double canvas awning had been put on over the decks to protect us from the sun. While our ship was anchoring, about a dozen small boats came out from the port containing hawkers who were selling all kinds of goods and curios. They had pieces of wood from Jerusalem and many things from Egypt. There were a lot of young boys swimming about in the water like fish and calling out "Have a dive Master have a dive," and

the passengers were throwing small silver coins into the sea and watching them dive and catch the coin and bring it up again. They were almost naked and a wild-looking lot of lads but they did a good business, for many of the passengers threw them in six penny bits. While waiting here a missionary belonging to the Brethren came on board and invited us to go ashore. We were glad of the opportunity and had a pleasant visit with him and his family. He told us that sixteen different languages were spoken there and that he had engaged evangelists to see Bible portions and distribute tracts among the various nationalities. It was a very wicked place and needed but a dozen mission-aries to reach the people. After dinner we had prayer together and Mr. Lathams and I left him a little gift to assist him in his work.

When our ship had taken on sufficient coal we entered the Suez Canal, got stuck in the mud, & one of the British ships and spent a good part of the night in trying to get out again. Finally we succeeded, entered the Canal proper and steamed slowly on till noon next day. While passing along the Canal we noticed that they were digging a water cut and thousands of men and camels busy at work. The camels had a large bag fastened to a saddle on their backs and the boys made them kneel down where the men filled the bag with earth. Then they would guide the camel and it would groan and make a terrible noise, struggle to its feet and go slowly up the Canal bank with its load to the place where they dumped it and then return again. Many men and women were carrying baskets of earth on their heads. There were Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, Greeks and Hindu coolies engaged in this work. They were almost naked and we began to realize that the East was very far removed from the West. Everything in the shape of civilization and modesty and cleanliness had been left behind. The taskers moved very slowly

and kept up a song-song as they did their work. We soon found out that that was the manner of the *haft* for wherever you go you find people singing at their work.

The canal is about a half mile in length and when we arrived at Suay the Captain told us to look northward toward the *Siid al Bawit*.<sup>1</sup> It was a great wall of sand and when looking at it we noticed a little green spot with some palm trees about it. There—and the Captain—was the well of Moses and thus is the place where the Israelites remained over the Red Sea. We looked west to the Egyptian side and could see a range of hills and mountains from the *harat* (town) we were in and in the mountains and the sea and Pharaoh's army. There was the old caravan route over which Jacob and his sons traveled when they went down into Egypt and the route (now over which Joseph and Mary and the child Jesus journeyed when they made their escape from Herod when sought by the young child and his mother. There were caravans and together with camels and latherys laden with goods going down into Egypt just as they had done in days of old. Women and children were mounted on dromedars and camels and the men with mules as their feet were sinking over the burning sands of sand the shouts of burden. The respectable women among the Jews and Mohammedans wore all black and cried as that we could not see their faces. How strange it seemed to us that we should be there and see the very place where the waters were parted and where God's people walked through on the dry land. As we thought the matter over and realized that our *Shaykh* had once pointed that way we again turned to our cabins to lift up our hearts in prayer and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for permitting us to see this place of which we had read so often in our childhood. The dress of the people and their manners seemed to recall all the Old Testament stories to us,

and we could understand the Scriptures better than we ever did before.

When we had taken on sufficient coal the ship weighed anchor and we steamed out of the harbor. It was in October. The weather was fearfully bad and we were obliged to stay upon deck at night. Our cabins were so suffocating but we could not get our breath. We proceeded slow & down the Mad Sea thirteen hundred miles to San Antonio. Here we took on more coal and left off a few barrels of powder. The Hezekiah Government has a government of a few thousand soldiers at this port.

From San Antonio our course through the Indian Ocean towards Foster's open island. After a day or two the Northeast monsoon blew upon us and, for five days and nights we had pretty rough weather and were obliged to sleep down in our cabins with all the port holes closed. The air was so hot and suffocating that it was almost impossible to get any sleep. Our little ship rolled and tumbled about so much that nearly all the passengers were sick. My dear wife was very, very ill and under the doctor's care for some days. One night I thought the storm had calmed considerably and we got up and opened the port hole. As I stood there breathing the fresh wind a cold seemed to invade me, so that I thought I would rush it and so I rushed into my berth closing the port hole again. I soon fell fast asleep but presently a huge wave swept in and covered all our cabin floor. A little of it splashed on my face in the upper berth and Mrs. Davis was almost smothered by it. I jumped up as quick as possible and screwed the port hole shut again. The water was two or three inches deep on the floor and as the ship rolled our valises and boxes were being carried from side to side of the cabin. Mrs. Davis had to get up and I threw all her bedding and mattress out into the passageway and the stewardess brought fresh bedding. When everything was changed she got back into bed,



and the stewards and I dipped and mopped up the water. Then I climbed up into my berth again, but either the rocking of the ship or something I had eaten for supper made me very sick and I vomited terribly. In the morning Mr. Latham and he felt the shaking in the night and wondered what was the matter. Then he heard a big boom in our room and concluded that at last I had succumbed to the heaving of the waves. I thought of an English emigrant who wrote a diary on his trip out and one of the entries read as follows: "And now the ship has swung and I am swung too. There is an old saying that 'nobody likes company.' Mr. Latham had been drunk so much that he felt quite comforted when he saw me sick again."

After a long and tedious journey we reached Ceylon and our ship was moored in Colombo harbor. Here we went ashore and spent part of the day with an English Baptist missionary visiting the cinnamon gardens, the Buddhist Temple and other places of interest. While at the Temple I bought a prayer wheel. The Buddhist devotees had a prayer written and wound round a roller made of the wheel in which a short chain with a brass ball was attached. Taking it by the handle they would keep it turning round and round to unroll and roll up again the prayer that was on the inside. They set near the image of Buddha repeating prayers as fast as they could and turning this wheel at the same time. They believed that the more prayers they could say the more merit they would have. I offered them a rupee for one of their prayer wheels and they let me have it. They were beads and by means of these kept count of the number of prayers that they offered up to Buddha during the day. This seemed a strange kind of worship to me but it was only the beginning of what I was to witness in India.

### Madras and Coimbatore

From Ceylon we proceeded on our journey to Madras and arrived there on the 5th of November. Mr. Laffanure and I took our trunks and baggage and went ashore in an open boat. There was no tea, what in Madras and our ship stood out some distance in the sea. The boat men started about us shouting and singing and gesticulating like a tribe of wild monkeys. They agreed to take us and our baggage ashore for two and a half rupees, but when we got into the boat they asked Mr. Laffanure to pay them for putting on the luggage. This he promptly refused to do. The steam was coming rapidly out of the waste pipe just ahead of us, and they shoved the little boat forward so that Mr. Laffanure might get a steam bath. At this he gave them a handful of copper coins but at last they would not go. Finally he hammered three or four of them over the back with his cane and then they let the rope loose from the ship, picked up their oars and rowed away toward the shore. As they rowed they kept up a song sung all the way, and as some of them knew a little English I could hear them repeating the refrain. We are taking some great foreigners to shore and they are very rich men and will give us a big present. So by the time we reached land we were prepared for more trouble. The boat stuck in the surf a little distance out from shore and they took us on their backs and waded through the water to dry land. Then they brought our luggage and put it on two little carts and drew it to the Customs House Officer. After we had got it through the Customs, we learned from the Officer what we should pay them to take our luggage to the American Mission House. We then jumped into a carriage and were driven there our selves. Here we found old Ponnau a native butler, in charge, and we paid him as much a day to buy and

cook our food. After dinner the men arrived with our luggage and we paid them and gave them a present of eight rupees but they were not at all satisfied and kept howling about on the front verandah like a pack of jackals. We didn't pay any attention to them, but went into our bedrooms and lay down to rest for a little while but at two o'clock they were still on the verandah and Ponniam would not send them away, because he and they were a league. If they got more money out of us he would get a share of it. So he let them keep coming and continue to annoy us. Finally I put on my boots, on a grating of my slippers gave two or three of them a slap on the back and chased them out as he said. This was a great relief to Mr. J. S. Rammo, for he didn't want to be compelled to chase them off the verandah with his cane. Towards evening we went back to the ship and brought Mrs. Davis and Miss Johnson ashore.

We spent five days in Madras waiting for a coasting steamer to take us on to Coromanda. While here Miss Day, daughter of Rev. Samuel Day, founder of the American Baptist Telugu Mission met us and took us to her bungalow where we met a number of Telugu Christians and saw her last girls' School.

Madras is a very walled city. Besides a large garrison of soldiers stationed at Fort St. George there are quite a number of English merchants and a large population of Europeans. From here we sent a telegram to Mr. Long, informing him of our arrival and the probable time he might expect us at Coromanda.

On the fifth day our little coasting steamer arrived and we took our luggage and got on board. The next morning we halted opposite a town called Masulipatam. Here the Church Missionary Society has a College and a large number of Christians. Our ship stood at anchor about six miles from the shore and soon a number of small boats came out and took back some

cargo and the mail. Then we weighed anchor and proceeded on our journey.

That was our last night on board ship. The Captain told us we would reach Cochinada about daylight the next morning. We were all very eager to get to our destination and very tired of being tossed about on the ocean. Mr. Latham and I were up while the stars were still shining looking for a glimpse of land. Finally we saw a light-house and the Captain told us that we were just close to Cochinada. Here also there is no harbor and the cargo boats anchor; the ships to stand at anchor five or six miles from the land. When the day dawned and we could see the palm trees on the shore we again went down to our cabins to give thanks to our Heavenly Father for watching over us and bringing us safely to our field of labor.

Just as the sun was rising we saw in the distance a little steam launch coming up and down on the waves and coming steadily toward us. As it drew near we recognized Mr. Craig and he waved his white umbrella at us. We soon got a cup of coffee and a biscuit and leaving our baggage in the hands of the Natives who was to be our Telugu guide, we got on board the launch and went ashore with the man. Here we found two carriages ready to take us to the Mission house, and met Mr. George White the leader of the English Baptist Church. We were glad to be on terra firma again. It was not half as much of a terror and was a good deal firmer than the little ship on which we had spent five dreary weeks coming from Liverpool to Madras.

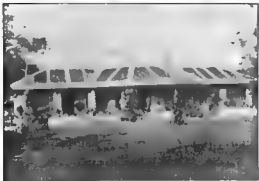
## CHAPTER VI

### Missionary Apprenticeship.

As we drew near the Mission compound we saw a sign board above the gate posts with the inscription, "Usual as Haptai Mission." The native Christians had built an arch with the boughs of trees and hung with garlands of flowers and later on fifty of them with a number of school girls lined the road from the gate up to the Mission house. As we passed under the arch they greeted us with a hymn and saluted us most respectfully. We returned their salutations and were glad to see they appreciated our coming.

Soon we were in the Mission house and were greeted by Mrs. Craig and Miss Hatch. It was the 12th day of November 1907. The monsoon rains were just over and the trees and foliage in the large fourteen-acre compound were beautiful and green. Mrs. Craig had breakfast ready for us and soon we were gathered about the table and busy in conversation. We learned that the native people were going to give us a welcome in the church in the afternoon. When we had finished breakfast Dr. Cummings of the American Mission, Miss Hatch and Mr. and Mrs. Craig sang a welcome hymn. Then we all knelt in prayer and Mr. Craig and Mr. Stallard returned thanks to our Heavenly Father for bringing us to join their depleted ranks. After this we had some tea and then for a little respite and a man outside pulled a punka over us. A punka is a board about eight inches wide and eight or ten feet long to the bottom of which canvas a foot deep covered with fancy cloth is attached. A rope goes from the middle of the punka out through the wall and a man sits there and pulls it in and fre over a little pulley. This makes a nice cool breeze, so that one can sleep without being wet through with perspiration.

At 2 p.m. the bell rang and we went over to the outdoor concert. Here the Christians and the school girls were gathered to witness us. After this we sang a hymn and gave the first lesson, read at Burden gave the welcome address, I sang and told facts of the leprosy and the leper. School children sang a hymn and sang. We sang some hymns and songs.



THE COCANADA MISSION HOUSE.

There are many lepers who have among them a few who are physically strong and among the greatest the strength and ability to learn the language in order that we may preach the Gospel to them and to the lepers of the country. The church was well decorated with flowers and they put a wreath of

flowers around each of our necks and a garland of camphor balls. This is the way Eastern people express their joy in greeting those who come to visit them. It was all new and strange to us. Their singing did not have much music in it. The tunes seemed to consist of one or two notes only. They all looked just alike to me. I thought I would never learn to distinguish one race from another.

After the welcome meeting was over we wandered about the compound looking at the coconut and palm-tree plant-trees, the casuarina and cotton-trees and the castles, which grow from top to eighteen feet high in the tropics and whose flower comes out in the night and closes up at the approach of the tropical sun. All along the verandah of the Mission house were large and bushy pots full of plants and flowers of almost every variety. Their growth and beauty were so luxuriant that it seemed as if we never grew tired of looking at them. About five o'clock we had dinner and in the evening went down to Jaggonah Baptist to attend a welcome meeting given us by the English Baptist church. This little church is mostly composed of Kurnais people. The old East India Company's agents married native women, so Europeans and Asians were blended together and these are now called Kurnais. They are a warm-hearted people and appreciate very much the kindness of the missionaries. They had tea and cake served to all who gathered and afterwards the deacon Mr. White gave us an address of welcome to which we replied with feelings of gratitude and thanksgiving. For it was good to meet in this heathen land a little band of men and women who spoke our language and who loved our Saviour. As we drove home that night through Bazaar Street crowded with thousands of people having the marks of their gods painted on their foreheads, and saw the Mohammedan Mosque with its sullen worshippers, I could not help

wondering why it was that these nations had been left so long without the gospel.

The next morning we began the study of Telugu. We had procured our grammars in Madras and little Subbarao, the Telugu master, was in hand to give us our first lesson. He had taught Mr. Miller, Miss Frith and Mrs. Craig and hence had considerable experience. He would open his mouth very wide, put his tongue up in the roof of it and show us how to sound the hard *d* and *t* and all the aspirate letters. He was the loquacious little fellow I ever saw. One day I couldn't remember what the word *gama* meant. He jumped up, seized a cane, began to strike on the floor and to pretend that he was very much frightened and was trying to kill something. Of course it came into my mind that it meant "snake." This was the dramatic way he had of doing almost everything. Mrs. Craig named him "Jack in the box." He was a very good little teacher, especially for beginners, and as we learned ten or twelve new words every day, we soon began to put them into sentences, but it was a long hard fight to pronounce the words properly. One day Mr. Laflamme told his "boy" to put his clothes out in the sun. The boy looked at him, somewhat surprised that he should make such a request. Mr. Laflamme repeated it and the boy said, "I can't put your clothes in the sun. Master, I haven't any ladder long enough to go up to it." Mr. Laflamme saw his mistake and said, "Never mind, you can put them in the sunshine." The Hindus never speak of putting things in the sun, but in the sunshine. We were frequently making mistakes of that kind and causing much laughter among the people.

We studied Telugu hard through the week and

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\*A personal servant. He may be a man of severity, but is called "boy."



preached in English on Sunday. We soon got acquainted with Miss Polson and the Timpany School. To know her was to know one of the Lord's saints, her quiet modest and retiring manner made it difficult for a passing stranger to get acquainted with her or to know her real worth but as I was Manager of the school for seven years, I realized what a treasure we had in her and what a grand work she was doing for the Eurasian community.

The winter season in South India is about like Canadian weather in June only the sun is very much more powerful, and we had to wear very large thick, pith hats to keep us from getting sunstroke. We enjoyed the cool season very much and in January the missionaries from the Maritime Provinces came down from the North and we had a joint conference. It did our hearts good to meet these older missionaries, who had spent many years in work among the Telugus. As we listened to their stories of joy and sorrow of encouragement and disappointment and saw their undaunted faith in the power of the gospel to attract and transform the vilest characters, we began to realize to some extent what a great work God had called us to.

The winter months soon passed and the heat was growing more intense and hard for Mrs. Bates to bear, so we went to Pottakota, about forty miles up the sea coast. There on a point of land jutting out into the sea, was an old warehouse that had once been used to store goods, when the place was a shipping port, but times had changed the ships no longer called there, and the owner of the building had given it to the missionaries for a summer resort. It was a rough, bare, dreary kind of a place but it was ten degrees cooler than Canada. The sea breeze blew strong at night. This gave us an opportunity to sleep and rest ourselves and keep fresh for our studies during the daytime.

While here we read the Y kramaka Tales. As they are a good example of Hindu mythology, I will relate one.

Y kramaka was a great and powerful king who did heroic deeds and performed wonderful feats, like the old heroes of Greece and Rome. He was also very fond of being something new, hence he went far and entertained every traveller that passed on his estate. Upon one occasion there came a Sansan, a kind of hermit who lived in the woods and who made great pilgrimages to sacred shrines. Having heard of him he was a very wonderful change of the king sent for him and asked him what he had seen and if he could tell him anything new. The Sansan replied that he had travelled over three worlds, heaven, earth and hell, and that in one of these countries about three million miles away there was a small lake and in the lake a pillar of gold. Every morning as the sun rose that pillar came up out of the lake as if gradually succeeded to get into its proper position. In the afternoon as the sun declined it came slowly back and in the evening sank again into the lake. Y kramaka as he would like to visit that lake and see this wonderful thing himself, but the distance was very great and it would take a lifetime to get there. The hermit told him he need not trouble himself about that, that he had in his possession a bottle of *ji re*, which he extracted from a sacred plant and all they had to do was to rub a little on their legs, then think of the place in which they wished to go and immediately they would be there. The king was very glad to hear this and gave the hermit a banquet after which the two left the palace alone. The hermit unrolled his garment, took from it the vial containing the sacred *ji re*, rubbed a little on his own and the king's legs and then said: "Just concentrate your mind on that lake, think you are there and you will be there." Almost before he had time to put the bottle back in its place, they were landing on the shore

of the lake, waiting for daylight. Presently the day dawned and as the sun appeared above the horizon, the top of the pillar of gold slowly rose above the surface of the water. The king was a brave man and taking off his upper garment, he swam out to the pillar mounted it and as the sun rose higher the pillar too ascended. At noon as the pillar drew near the sun the heat was so terrible that Vikramaditya was in danger of being burned to death. There seemed little hope for him to escape, but the sun, who is a great god to the people of the East seeing how brave the king was very generously cooled off and spared the king alive. In the evening as the pillar came down and sank into the lake Vikramaditya swam ashore. Putting on his upper garment he told the Nanyan he was weary and hungry and wished to go back to his palace. The wonderful juice of the sacred plant was again applied to their legs and in a moment they were transferred three hundred miles through space comfortably seated in the castle and served with a sumptuous repast by the king's many servants.

This young Hindu who had learned some English, told me that the English people needn't boast about their railway trains. He said they used to have shoes which enabled them to step twenty-four miles in a single step and their hermits and holy men could travel much faster than the train. I asked him where those shoes were now. Oh, he said, after the coming of the English our people sinned and left off the worship of the gods, consequently the gods were angry with us and took them and other wonderful things away from us."

We remained in Potalakota till the first of June and then spent a few days in Tuni. The Tuni mission house had been vacant since Mr. Currie's death, and I wrote to Mr. Craig and Mr. Stillwell, suggesting that I re-

man there for I felt sorry to see the poor Christians left alone but word had come from the Board that I should be stationed at Coranada and that Mr Craig move to Akola. So we sent our things away in carts, and Mrs Davis was carried in a palanquin by twelve bearers from Tan to Samalkota while I rode on horse-back. Six men at a time carried the palanquin, about every mile they changed and the other six took their place. The three men in front called out 'Ho' 'Ho' and the three behind answered 'Aha' 'Aha' and then they kept up a singing all through the night. It was a long tedious ride for me for I had to keep close to the palanquin but when we passed villages where there were liquor shops the men would put the palanquin down and get drunk. Once or twice through the night they stopped at these roadside shops and drank pretty freely but I kept urging them on and promised them a present if they arrived at Samalkota before sunrise. The heat was terrible and I knew I would not be fit to travel in the daytime. When tired of sitting on the horse I got down and walked for a change and just as the day was dawning we arrived at Samalkota, covering a distance of about thirty five miles. The English officers thought I was a wonderful feat for they do not usually ride or drive a horse more than ten or twelve miles a day in the hot season but I was so strong in those days that I did not feel tired. We spent the day with the Millers and that night rode in their carriage to Coranada.

We had our conference early in June that year. Mr and Mrs Craig left for Akola Mr and Mrs Garnde for Tan and I was put in temporary charge of the work at Coranada and Mamachandrapuram. In addition to this I was Manager of the Temperance School and the native girls boarding school. Mr Laffame went to Samalkota to get away from all English speaking people, that he might acquire the Telugu language

more rapidly, as the pastors of the English Baptist Church also fell to me. The native Christians came to me with all the hardships and sorrows, the court cases and the persecutions, and I conducted the monthly meetings for the workers and paid their salaries. These things kept me so busy that I found it very difficult to get time to study the language, but by a good deal of persistence I managed to pass the examination by the end of the first year when we had our annual Conference. I was appointed to take charge of the Coimbatore, Ramachandrapuram and Peddapuram fields. Peddapuram at that time included also what is now the Pithapuram field.

The Marathi missionaries again came down from the North to our joint Conference. I was very glad to meet them, but up to that time I knew almost nothing about the Marathi Baptists. I soon learned that they had pretty solid business and stood firmly for Baptist principles. There was an old dispute between the Baptists and the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Baptists wished to have the Greek word "Baptisma" translated *Telugu* but the Society wished to translate *erite* into *Telugu* and call it *Haptamama*. There were also other things the Baptists objected to in the translation, such as the preposition *en* being translated to mean *with*. We had a letter before us from the Secretary of the Society, and some of our brethren were willing in order to have one version for the Christians of all denominations to make a compromise, but the brethren from the Marathi Provinces were very firm, and said they would not put a veil or a cloak over any word in the Bible to shut out its true meaning from the Telugu people, hence we and our American Baptist brethren expended thousands of dollars to get out our own translation. Dr. Jewett had part of the New Testament completed before the dispute with the Bible Society arose, and he had also had it copyrighted. Had

be not done as we would have been compelled to accept the Bible Society's translation. Now we could have compelled them to accept ours had we wished to do so. But having secured one for ourselves, we left them perfect & free to get out their own translation. Some-one in England a few years ago said, "The Baptist conscience is the rock on which the faithless will yet build." But I would not go so far as that. I would rather say that Christ Jesus Himself will always be the foundation on which true souls shall build.

After our conference was over I packed up my things and started on a tour over the Ramachandrapuram field with Mr. Craig and Mr. Lawrence. That was my first experience in village work among the Christians and the Hindu population. The weather was cool and we preached four times a day each. We made a very rapid trip, hurrying from village to village as Mr. Craig had not much time to spare. We spent about ten days on the trip and I got acquainted with the Christians and had prayer with some of them in their own houses. When we reached home I again got my outfit ready and started out with two ox carts and a tent for a tour over the Pithapuram field. This time I was alone and work in that field was new to me. I frequently rode all night in the ox cart and then preached and ran school all day. The Christians were scattered far and wide and so the distances to be covered were great. It was a very hard tour and in one village where we were preaching to an attentive audience we were suddenly checked by the appearance of a partly Brahmin. I had been speaking on sin and atonement. When I ceased he stepped forward and looking at the crowd assembled said, "These Christians have been talking about sin, but I would like to know what sin is. What color is it? Is it white? Is it red? Is it yellow? Is it black? What form has it? Is it square or is it round? Show me sin, if you are

able. And then raising himself on his toes and holding his head aloft in the air he said: "There is no such thing as sin. Get to your houses, every one of you! Go! Go!" And a less time than it takes to write it the crowd vanished. The Headman followed them and we were left standing alone. The reader may imagine what a surprise I was to us, but this man belonged to the priestly caste and the people were afraid to disobey him. But we were not to be defeated. We went down to the lower part of the village and saw a number of men weaving cloth. They invited us to a seat on the verandah in one of their houses and we sang and preached the gospel. They also taught some Scripture portions from us when we left.

I spent three weeks bumping over the roads in the night by night and preaching and praying with the Christians during the day. I had very little time for rest or private devotion, for there was always someone at the back door waiting for an opportunity to come in and tell me about his troubles. Some had cases in court and needed advice, some had lost their dear ones and needed sympathy, some found the struggle for existence very hard and needed a word of cheer and encouragement, and thus from six o'clock in the morning till eight or nine at night I was kept so busy that I could scarcely find time to take my meals. Some came for medicine and some for notes to the hospital assistant, for if they went to the hospital without a note from me they would have to give a bribe to the medical officer in charge before he would give them any medicine. The hospital and dispensary belonged to the Government and the medicine is supposed to be given to all free of charge, but this is rarely ever done, because the hospital assistant is a native and is always looking for a present. The same is true of the magistrates in the courts: unless they get a bribe they will not conduct the case properly, and often they take

bribes from both parties, throw the case out of court, and leave the two disputants to settle their own trouble. I was new to the ways of the country at that time, but I soon learned to do all in my power to keep our Christians from going to law about anything, for it was almost impossible for them to get justice from the courts. At the end of three weeks I was pretty tired, so returned to Fusanada for a change and to get a little rest and some good food.

While at home I usually spent three nights out of the week in preaching to the outcaste people in the different villages; at the city conducted the English church prayer meeting and preached in English on Sundays. There was a brick wall between our Tengu chapel and the road. I had a portion of the wall cut off and a pair of gates put in its place. These gates were opened on Thursday nights and on Sundays so that the Hindus passing by might come in to our services. Above the gate I placed a signboard with the following inscription, written in Tengu: Jesus said I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. This was printed in large letters so that passers-by might read and have at least one text of Scripture. I made another tour on the Ramachandrapuram field and became better acquainted with the Christians and my native assistants. There were a good many asking for baptism and we received about thirty into the Muruganda and Vallard churches. I did not understand the native character at that time and received candidates much more easily than I did in after years.

The cool season soon passed by and in April the grass and the leaves on the trees began to wither and dry up, and as my wife suffered a great deal from the heat we got on the steamer and went north to Ramlapatnam and from there by junks to Chiracow where we met Mrs. Archibald and Miss Wright. From here we accompanied Mrs. Archibald about fifty miles to



Parlakmedh and from thence to the top of a mountain called Davagiri, where we spent the hot season with Mr. and Mrs. Archibald and Mr. and Mrs. Church II. On our way to Chinsale Mrs. Archibald showed me where an English officer's wife was buried, about a hundred years previous. She had been very kind to the native people during a famine and now they had made her a goddess and came to her tomb to worship her. That is probably the way the people have come to have so many gods. Every king or wealthy person who had been charitable and fed the people during times of famine became a deity after his death and mythical stories were written about him. The spirit of worship is in them but they know not what they worship and there is no one to show them the way none to tell the old old story of Jesus and His love. My heart used to be almost broken sometimes when I thought of the millions of souls that were groping in the darkness after God. We spent a pleasant vacation with our friends in the North and returned to Cocanada in June refreshed and strengthened for our work.

In the beginning of that year 1898 we met our Maritime brethren at Brelpatam where we had a joint Conference. Mr. Latham preached the Conference sermon on the text: But ye shall receive power after the Holy Ghost is come upon you and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judaea and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. Acts I. 8. He dwelt upon the unfulfilled commission. Eighteen hundred years had passed by and the uttermost parts of the earth were still without the gospel. Fully half of the human race had never heard the name of Jesus Christ. He asked us why this was so. Was it because the Holy Spirit was not sufficient for these things, or was it because the Christian Church had been asleep and had not been mindful of

the last request of her dying Saviour! It was a heart-searching sermon, and at the close of it, Mr J R Stullwell and I both rose and asked the missionaries who wished to remain to come up near the front of the little chapel, and there we knelt and prayed through the long hours of the night till the breaking of the day, beseeching our Heavenly Father to fill us with the Holy Spirit that we might have power to witness for Him in this land of awful darkness. The next day we sent that memorable appeal home to our Board, asking for a missionary to every fifty thousand of the people, and for a native pastor or evangelist to every thousand. From that time onward our number began to increase. Three single ladies had joined us at the close of 1888, and two married couples, Messrs Brown and Walker, with their wives, came out in the Fall of 1889, in answer to our appeal. The outlook was growing more hopeful, the number of baptisms was increasing, and sometimes I felt the presence of God very near.

## CHAPTER VII

### The Revival and the Hypocrite

I sailed steadily on 'till September, 1890, and by that time I was convinced that our Christians were living far away from God. They had come out from such awful darkness and were surrounded by so much stealing, lying, cheating and deception that they had brought a great deal of truth then into the church, and the more I thought of the matter the more but denied, because I at last I could endure it no longer. I realised that they must either show more of the spirit of Christ more agape and genuine concernness or be turned out of the church altogether. On one Sunday I announced that I would preach in the chapel every morning and evening during the next week and asked as many of them as could possibly come to be present at the meetings. I spoke on the holiness of God and the awfulness of sin, on heaven and hell, on the depravity of the human heart and on the great need of being reclaimed by the blood of Christ. I was so deeply wrought upon by the Spirit and so full of grief and sorrow over the careless lives of the Christians that I spoke with great earnestness and power. I had a natural strong voice and a lady who was staying with us at the mission house told me she could hear every word I said in the chapel. After I had preached night and morning for nine days I felt almost discouraged. I didn't know the people and didn't realize how troubled they were. I thought they were spiritually dead and that their hearts were as hard as stone. When I went home that night I could not sleep, but walked the floor in my dressing room cried to the Lord to undertake for me and confessed that I was not sufficient for those things. At two o'clock my wife woke up and told me I had better go to bed or I would be sick, for I had had malaria fever a short time before, but I couldn't be

down then. I was waiting for the Lord's answer to my prayer. About three o'clock I got assurance that the Lord was going to give me the victory. Then I lay down and slept till I heard the bell ringing in the morning. I sprang on my feet, dressed myself and taking a cup of coffee hurried out and made my way over to the chapel. The Christians were all there and were singing a hymn. I don't know what I was going to preach on, but while they were singing a hymn I opened my Bible at the 47th chapter of the Prophecy of Ezekiel and read to them the vision of the valley of dry bones. I told them how the Israelites had died and were not only spiritually dead but like so many dry bones. I then applied it to their own case. I admitted they had given up the worship of idols, had professed faith in Christ and had been baptized, but there appeared to be no spiritual life in them and like those dry bones it seemed impossible for them to be revived. But as the Lord told his prophet in prophecy upon the dry bones, as He had told me to preach to them. God had mercy on the dry bones of Israel and perhaps His day of mercy had come for them. I read on to where while the prophet was speaking there was a rattling of the bones and bone came to his bone, the muscles and sinews came upon them and the flesh and skin covered them but still there was no life in them. They were just beautiful corpses and a corpse however beautiful, is only fit for the grave. I had spoken to them from the first in a pretty severe tone and now I turned and spoke to them tenderly. I told them how the father watching for the return of his prodigal son scanned the horizon day by day to see if he could get a glimpse of him anywhere, how he longed for his return and how while he was yet a great way off his father ran to meet him and fell on his neck and kissed him. I told them that perhaps they were still far away but if they were only such of the world and dead, I will arm

and go to my father's house. God was sure to meet them. Then as I had had the prophet besought the Spirit to come into those corpses so that they might revive, saying, "Come out the four winds of Heaven, and be upon them and let them may we do so," my daughter, Rebecca, came into a pastor,



TELEGL CHAPEL, COCANADA SCENE OF THE REVIVAL

who said to him, "I am sure the Spirit is come." The Spirit was there. As I was about to leave, two men were sitting on the ground, all trying to possess the Spirit. I was in the middle of them, and I got the Spirit to come and a man came and spoke at a time.

God Almighty, the door was opened for me with a long grey beard and was a long small covered coat

which is the common cause the heroism and devotion were in the heart. He was trembling from head to foot, and waving one his arms with trembling hand, he told me in brief his life's story. When a young man he had first heard the gospel through the Lutheran women after was baptised by them and taught in a village school. He had a beautiful voice, was a great singer, and could also play the violin well. He said he knew nothing about a new heart. He had come to the conclusion that idolatry was wrong and had accepted Christianity as a new religion, much in the same way one puts off an old suit of clothes and puts on a new and better one, but this made no serious impression on him. He had been in the habit of drinking from his boyhood and even went to the extent as he was far away from his home and his wife, to see how he was living, he frequently got drunk and consumed all kinds of sin, until the heathen people could endure him no longer, hence they set fire to the schoolhouse and burnt it down. When the missionaries found out the trouble they took him away from him, and he became a cook for an English officer. After working some years in this capacity he met Messrs. Howden and Heald of the Londonary Baptist Mission. He heard them preach about the new birth and was led to read his Testament, and after attending their services for some time he was truly converted. He then gave up his position as cook and accompanied Mr. Heald to preach the gospel. For three years he remained faithful and had much joy in his Master's service. He could sing and preach so well that the missionaries made a favorite of him, and even more the devil tempted him. He became very proud of his ability, thought himself superior to the other native evangelists and finally went back to his old habit of drinking again. The missionaries were very much grieved and were compelled to dismiss him. He then went to Burma and

secured employment as butler for a British officer, but after two or three years he was taken sick with malarial fever and nearly died. Mr. Timpany was then in charge of the work at Moravias. Vatos confessed his sins to him and to the church, was received into fellowship, and Mr. Timpany secured him the position of village missionary at Kerepetia. Here he was the head of the new village and received a government salary, but after a year or two this position proved to be too great for him. He again fell sick and lost his position, and Mr. Melander had him excluded from the church. And now he was old and ready to die and had asked that he be forgiven. He also implored us to receive him again into the church, which we did, and he remained faithful until death.

We spent most of the forenoon listening to confessions. Some claimed they were never really converted, but most of them said they had experienced the joy of the Lord in their hearts before they were baptized, and while Mr. Timpany lived had remained faithful, but after his death they had grown cold and wandered away. Two brothers from Nallakurua confessed to the sin of adultery. In the afternoon, Miss Simpson and Miss Backerville held a special meeting for the women, and several confessions were made there. I conducted a midnight meeting in the Rest house, where Mark, a charter member of the church, who had been a great help to the missionaries from the beginning, and who was the treasurer of the church, confessed to having fallen into that common sin of the East just a week before the meeting began. His wife and his wife told me they hadn't slept a night and recalled a hymn that said: "Our sins like a mountain rise between us and God." The husband stated that his wife was crying all night, that he was holding her hand, and they were both on their knees confessing their sins and praying and asking God for forgiveness. Mr. J. B.

Bullwell came down to assist me for a day or two and said he had never seen anything like it in India. One of the native men told me that it was a common saying among them that though a white man might confess his sins, a black man never would. But he said they had all learned that the Holy Spirit could make a black man confess just as easily as he could a white man. It was a general time of cleansing; there was a spirit of repentance and contrition, and when the meetings were over a great burden was lifted off my heart. I had come to know my native brethren and they had learned to love and trust me. After a few days rest Jonathan Barber and I went to Muramunda where we conducted similar meetings for a week, and from there we went to Nalluru and spent a week in that church, and though the results were not so great in these churches which were located at a distance from the missions, yet there was repentance and confession of sin wherever we went, and the Christians were greatly revived and strengthened. This was the first revival ever held among the Triangos of our Mission.

### Immoral Pictures.

And now, lest my readers should think that our Christians in India were unworthy of the name, let me tell you a little about the conditions in which they lived and something about their environment. I had not been long at Coenada when the native pastor took me through Pagoda Street, and when we came to the large Hindu temple, we saw some boys looking up at the images of the gods and laughing. The pastor called my attention to these images, and as I looked at them I was amazed for all up and down the front and sides of the temple were nude images of the gods and goddesses in the act of adultery. The stories in their covered books relate tales of shame. One god stole another god's wife from him, heaven itself is a place



where lust is gratified and most of the songs the people sing are about those things. The high caste people build a wall seven or eight feet high around their houses to lock their wives and daughters in during the day, while they are away at work lest they should commit sin. There is no common decency between men and women. They use the rudest language when speaking with one another and when this is the case among the educated and high caste people what can one expect from the poor outcasts? The Christians are isolated, many of them cannot read or write. Their brothers and relations are all heathen. Heathen worship and heathen customs are going on all around them and they never hear anything that is good or pure or true except when they come to church on Sunday. Is it any wonder that some of them fail? The longer I lived in India the more I sympathized with the Christians, and the more careful I became about receiving candidates for baptism.

### **A New Mission Station.**

In November we welcomed three more new missionaries, Mr and Mrs McLeod and Mr Harrow. We had asked God for more missionaries, and year by year our number was increasing. I realized that I was unable to care for the work on so many fields and at the beginning of 1891 Mr J. H. Stillwell and I secured land in Peddapuram and the former built a bungalow there for a new missionary. In August I made my last tour over that field in company with Mr Walker, and then handed the work over to him and said good bye to the Christians.

### **The Hypocritical Brahmins.**

In September my touring on the Ramachandrapuram field began. I spent a Sunday with the church in Muruganda, and in the evening preached in a village across the canal. When we returned to the boat, the

not so quiet and amongst requested me to come back to Marumunda on Monday morning to preach to the caste people. I was in a hurry and did not wish to go, but they pleaded so hard that I could not refuse them. I found out later on what they wanted me for. I came early on Monday and taking a light breakfast, I walked two miles across the fields over to the village. We went down to Wangan Street and here in a broad open place began to see thousands of people. By the time we had gone on down a large crowd assembled and I stepped forth into the open square and began to address them. Seeing that there were many Brahmins in the assembly who frequently deny the existence of me, I began by telling them of what I had seen in different parts of the world. I told them that I had visited several countries, my journey out to India and that wherever I travelled I found churches or temples as a building of stone and covered by the worshippers and also as I passed through their own village I noticed that they too had such worship places. I asked them what was it that made all men, whether white or black, build places of worship, and as no one answered me I went on to tell them that there was another thing that attracted my attention, namely that in all countries there were magistrates, courts and policemen, jails and prisons, and putting these two things together I had come to the conclusion that all men had some common need of law. If there was no law there would be no jails and no prisons. If there was no law there would be no temples or churches or places and no worship. I told them the Mohammedans made long pilgrimages to Mecca to worship at the tomb of Mahomet, but they themselves frequently made pilgrimages to Benares and other parts of India to worship at sacred shrines or bathe in holy waters and that to account for these things, I concluded that all men were oppressed by a sense of sin and a desire to get rid of their burden.

From this promise I began and preached unto them Jesus.

While I was speaking I noticed the crowd was becoming greater and greater and I was surprised to see people from other villages there. I spoke to them for half an hour and they gave me the very best attention. When I had to shut up, an old gent took up Abraham stepped forward and said to me: "What you have told us is a very good one and we have enjoyed your address very much, but there is a man here that has great power given him by the gods. He said they would make a circle in the sand, two yards in diameter and place seven fair cups in the centre of it. Then they would make seven marks in the sand a yard apart so that the last mark would be eight yards from the circle. This man would stand at the edge of the circle and repeat over a charm, and after he had repeated it a sufficient number of times, anyone that could walk forward over these marks and take the money out of the cups might have." I said: "Straight!" He was glad to try it. Well, said he, before you do so, I must tell you the danger you are exposing your self to. Five years ago there was a man on the other side of the river who tried to take the money and just as he got to the edge of the circle his feet turned around to the back of his legs and he has been walking backwards ever since. Another man about a year past, once made the attempt and when he got past way over the marks his mouth was around to the side of his ear and on Saturday is, but a single a Mohammedan man stepped over two marks, fell down in a faint and had to be carried to his home. And my son or partner told me this and statement was true. Now, said he, if you succeed in taking that money, we'll believe that Jesus Christ is the true God, but if not we will believe that this man has got the true God. I said: "Straight, I am ready to try" and taking up my little folding

stood, I went up and sat down at the end of the marks made in the sand. They then began to beat drums and blow their musical instruments. The man came and sat down on the edge of the circle and I noticed that he had a flashing pair of eyes, that seemed to look through me at a glance. He fixed his eyes intently upon me and began to repeat his charms. After a time I dropped my head as though I were under his spell. The music stopped and they told me I might go forward. I arose and walked quickly towards the circle but just as I reached out for the money a little juggler from the other side grabbed it up and ran away. There was a great dispute many of the farmers took my side and said I had beaten the man fairly and had been cheated out of the money.

The crowd had become so great that there was scarcely room to move and the hypnotizer said the place was so small and so crowded that the charm wouldn't work but if I would go to Kajah's park, about a quarter of a mile away he could bring me under his power. The native preachers begged me not to go for they said he would get men to go up in the trees and throw stones on my head and then say the gods had killed me. I told them I didn't care if there were ten thousand devils up there I was going up to show the people that this man was a fraud. I believed that he possessed hypnotic power for I could not help feeling the influence of his gleaming eyes but I was not at all afraid of him so I accepted the challenge and went to the park. We waited there till eleven o'clock. Three or four thousand people gathered but the Hukuma did not come. I then wrote a brief note and sent it to the master of ceremonies saying that I was going to tell the people that this man was a fraud and go back to my boat, unless he came in fifteen minutes. We sat in the park and waited. After about twenty minutes we heard the native music playing, a great crowd

of Brahmans came marching two by two and at the head of the procession was the hypnotizer and the little juggler. They circled round us paying music for some time. At last they drew the circle measured off eight yards and made their marks again in the sand. They then told me that I might sit at the far end of the circle while the man was preparing his charms. As I rose and walked over to the place assigned to me I noticed that they had only put one rupee in the circle, and I knew then that they were beaten. They beat their drums and blew their horns for nearly half an hour while he kept repeating his charms and fixing his eyes upon me. When all was ready they told me I might come forward once more and I walked rapidly over the marks determined to get that rupee. But before I could get there the little juggler grabbed it up and ran away in the crowd. I laughed at them and reminded the one who was manager of his promise to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ if we have come to me when I walked over the marks. I tried to speak to the people but the Brahmans made such a noise I could not be heard. Then said they would make the circle one yard in diameter and the little juggler would sit on the edge of the circle and make the rupee fly off as the *at* was approached. I told him that the rupee had been flying off too much already and that they had just been humbugging me all the forenoon. But they wouldn't let me speak unless I would try this new experiment so I consented and while they were preparing the circle the hypnotizer came over to me, unnamed very politely and asked me to please go away. He said "I can't do anything to you, and you have spoiled all my profit to-day." No wonder for he and the juggler were accustomed to play all kinds of sleight-of-hand tricks, and were getting money out of the people.

When I saw the juggler sitting on the edge of the

eyede. I told the people that his hand was quicker than their eyes. He would have a rubber and a megaphone hanging to attract their attention, and then grab the rubber before I could get to it. I asked him to let my preacher put his cane on the rubber, and then I knew it would fly off in his eye. But he refused to do this, so I took a carpenter's plane from my pocket and made a red stump on one side of the rubber and a blue one on the other. Then I said to the juggler, "Now if that rubber won't serve when I come around I am going to put my foot on your neck and run your clothes all off your back, and use the rubber, now yes." I pretended I was very angry, and this was then had excited me, and I walked up to the end of the wooden rope were. After hanging there for some time for about ten minutes, they said I ought come around. Just as I started the juggler got frightened, grabbed the rubber and ran away, and he stood around as he could go, and I did not see him or the hip-writer again. They got up on the stump of a tree, spoke to the people. I told them that this was a sham, that they were miserably being deceived and cheated by the Hinduism and the priests. Again I preached to them and told them the old old story of Jesus and His love, and exhorted them to forsake their idols and turn to the one true God, who created them and was ready to save them. When was through the Hindu manager told the crowd that I had a greater charm than the hip-writer and that I kept repeating this and remembering his charm, hence he had no power over me. One of the Hindus called out and said, "The Juggler, he says we have a greater God than we have and that God helped him to overcome the hypnotist." The Christians then began to sing—

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the Cross,  
Lift high His royal banner  
It must not suffer loss."

It was one o'clock when we left the park and came down to the village. Crowds were everywhere through the streets, and many of the caste women had come out of their houses, expect us to see me carried back dead or in some way disabled. The Christians continued to sing hymns, as we marched through the village. It was a great day for them. Many of the farmers told me they had been watching the trees to see that no one climbed up them to throw sticks or stones on me while we were in the park. When I got back to my boat I was very tired and had a little sun fever from being so long out in the terrible heat. As I reflected on the phenomena of hypnotizing I made up my mind that though there were some men who possessed a great deal of magnetic power yet the larger factor in the process depended on the person that was hypnotized. People who believe in ghosts and fairies easily imagine they see them and those who believe in charms are easily charmed. I did not believe in any of these things hence the celebrated Brahmin was unable to exercise any influence over me.

### **Self-Support.**

During my second year in India I had come to the conclusion that our native Christians must do more to support the gospel than they had done in the past. They were very poor, and the great majority of them came from the outcastes and had but little to give. While heathen, they were compelled to give by their elders and their priests. When cholera or any sickness broke out in the village, each family had to bring offerings to the gods. When they built their temples or repaired them, a tax was levied on each family and they were forced to contribute the amount required of them. If they did not do so, they would not be allowed to draw water from the well, and no one in the village would give them any work. Their gifts during the

year amounted to a good deal but they were not free-will offerings, and when they became Christians and were free to do as they wished they seemed unwilling to ask any more help for the cause of Christ. When they first came out they suffered so much persecution that the missionaries had not demanded very much of them but as the number increased persecution in a large extent ceased and it was a bad training for them to be allowed to think that they were too poor to bring an offering to their Lord and Master who had given His life for them.

Having talked the matter over with my fellow-missionaries and with the native pastors and teachers, I made a crusade through the churches and endeavored to impress on the minds of the Christians the obligation they were under to support their own pastors and teachers. I found them very indifferent about the matter but generally they were ready to believe any thing that I could prove to them from the Bible. After a good deal of hard work I managed to get them to give two or three rupers a month towards their pastor's support. The pastors themselves were not very willing to look to their own people for support. They found it much easier to receive their monthly salary from the Mission. This made them free and independent. They could spend their time any way they wished. The Christians did not pay them and had no right to demand their services. There was no proper relation between the pastor and his people. As soon as the native churches began to support their own pastors then the pastors were under obligation to them and were bound to visit the sick and be present to conduct the prayer meetings and Sunday services. It was a long hard fight to introduce this new system and I continued to teach and preach it during all the years I spent in India. I put one occasion I spoke for two hours to the students in the Seminary on this subject, for it was



necessary that the students should realize that they were going out to serve their own people and not to work for the missionaries. Mr J. R. Stillwell heartily co-operated with me in this good work. He had been giving the boarders three suits of clothes a year and a head cloth, but the estimate for carrying on the work had been cut down by the Board at home, and he accordingly took away one suit from them. They were very angry about this and threatened to leave the school. They had always been provided with three suits, and hence thought they were treated very unjustly, but Mr Stillwell had their confidence and their love, and when he explained the whole matter to them, they became reconciled and settled down to work again, thinking it would only be for one year. But when Mr Stillwell saw that they were able to get along without this additional suit, he took it away from them altogether.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### **Gurumurti, the Tinpary School and Simalberta.**

New missionaries were coming out year by year and it was necessary for us to set up new stations. In January 1892 I visited Ramchandrapuram with a view to securing land as possible for this purpose. It was the centre of the county. There was a government office, a sub-divisional court, a police station, a dispensary and post office. I had passed through it several times before and had made up my mind that it was the proper place for a mission station to be. There was a local land-burgess, or *hotejar*, travellers a short distance from the village and that his was some vacant land. I seemed to be the more suitable site to build on for the country all about it was watered by the canal and was new and wet and likely to be unhealthy. There were some large mango trees on this site and besides with me all these Jonathan Burder and I looked and asked him to give us this spot of ground for a new mission station. I got to work I found the land was owned by two lawyers who stood in connection of them had been a great friend of Mr. Tinpary, and was very amenable to our work. The other was a proud fugitive Hindu. Nataraj I went to the one who was friendly and he promised to do his best to secure the site for me. He fixed the price at about three hundred rupees per acre and said if I was willing to give that, he could induce his partner to sell out his share. But it was not until June that I was able to get an agreement written out and permission to build on the land. At the July Conference Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McLeod were appointed to take charge of work on the Ramchandrapuram field. Mr. McLeod and I toured over the field together and on the first of August I handed over the work to him. Later in the year we got the deed of the land, but having made a payment on it and secured

permission to build, Mr. Melzer erected a temporary house with mud walls and roof covered with palm leaves. Here he and his wife lived and labored till they were able to build a new house. I had begun my work with the care of three fields, but by this time I had handed over Peddapuram and Ramachandrapuram and was left free to develop the work on the Cocanada field. I let Mr. Melzer have our native pastor for a month or two, to tour with him until he could get acquainted with the work, while I used my bicycle and visited many of the villages on the Cocanada field alone, and preached the gospel as best I could to the people. I had no workers outside of the town to help me, but during 1893 I opened up an outstation at Venkatakrishnapuram and placed a worker there. Then I secured land at Coringa and built a house and placed a teacher in that village. I also bought a house in Jagannaikapuram, for there we had some caste Christians and there was no suitable place for them to live in. That year, too, I bought the Slaves Memorial Compound, which is now occupied by the ladies. The other missionaries were away to the hills, and I spent the hot season in Cocanada, caring for the work. This compound had suddenly come into the market, and I hastened to secure it, lest it should be sold to the Hindus.

### **The Baptism of a Caste Man and His Daughter**

Gurumurti, a Shudra man during Mr. Timpany's time had been employed as a teacher in the girls' boarding school, and had learned very much of the gospel. As a boy he had attended a Christian school in Vinagapatam. Under Mr. Timpany's strong Christian influence he had been led to accept Jesus as his Saviour, but lacked the courage to come out and be baptized. He used to attend church occasionally, and often told me that he read his Bible every day and had prayer in

his own home. He had taught his eldest daughter to read the Bible and as she had an excellent memory, she could recite whole chapters of the Gospel of John, without making a single mistake. His wife and his cousins were all bitterly opposed to the Christian religion, and though he often told us that he would be baptized soon, we did not believe that he would have courage to leave everything for Christ. But one Thursday night he came to our prayer meeting and said he wished to be baptized. The Christians all knew him, and the church very readily accepted him as a suitable candidate for baptism. We advised him to go home and tell his people, and then come back Sunday morning and be baptized. This he did, and so after the morning service I baptized him with some others. He was afraid to go home, so remained in the compound with our native pastor.

On Monday morning I rode on horseback over to Esapeetia, visited the Christians, and preached to the Mahas. When I returned there were thirty or forty men in our compound. They had heard of Gurumurti and were dragging him along toward the gate. The native pastor and four or five Christians were heading on to him and trying to pull him back. He too was struggling to get away from his relatives and his own caste people. I took in the situation at once and urging my horse forward I dashed toward the crowd at full gallop. They being frightened of the horse, let go of Gurumurti and scattered in every direction, upon which he made his way back to the mission bungalow. I jumped from my horse and asked them what was the matter and why such a crowd of them had come into my compound without permission. I told them that Gurumurti was forty years of age, that he had been a Christian for a long time, that he had come to us of his own accord, and that he might go away again if he wished, but that I was not going to allow them to drag

him away and if they didn't get out of the compound at once I would bring them before the magistrate for trespassing on my property. I told them they might appoint three of the r number to go with me to talk to Phumavet and if he wished to go back with them he was at liberty to do so. To this they agreed and three of the r number came to the bungalow. Here they had a long talk with him but were not able to persuade him to leave. He said that God had just sent me home in time to save him from being dragged back into bondage. Just then the bell rang and as these men had positions in Government offices they were compelled to go as Government men and I was left alone. I talked and prayed with him and he vowed he would never go back and live among the heathen again. If his wife would not come to him he would continue to support her and the children and would live alone. I gave him a school to teach at Jagganachapuram in order that he might be near his family and keep in touch with them, for I believed that in time one by one they would come to live with him.

After about a month his daughter Namma made her escape and came over to the schoolhouse where he was living and he brought her to the mission bungalow before daylight one morning. She had not wish to be baptized until Sunday because some of the school girls were going to be baptized at that time and she felt sure her people would not come after her as they all knew she was a Christian. She remained with us all day. At night I had to go to conduct service in the English Baptist church. Mrs. Davis was sick in bed and I felt a little nervous about leaving Namma for fear her relatives would come and carry her off. So I got Miss Sampson and Mr. Melrod to come and stay in the bungalow until my return. After an hour or so one came Mr. Melrod went home. He had only gone a little while, when Namma's mother came to the door

She began to cry and tell Nagma how badly she thought she had treated her and begged her to come out that she might see her just once more. Finally she told M m Nagma she would go out and try to comfort her mother a little and come right back again. Miss Nagma opened the door and let her out and as she did so a crowd of men was there who picked her up and carried her off. When I got back about nine o'clock and found that she had been taken away I was very much disappointed, for I had wanted M m Nagma not to let her out of the house on any pretext. I knew how her relatives would come and cry to excite her pity and get her to come out and then carry her away. This had been done before I was Mission and in some cases the missionaries had never seen or heard of the converts again. I was thoroughly disappointed, and perhaps I did a little weeping. But there was no use she was gone and I must do my very best to save her. The next morning I went out from her father that her heathen relatives planned to take her on the steamer up to Singapore and there get her married to a heathen relative. That was Thursday and the steamer would call at our port on Friday morning. We notified the police and her father and the Christians prepared to keep watch at the landing stage and as she was of age he could not take her and prevent them from taking her on board. That evening I was again preaching to the Kikash speaking people and after the service I remained to talk with some of the members about Nagma and to ask what steps we had better take in the morning to rescue her. Just then Miss Hogg, one of the Biblewomen, came running into the chapel and told me that Nagma had escaped and was hiding in their house. I ran out, jumped into my carriage and drove over. In a few minutes Nagma was in the carriage with me and we started back to the mission bungalow. As we passed the chapel, I saw a

number of men, armed with clubs, hunting about Gurnamuti a woman in search of Niamma. I put on the whip and drove away home as fast as I could. We kept watch all night, but no one came for her, and the next morning at eight o'clock she and two of the school girls were baptized. By this time the news had got out that she had eaten with the Christians, so the people of her caste burned Gurnamuti's effigy and made him and his daughter outcasts. I knew they would never come to trouble her any more, so after a few days she went to keep house for her father. Previous to this Mr. Craig had baptized a young man from the Rajah caste, and early the next year he and Niamma were married. Some years afterwards I visited Udu and went to see Niamma and her husband. They had two or three bright children, were earnest, faithful Christians, exercising a good influence in the village and bringing their children to serve the Lord.

### The Tinian School.

Mr. McLaurin at the beginning of his work started a Sunday service for the Korean people. The congregation soon grew into an organized church and began to help support evangelists to preach in the town. When Mr. Tinian took charge he began to realize that we must have a school for the Korean children, and acting in concert with the other missionaries, secured the services of Miss E. A. Folsom, a young lady who went out under the auspices of a Faith Mission, but who was then free to accept work wherever she wished. She proved to be a great blessing to the school children, the little church and the Korean community. She was a patient, loving and faithful servant of the Lord, and we all learned to esteem her for her work's sake. While she was absent on furlough, Mr. and Mrs. Walker spent one year in the school. Mrs. Walker acted as lady principal and taught all the higher

classes, and when they left we had to carry on the work as best we could.

We had a Kuranaga family in the school. Two of the daughters were teachers and their mother was the matron. They got on very well at a time but they had not the qualifications required by the Government nor did they command the respect and confidence of their own people. We advertised for a head matron, but before we received any answers, we had had an extended tour on the Hamsachandrapuram field. When I returned home I found there had been a quarrel between the teachers and the matrons and they had put in their resignations and wished to leave at once. I called a meeting of the Executive Committee and we talked matters over till late at night but could not come to any agreement. The Committee was unwilling to accept their resignations as they had not given a month's notice according to agreement but I found they were doing harm in the school every day they remained and were sending word to the parents of the children that the school was going to be closed. I went home that night great disappointed because the Committee had not taken any action. I was the Manager of the school and responsible for its conduct and for any temporary changes that might be made between the sittings of Conference. I walked the floor nearly all that night and lifted my heart to my heavenly Father for guidance. The next morning I went to the school early, accepted the resignations of the teachers and paid their wages. I then went to see the secretary and he and I telegraphed passage money to a lady in Madras to come up and take charge of the school. During the following week I gave up all mission work, taught all the higher classes and sent notes to the parents of the children that the school would go on as usual. I felt that we must make a success of it or close it down forever.



Figure 1. Typical tropical landscape



Next week Miss Brown arrived by steamer and became head mistress. She was a capable young lady and did her work well. Miss Rice is born a child of the East and got it as a native. Thus we talked over a room in the lecture of the school. One of our own church men here who had formerly been one of the teachers, started up an opposition school to teach a handful of children, but the Government refused to recognize it and after a few years it was closed.

A year later Miss Palmer returned from England and needless to say we hailed her coming with great joy. She really began the school in some of the rooms of the old barbers' shop. After Mr. Toppin's death the other mission men bought the splendid room passed and building in which it is now carried on, and in his honor called it The Toppin Memorial Boarding and Day School. They borrowed the money from Mr. W. L. King, who paid it back in yearly installments out of their own salaries. Each of the male missionaries gave five roubles a month towards the support of the school, and the single ladies two and a half roubles. Beside these regular gifts we usually gave a hundred roubles each per annum towards reducing the debt, and by the end of 1891 this was all cleared off.

Our old chapel was dilapidated and unsafe to conduct worship in, so I called a business meeting of the church and we started a building fund. I subscribed the first hundred roubles, and Mr. White the deacon of the church followed my example. The month before we had each contributed a hundred roubles on the school debt, and this was quite a drain on our incomes, but we felt that something must be done. The Catholic and the Church of England churches were fine buildings, ours was only an old telegraph office out of which the partitions had been removed in order to convert it into a chapel, and I longed for the day when we would

be able to build a neat attractive place of worship. Miss Ellen Gibson was appointed treasurer of the building fund and through her earnest efforts about 2500 rupees were secured. When I left the field Mr. Laflamme took up the work and the building fund increased year by year till it amounted to above 5000 rupees. His successor Rev. E. K. Smith had the pleasure of superintending the erection of the finest church building in the town costing over 10000 rupees. Miss Eva D. Pinner, a Burnhamville lady doctor, passed 1000 rupees in gold on the spot or alone when I was an' and all the missionaries presented gifts in gold and the church members in silver. I had hoped to have the joy of putting up this building but that was not God's plan for me and I rejoiced with all my heart when I heard it had been done by others. In the fall of 1893 we welcomed Dr. and Mrs. E. K. Smith, Mr. J. K. Chute and Messrs. Murray, Pinner and McLaurin. This was the largest number of new missionaries we ever received in a single year. We were glad to welcome them for some of the older missionaries were in need of rest and change.

### **My Appointment to the Seminary**

At the January Conference of 1894 Mr. J. E. Stillwell and his wife were granted furlough and I was appointed Acting Principal of the Seminary during their absence. Mr. Stillwell remained in Sarnakota until April 1st but I went up and taught the classes during the month of March and got acquainted with the general working of the school. On our return from the hills in June we took up our abode in Sarnakota. I was still in charge of the native work on the Colorado field and went down once a month to hold meetings with the workers, pay their salaries and give advice and directions concerning the work.

In addition to my work in the Seminary, I was chairman of the Major Union, a kind of municipality. This

form of self-government in the towns had just been inaugurated by the Government, and as the native people and government officials wished me to accept the chairmanship, I did so. While acting in this position I learned how much cheating, bribery and corruption was carried on by the native officials.

Mrs. Davis assisted me in the teaching and gave a great deal of help to the students who were taking government examinations. One of our theological assistants returned to Chorahole and this left Mr. Jaggannathulu and myself to teach in the classes in theology. In addition to this I conducted a monthly examination in the secular department in order to keep the teachers and students up to the mark, and at the request of the conference started an industrial scheme for our native Christians. We began with carpenter work and after a little I opened a laundry department and got the students to wash their own clothes. This was not an easy matter for there is still one caste in India that does washing and it is considered a disgrace for those of any other caste or even for the outcastes to do their own washing. Notwithstanding the fact that I had to teach a good many classes in theology, superintend the literary department and the industrial school, oversee the work on the Canadian Hotel and act as chairman of the Major Union, we yet spent a very happy time during the two years we had charge of the Seminary.

We had no medical compounder at that time and Mrs. Davis administered the medicines and took care of the sick. We kept a horse and carriage and usually drove to the middle lock on the canal, where I conducted a prayer meeting once a week, and to a village about two miles and a half from Samalikota, where I generally preached one night in the week. I also spent one or two evenings preaching with the students in the Malapollim of the town.

During our second year at Samalkota I conducted a week of special meetings for the deepening of the spiritual life of the students. During these meetings there were a good many conversions of us. One man named Ramaswami told us that the year Mr. Willcox left his wife was very ill. After taking medicine from the hospital assistant for a long time she became discouraged and she and her people urged him to go to Pottapurm and consult a heathen doctor. He told Ramaswami to return home and the next morning at sunrise to go in a certain direction and offer up a cock. Of course this was superstitious and a going back into heathenism, but his wife's relatives were all heathen and they begged so hard that he consented to do it. He had to pay a rupee to the medical priest who assured him that his wife would get well, and would have a son, but after offering the cock his wife grew worse and finally died. This made him very much ashamed and he confessed to us before that but did not say anything about it to any of the others. I mention this little incident to show that the native Christians are constantly tempted by their heathen relatives to go back into idolatry. The native churches will need the strong hand of the missionary for a generation to come before they will be able to walk alone.

While we were in the Seminary Mr. and Mrs. Walker lived in Pottapurm about two miles away from us, and we often spent a pleasant and profitable hour together. Samalkota is a dry and healthy place, and we never had a day of sickness while we were there.

Before Mr. Willcox left the country and while I was teaching classes and getting acquainted with the work I dreamed that I went up from Tanjore one Monday morning and found a great crowd of people on the Miden (the plain that surrounded the bungalow), that there had been fighting and that some were badly wounded. I was very anxious about Mrs. Davis and

the children and in my dream I hastened through the crowd, reached the bungalow and was very thankful to find my wife and family unharmed. It made such an impression on me that I told my wife about it. During our last year in Nagaland in October 1955, my dreams came true. I spent Saturdays and Sundays at Lamacha conducting the monthly meetings, preaching in the Telugu church, administering the Lord's supper and examining candidates for baptism. One day I was there on Sunday night about 10 p.m. the New cars students were startled by a cry, her heard away in the distance. As they listened they could hear a man pleading for his life. Some farmers had seized a man in the village who was employed by one of them to watch cattle and they could hear him saying, 'Don't kill me. Don't kill me.' I have children and who will take care of them? This man had previously been employed by one of the farmers and had been dismissed on account of a quarrel, but that night the farmer went to him made friends with him again and urged him to come and help him watch the cattle. He was an unfortunate man, was afraid of this wealthy farmer and did not want to go, but the latter promised him good pay and induced him to go with him. When he got him out on the village a number of men seized him, tied his hands and feet and were carrying him away to a deep pond that was said to have no bottom to it. The students could hear the man begging for his life. About fifty of them armed themselves with sticks and surrounded another way and arrived at the pond just in time to save him. As they approached the pond they saw the farmers untie his hands, for they had heard the students were coming. The students and teachers surrounded them and brought them and the wounded man near to the mission bungalow. His brother had heard his cry and had run back to the village and told his friends and relatives, and soon there were two or three hundred



Mrs. Davis told me about the night's excitement but said she was not at all afraid. I saw the man who had been beaten. He told me that the farmers had his hands and feet bound, were tying a large stone on his chest with his upper clothes, and were about to drown him in the pond, but when they heard the students coming they took the stone off, threw it aside in the bushes, and unbound him as quickly as possible. The students only arrived in time to see them untying his hands.

Quite a number of people had been beaten and robbed on the road between our bungalow and the old racquet court half a mile away. I thought it was about time a stop was put to such proceedings. I wrote the police inspector and got policemen to patrol the road at night. Seven of the thieves were caught and imprisoned, and I felt that this farmer should also be punished. So in the evening I went down to Cherasada and consulted Mubramaniam, a Hindu lawyer who had studied in a Christian school and always seemed to be friendly to the Christians. He said he would gladly undertake the case for nothing, would come to Mamal Keta, examine the witnesses and let me know whether he thought there was sufficient evidence to convict the culprit. He came up next morning on the train, went to see the pond where the man was to have been drowned, examined the witnesses and strongly advised the Mala man to enter a case against the farmer in the Magistrate's court. The case was tried and five of our students and Mrs. Davis were called as witnesses, but after a good deal of delay Mubramaniam succeeded in frightening the farmer and making him give a bribe of 500 rupees, which they divided among themselves. Then the Magistrate threw the case out of court for want of sufficient evidence. This is a fair sample of what takes place all over India in the courts where Hindu officers preside.



### British Rule in India.

When I first went out to India I was somewhat prejudiced against British rulers. I had read of the East India Company and of Warren Hastings oppressing the natives and I expected to see something of the kind still current on under British rule. But the longer I lived in India the more I was persuaded that even law on the British books was hereafter to be given and was destined to be a help and a blessing to the Hindu People. The British have built thousands of miles of roads many of them laid with stone covered with gravel and rolled with steam rollers. They have planted banyan and other large shade trees on both sides of these great trunk roads under whose shade thousands of laborers find refuge by day and night. They have laid out all the great rivers of the country and dug canals with systems of locks, as a result millions of acres of land are today irrigated where there were none that are. The telegraph wires and conduct the telegraph and post-office systems and many of the railways. For instance with a telegram of ten words you can be sent to any part of India. The postal system is very much better managed than in Canada. Letters and money orders are delivered at our doors, and the parcel post system is an excellent arrangement by which you may order goods from any of the large stores and pay for them on delivery. The government officers are a well educated energetic and capable body of men and I never heard of an English magistrate or judge taking a bribe or conducting a case in an unjust manner. On the other hand the majority of these officials are not Christian men. They have been baptized and probably confirmed in the Church of England but as a rule they do not attend any place of worship nor practice any religion. They play golf or tennis on Sunday, gamble for small stakes and drink

more whiskey than is good for them. They come out as single men, receive large salaries, and naturally fall into many temptations. But so far as their official duties are concerned, I have always found them faithful.

### **Our Return to Cocanada.**

In December our students went up to the government examinations, and nearly all of those in the primary and lower secondary classes passed successfully. Our school year was drawing to a close so Mrs. Davis and the children moved back to Cocanada, while I remained on till the Christmas holidays. Then Mr. Stillwell returned and I handed back to him the charge of the work. Our numbers were increased by the arrival of more new missionaries. Mr and Mrs. H. C. Priest, Mr and Mrs. H. E. Stillwell and Dr. Pearl Smith, who arrived about the 1st of December. We gave them a welcome meeting. Mr and Mrs. Priest went to reside in Tuni. Mr and Mrs. Stillwell lived with us in Cocanada, while Dr. Smith became the wife of Rev. J. E. Chute.

### **My Tract.**

Some of the brethren talked so much about the Millerism and so assiduously circulated literature among our Christians bearing on it that I was led to publish a little tract on the subject in 1894. I am afraid I wrote in too much of a controversial spirit, and perhaps there are one or two expressions in it that may have wounded the feelings of some of God's children for this I am truly sorry. If I had to write it over again, I would aim to speak the truth in love, and yet I have not changed my mind about the fact of the Lord's coming at the end of the age and there being only one general judgment for the good and the wicked.

I met a number of good missionaries in India who really loved God & people and were heavenly minded, but who were so longing for the Lord to come so willing to leave off bearing the cross and so eager to wear the crown that it ratted them of their strength. Their common phrase was "The world is growing worse and worse and the love of many is waxing cold." Just here I wish to say, if we take out of the world the story of the Cross we take away the one power that God has been pleased to use in saving men. And it is cross-bearing that we all need. That makes us strong and brave to endure hardships for the sake of Him who wore the crown of thorns. And now while I am slowly dying I believe with all my heart that the preaching of the crucified Jesus is the only means that God will ever use for the salvation of a lost world, and that when men and women are filled with the spirit of their Master and are willing to renounce the world and take up their cross and follow Jesus, they will find multitudes ready to listen to them and willing to be taught by them. We are all too ready to leave our cross and wear the crown. We are too much at ease in Zion. When we can rejoice in our tribulations, can bear the cross God lays upon us and truly thank Him for it then the world will realize that we have been with Jesus and learned from Him that we have something to give to lost sinners. God grant to His people a willingness to suffer for His Name's sake.

"In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime."

At our January Conference of 1896, Mr and Mrs. Craig and Mrs. Davis and I were granted furlough. After ours was over I went to Ongole to attend the

American Baptist Conference. While there I climbed

Prayer meeting Hill and saw the place where Dr. Jewett and a few native Christians lived and proved that God would send a messenger to Uganda. Dr. Clough was sent in answer to the prayers. The story of his labors during the famine and the baptism of 2,222 native converts in a single day and 10,000 before the year closed are facts well known to a Baptist. I met Dr. Clough and secured from him the account of the difficulties and hardships through which the missionaries passed in the early days of the Mission.

After the Conference I spent two months visiting and preaching in the villages on the Usennadi field, and then we began to pack our trunks and get ready to return to Canada. We left Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stillwell in charge of the work. They were splendid young people. Mr. Stillwell was physically and mentally strong and of a humble and devout spirit, and I felt the work was perfect safe in his hands. On the night we left Usennadi the native church gave us a farewell meeting and presented us with a printed address in a very nice frame. Mr. Stillwell and a crowd of Christians came to the station to say farewell. Our old arch accompanied us as far as Napahmunda. She was a Lutheran Mission Christian and I sent the Lutheran missionaries 50 rupees and asked him to give it to her little by little when she was in need for she was getting old and helpless. In reply he said he was astonished that a Baptist missionary would do any thing for a Lutheran Christian for he supposed the Baptists were a very narrow and bigoted set that hadn't any love for anyone outside their own Church. We spent a day or two in Bombay and on April 4th we said good bye to India and embarked on the "Pompanar" one of the P. & O. Company's steamers.

### The Farewell Address.

To Rev. J. K. Davis, B.A., Baptist Missionary,  
Cocanada.

Reverend Sir: We the members of the Telugu Baptist church Cocanada with feelings of deep regret and sorrow beg to approach you with this address and to bid you farewell on the eve of your departure.

By the grace of God we had the rare good fortune of welcoming you as a missionary to our country along with Rev. H. F. Laflamme in the year 1867.

The critical circumstances both of the Cocanada field and the church at the time can be well explained by the following facts: Rev. A. V. Timpany the pioneer missionary of our Board who was in charge of the Cocanada field and the church who was doing a great deal of good both among the Hindus and Christians, and whose name is fragrant among the people even yet, gave his life for the Lord and died of cholera. Dr. John Marlborough the devoted missionary of the Board, but the first to our part was in the home land. Rev. G. F. Currie M.A. of the Turi field died in the Lord, like a good soldier of Christ after serving his Lord as a missionary preaching the gospel earnestly, patiently and prayerfully for about ten years on that field. And so Rev. John Craig B.A. was obliged to look after the work that was laid down by both Rev. Mr. Timpany and Rev. Mr. Currie, although he was in charge of the vast Akola field which then included the present Vuyyuru field also.

Thus it is plain that we were as sheep without a shepherd, so you can imagine how anxiously we were looking for someone to come as a missionary to us, and how glad we were when in the mercy of God, you and Bro. Laflamme came to us.

In this manner being constrained by the love of Christ, who gave His life for the salvation of the world,

you came, learned the language and took charge of our Cocanada field and the church in the year 1900. Since then you have been working heart and soul both for the salvation of those who are not Christians, and for the upbuilding of the Christians.

Besides this, you have spared no effort to strengthen the preachers. Your summary work on the field can be seen by the two new churches that were established in the North Cocanada field, the present Peddapuram field; the sixteen new out stations that were opened, and the many baptisms that occurred in the whole Cocanada field, which included the present Peddapuram, Ramachandrapuram and Cocanada fields.

You have not only preached the gospel in the streets, but also visited the rich people at their homes and had religious conversations with them, and in that way preached the gospel to them. You also opened a Bible Class on Sundays for the college students. In addition to this you gave some addresses to the public, both in this town and other places, on religious and secular subjects.

We cannot forget the pastoral visits of Mrs. Davis and yourself to our homes. We are indebted in a great measure to Mrs. Davis for the immense good that is done for our children by the Sunday School, which she superintended.

How can we show our gratitude to you for the great good you have done amongst us by the revival and social meetings that are established amongst us?

The benefit of your work has been extended both to the Christian and the non-Christian, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the ignorant and the intelligent.

Your work has been such that you are counted by the people as a second Timothy. Though you are an Englishman by birth, yet you have been like a Telugu

man amongst us. As Saint Paul said, "You have become all things to all men, in order that you might save some."

Although we are sorry about your departure, yet we are encouraged by the thought of your returning again after two years. As you are also leaving us in charge of Rev J. R. Stillwell, B.A., we are sure that we shall be well cared for, growing in the Lord until your return.

We lack words to express our gratitude to you in a more fitting manner and we feel that anything we may do in the way of displaying our great esteem for you will fall short of your deserts. As a token of our gratitude, esteem and reverence to you, we humbly request you to accept this —, a thing trifling in itself, but precious on account of the immense gratitude that accompanies it.

We fervently hope that you will return at the end of two years, and resume the holy task of preaching the gospel to the Hindus, and teaching the Christians to observe all things that are commanded by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We commend you into the hands of God, hoping that He will return you to us again, having strengthened you both spiritually and bodily.

In conclusion, we once more bid you farewell, hoping that you will not forget us and the church wherever you are.

May God grant you all a safe and pleasant voyage to Canada.

We remain, Reverend Sir,

Your Most Obedient Children in the Lord, the Members of the Telugu Baptist Church, Cocanada.

Telugu Baptist Church, Cocanada, 26th March, 1896.  
2nd Cor 5:14 1 Cor 15:58.

## CHAPTER IX

### My First Parlor.

When we went out to India we were first class passengers on a third class, one of steamers that carried a great deal of freight and only a few passengers, but now we were second class passengers on a mail steamer and we travelled at the rate of almost 400 miles a day. There were about 450 passengers on board and every part of the ship was crowded. We had a comfortable berth cabin next to the dining saloon, which made it very convenient for us to look after the children among Miss Taylor of the Goodwins Delta Mission and Miss Gray of the Mary Ann Mission were with us. They had each spent over ten years in India and were both badly run down and very nervous. There were also some of the Free Church of Scotland missionaries on board. As there were several other passengers who were earnest Christians, we used to meet every morning and spend an hour in Bible study. Mr W. C. Bailey, Secretary of the Mission to Lepers, was a first class passenger and used to come down to attend our Bible readings.

When we left Aden the weather was very hot and trying but before we got through the Red Sea it turned quite cold and while going through the Suez Canal there was a little sea storm. The people along the shore were wrapping their clothes about them and shivering with the cold. We took on coal at Port Said, and then steamed straight to Brindisi and left off the mail. While there I saw Italian dock men and Hindu coolies working side by side and there didn't seem to be very much difference in their color. The Italians in the south of Italy are very dark and resemble very much the type of people one sees all through the East.

From here we went to Gibraltar, where we again



halted for more coal but we didn't deem it advisable to get off and after a few hours we were on our way again through the bay of Humber. Here the weather was pretty rough and our ship pitched terribly.

When we arrived in London most of the passengers found friends and relatives there to meet them but we were alone. We had just been twenty-one days on the journey from Hamburg and during the most of the time the weather had been calm and we had had a pleasant time. After getting our luggage through the customs a gentleman from the Foreign Ministry Club met us. We got a conveyance to take our luggage to our boarding place and went with him on the train to Liverpool Street Station. From here we took the line of green trains down to Highbury.

Next morning I walked a mile and a half to hear a prominent Baptist minister. He preached a very long, eloquent sermon but there was not enough of the love of Christ in it to suit me. He lacked depth and power and did not seem to grip strongly the great truths of the Bible so I came home quite disappointed. In the evening I went with one of the ladies to hear an Anglican Church celebrity. The church was rich and gorgeously decorated. There was a splendid choir and the hymns and prayers were all good but the people seemed to repeat them in a careless mechanical kind of a way. They knew them all by heart and could repeat them without any effort of the mind and at the same time look around the church to see how other people were dressed. I waited with interest for the sermon and though he gave us a pleasant talk I felt the preacher had never been in close touch with God, never had passed through any trial. There was nothing soul-stirring or uplifting in the sermon and nothing that would comfort or aid those who were in sorrow or distress and when I returned I had to tell the ladies

that my son had not been fed but probably the fault was mine for one needs to be in a spirit of worship in order to receive good.

During the week we did some shopping and took the children to visit some of the places of interest in the city. It was the beginning of May and everything was green and the parks were lovely. On Saturday we took the train for Portsmouth to visit some of my wife's cousins. We enjoyed the ride as there very much and we could keep admiring the beautiful framed hedges, hovers long about the farms in the country had a look so cosy and comfort. Farming in England is very much better done than in Canada. The farms are smaller and every foot of land is put under cultivation and the crops and lawns are kept in perfect order. The more we saw of the great middle class English people the better we liked them. We had seen the English immigrants in Canada and had met British officers. Indeed I had seen something of those belonging to the highest class and were not on love with either of them. But those belonging to the middle class are a wide awake, thorough going people with a good deal of culture and refinement.

On Monday we returned again to London. The May meetings were taking place and I attended some of the sessions of the Baptist Union. Here I heard Dr. John Clifford speak for over an hour on what he called the mysterious Method Rule. He was a strong man and held his audience spell bound to the end.

On Sunday Mrs. Dixon and I went to hear Dr. Joseph Parker. I had read so much about his Sunday lectures to working men that I was anxious to hear him. We found his articulation very distinct. He gave us an address on Job's three friends. He was very dramatic and imperious in his manner and I felt it was more of a lecture than a sermon. In the evening we went to the East London Tabernacle and heard

Archibald Brown preach on 'Jesus Only.' His manner was very simple and I could not but feel the warmth and glow of his loving heart. I have no doubt that there are a great many earnest God-fearing ministers in the great metropolis, but he was the only one I heard that at all came up to my ideal of what a preacher of the gospel ought to be.

On Tuesday morning we took the train for Liverpool where we embarked on one of the Allan Line steamers for Montreal.

The weather was pretty cold on the Atlantic but otherwise we had a very pleasant voyage. There were very few first class passengers and this gave us plenty of room to promenade on the decks. The Bishop of Algona was on board and conducted a service among the first class passengers on Sunday morning. He was humble, devout and earnest and I enjoyed his sermon very much. There were a great many emigrants on board and I conducted a service for them in the afternoon. They were nearly all going to Manitoba and were full of plans and prospects for the future. I took the opportunity of speaking to them on seeking first the kingdom of God. By the way they joined in the hymns. I concluded that the majority of them had been brought up to attend some place of worship and I was glad that Canada was receiving a shipment of emigrants that knew how to sing the songs of Zion.

Between Newfoundland and Canada we saw many icebergs. They looked like so many crystal castles glistening in the sun. Our ship made only five miles an hour during all one night and the fog horn kept blowing continually lest we should collide with some other ship. We were in a dense fog. About midnight the engines stopped and I wondered what had happened so I got up and went on deck to see if we were in the presence of an iceberg. I found they were testing the temperature of the water. The nearer we

approached an iceberg the colder the water became. This led the Captain to alter the course of the ship and keep clear of the threatening danger. I could not help thinking what a good thing it would be for us, as we journey through life, if we would only stop sometimes and take our bearings and ascertain whether we are not in the presence of some moral or spiritual danger. If we would only come apart with Jesus and rest awhile, perhaps we would alter our courses and turn our faces heavenward. How careful we are to avoid physical dangers and how careless about our souls!

### In Canada Again.

We arrived at Quebec about 10 o'clock Sunday morning. We went ashore with the children and had a nice walk. The weather was warm, the dandelions were in bloom and the children ran and gathered bunches of them. When I had lived in Canada they were so common that I did not care for them, but now I was enjoying the sight of a dandelion. We had been so long away that a sight of Canada's commonest flower filled us with sensations of joy.

In the afternoon we weighed anchor and started out for Montreal where we arrived on Monday morning, May 24th and soon friends were at the ship to meet us. The Baptist Convention was holding its annual meeting in Montreal at the time. We spent a pleasant week in the city and attended nearly all the sessions of the Convention. We met a number of old friends among the delegates. On Foreign Missions night Helen Craig Laffame, J. L. Campbell and myself took seats on the platform and were all supposed to give addresses. I had prepared an address on the physical, moral, moral and spiritual condition of the Telugus, but finding there were so many speakers, I saw there was not time for such an address, so I gave a short address on the following text: "Whether ye

eat or drink or whatsoever ye do do all to the glory of God. I think it would have been better had I spent ten minutes, speaking on the first revival I had conducted in Canada. The programme committee had brought from Boston to speak an hour on Foreign Missions, a brother who had never seen a mission field, and we who had spent eight and a half years in India were supposed to limit ourselves to ten minutes each. This arrangement rather disconcerted me and I was not able to recover myself quickly and give a brief address on Foreign Missions. I think, however it is wise for any missionary to speak about the work he loves and has been engaged in even if he is granted only five minutes by the programme committee.

### **Amid My Boyhood Homes.**

When the meetings were over we took the train for Newtonville. My brother was in company with us and we had a good visit together. At Cohourg my sister Mrs. Rice and some of my cousins got on the train stole quietly into our car and soon made themselves known to us. It was a time of great joy and our hearts thrilled again and again as we met old friends and looked at familiar streets and roads over which our feet had trod in years gone by.

The next week we went to Clifton Springs to attend an interdenominational missionary conference. While there we met missionaries from almost every part of the world. Among the most hopeful were those from China. They were never tired praising the good qualities of the Chinese people, and believed the day would come when China would be one of the greatest nations of the world. We had free entertainment for a week and enjoyed the meetings very much. I gave an address at the children's meeting and showed them a number of idols, a prayer wheel and other curios from India.

After the meeting was over I visited as many Americans as possible. I met with a good reception at all of them and had a splendid opportunity of speaking to the delegates of our churches about the appalling condition of the heathen and of the urgent need of more missionaries to tell them of Him who said, "I am the Light of the world."

During July I visited my brother James at Calthorpe. While there I went to Wexham and spoke at Missions in the Haldimand Baptist church. This was my old home where I was born and brought up, and the Methodist and Baptist people from all parts of the country came to hear me. The building was crowded but it seemed to me very small after visiting the great churches in London. It was a beautiful meeting. The Spirit of the Lord was upon me and for over an hour they gave me almost breathless attention as I depicted to them the condition of a people without God. Here I met many old friends and many wished me to go home and take dinner with them. I spent a few days in the neighborhood making my home with our old friends, the Clarks, and one of the young ladies drove me about the country. I went to see the old school house but behold it was gone and a large new building had been erected in its place and the old butternut tree under which we used to eat our dinner and play games and settle our quarrels, had been cut down and removed. I went to see the creek where as boys we used to swim and fish and a beautiful spring by the roadside where I used to stop and drink in my childhood. I was just wild with delight as I visited these old familiar scenes and shook hands here and there with some old school chum that I had known in my boyhood. But there was an element of sadness in all, for so many had moved away and so many were laid to rest in the old cemetery at Campbellton that I could not help realizing how fast we were all passing and

giving place to another generation. Over twenty years had passed since I had been back to the old church and the old home of my childhood, and I thought as I visited the school, of the poem we used to recite, entitled "Twenty Years ago"

'But none was there to greet me, Tom,  
And few were left to know  
That played with us upon the green  
Some twenty years ago."

The next Sabbath Mr. Watson was holding anniversary services in the Colborne Baptist church and I gave addresses there on Sunday and Monday evenings. The building was crowded both nights, and the collections were sufficient to pay off the debt on the building. On Tuesday the Ladies Circle presented me with a quilt, which they had worked and on which their names were inscribed. The happiest time I spent while at home was visiting old friends and the scenes of my childhood.

In August we moved to Port Hope in order that our children might have the benefit of the town school. I preached several times for the Port Hope church during the absence of the pastor. While driving along the road one day, I was thinking over the problem we had to face of getting a home for our children before we could return to India. This was no easy matter. Look where we would, we met difficulties in finding a suitable place. I saw that if such could not be secured I would have to remain in Canada and take a pastorate for a year or two till the children got a little older. All this greatly troubled and perplexed me. While weighing the matter and letting the horses go of their own accord suddenly I received a great uplifting. A peculiar light shone in my soul and I knew that it was a visit from my Saviour. My whole being was thrilled

with exceeding joy. I seemed to be almost lifted into the third heaven. It lasted only a little while and the Lord was gone. I had not been praying and had not asked for this visit, but He came through I did not deserve such an imparting of Himself to me. I was greatly cheered and strengthened and took this vision too as an assurance that God was with me and was going to open the way for my return to India. I never said anything to anyone about this experience, but I kept pondering it in my heart. Soon after this my brother George and his faithful wife opened their home and took our three oldest children into their family, so we were free to return to India. My sister and her husband Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hare offered to take them, so that had to wait for a moment.

I spent the fall months visiting the churches in the Peterborough Association. In November I was asked by the Hyle Missionary Society of McMaster University to represent them at an international students' Convention to be held in Montreal and I did so. There were speakers there from all parts of America and many of them had spent a term on the foreign field. The audience were composed of students and professors from McGill College and other educational institutions. The programme was crowded, and it was difficult for speakers to get time enough to express themselves on the subjects assigned to them. But I got my fifteen minutes morning when a number of others had far overrun their time and though it was late when I began, I determined that they were going to hear me and I threw myself into my subject with all my heart and soul. I succeeded in carrying the audience with me in spite of their desire to go home to dinner. The evening paper gave me the credit of having given the most interesting address delivered at the Convention. That evening the McGill students invited me to take supper with them in the College, and



after supper called on me for an address, and I related to them one of two interesting incidents in our work. On Sunday I spoke in three Baptist churches in Montreal and returned home on Monday.

In December I asked the Board a permission to go to Manitoba and canvass the churches there in behalf of Foreign Missions, but the Secretary thought it would I pay me to go. The Rev. Alexander Grant was then Superintendent of Home Missions. The churches were all small and struggling with their own problems and he thought I wouldn't get enough money to pay my travelling expenses. I had received several letters from the West and believed good could be accomplished and an interest awakened in Foreign Missions in those small western churches so I paid my own way and reached Brandon the first of January. I supplied the Brandon church seven weeks and did some speaking at outside points. The weather was better I said the thermometer being forty below zero during the greater part of the month of January. After having been so many years in a warm climate I was not prepared to endure such severe weather and did not feel well all the time I was there, but I visited all the poor and sick among the congregations. I found several families of Disciples in Brandon and got them to attend the church. It was a joy to me to visit and pray with the poor. I found a widow who served as a laundry girl in bed. She was not able to look after her work and a month's house rent was due. When she was well she put a dollar on the collection plate every Sunday morning. I went to the deacon in charge of the poor fund, got five dollars and left it on her pillow. Big tears of gratitude ran down her cheeks, for it was just what she needed to pay her rent. There was a poor man about a mile out of the town dying with consumption, whom I visited almost every day. He was a Disciple, but his wife and children attended the Bap-

the church. When he died I got the church members to send her meat and flour and provisions for the children. The neighbors made a bee and drew her enough wood to do her through the winter. I felt sure that that mother would have a warm spot in her heart for the Baptist people and would be sure to send her children to the Sunday School. I saw and her as I always have that it isn't the great sermons that we preach from the pulpit, but it is ministering to the poor and suffering that is so useful for the Lord Jesus Christ.

While I was in Brandon, I met a Seventh-day Adventist who said that I ought to keep the Jewish Sabbath, that the seventh day is the only day God commanded us to keep. He said that Jesus kept the seventh day and so did the apostles and asked me what authority I had for keeping Sunday. I had not made a study of the question but told him that I knew that Christ rose again on the first day of the week, that He appeared to His disciples that evening and two or three times afterwards on the first day of the week, that the Holy Spirit was poured out on the first day of the week when they were assembled in prayer, that in St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, 16th chapter they were commanded to make their collection for the saints on the first day of the week and that order had been given in all the churches of Galatia. This statement in itself is sufficient evidence to show that the Apostles guided by the Holy Spirit had taught the Christians to meet on the first day of the week to worship in the name of their risen Lord. Again, in the 20th chapter of the Acts 17th verse we read that they tarried seven days at Troas and on the first day of the week they were gathered together for the breaking of bread. If they spent seven days there it is strange that they did not meet for Christian worship on the 7th day, instead of waiting till the first day of

the week. The Apostles frequently went to the synagogue on the seventh day, because they got the opportunity to preach to the people and explain the prophecies that pointed to the coming Messiah, but the Christians never meet together for worship on the seventh day. Although Jesus did not give any command as to when we know that they should meet on the first day of the week. It was only natural that as a day of rest had been appointed for the physical creation, so a new day would be appointed to commemorate the completion of the spiritual creation. Jesus seems to have set His seal to that day by rising on the first day of the week, and by sending the Holy Spirit upon the disciples on the first day of the week. What the Apostles had been led by the Holy Spirit to do I had always felt safe in following. I have met a good many people since who were troubled about this question, and I too would have been troubled. I could not have found Scripture proof that the day had been established as a day of Christian worship by Christ and the Apostles themselves. I had a suspicion that he was a Mormon. I told him that what the world needed was perfect day as well as those who were true to a religion would undoubtedly be His agents at His coming, and that I thought he ought to spend his time in trying to lead men to Christ, rather than to convert them to a hobby.

When my seven weeks were up I wrote to the pastor at Portage la Prairie asking for the privilege of speaking in his church, but he replied that they were so full of Home Mission plans they hadn't anything to give to Foreign Missions and he didn't wish me to speak there lest some of the money that ought to be given into the treasury of the church should be sent to the Foreign Mission Board. I then went to Rapid City, visited some of my old friends, and drove on to see my prairie farm, which I had homesteaded so long ago.

The roof had burned off the old Prairie College building but the stone walls stood there as a monument of the hard labor performed by the students. I then returned to Healdston and said goodbye to my old friends. Professor and Mrs. R. J. McKee took the train for Winnipeg where I arrived on Saturday evening, and went to the home of my old friend Henry Sharpe. On Sunday morning I went up to the Logan Avenue church and met Rev. A. J. Vining whom I had known at McMaster Hall previous to my departure for India. He greeted me as heartily and was so genial and generous that I felt perfectly at home with him. When the organ started to play we walked out on the platform and while the congregation were singing the opening hymn I noticed Dr. King the aged Principal at Manitoba College sitting in the audience and I asked Mr. Vining to invite him to a seat on the platform. He came up and read the Scripture and made the opening prayer then Mr. Vining in a few words, introduced me to the people without any reserve and we had a grand meeting.

In the afternoon I attended the Sunday School of the First Church and gave an address to the children. Many years afterwards I received a letter from a lady in India who told me that God had used that address in leading her to decide to be a missionary. In the evening Rev. Alexander Grant opened the service and then gave me a free hand to say all I wished to the people. I spoke for nearly an hour and never had a better hearing in any place in my life. After the service was over I met and shook hands with a great many old friends.

On Monday evening the ladies Circle had a joint meeting in the First Church and invited Dr. King and myself to take part. There was a large congregation and many of the students from the Presbyterian College were present. In his introductory remarks Dr. King

told them something about my work as a student in the college. He said many of the older students had told him, after I left, of the good they had received by intercourse with me when I lectured in the college and gave his personal testimony that I had exercised a stronger Christian influence than any of the students that had passed through his hands. Again I addressed the assembled audience and my heart thrilled with emotion as I saw how sympathetic they were and how eager to catch every word I uttered. When I was through the Rev. R. L. McBeth who had formerly been a student in the Manitoba College spoke in flattering terms of the work I had done while there. I felt, as hanging my head in shame while the Presbyterian friends were making so much of the little I had done for Christ as a student. But it was a great noon-noon and good gave me the hearts of the Baptists of Winnipeg.

After the meeting was over I shook hands with so many that my hand almost became paralyzed. When I came back to the pulpit Brother Grant came over and taking me by the hand he said, "John, you have broken my heart to night. We have such a Home Mission work and such a work among foreigners at our doors that I begrudged you this opportunity of speaking to my people. But," he said, "we must have a stake in Foreign Missions. We must invest something for Christ in India. I have heard that the Secretary of the Board left you to pay your own expenses out here and taking a ten-dollar bill off the collection plate he added, 'Take this and go to Emerson and Morden and visit the churches there as you have arranged with them and when you come back, Mr. Young and I will have a programme made out for you and the Ladies Board will pay your expenses to visit all the churches in the West.' As he spoke to me the tears were running down his cheeks and he was trembling

with emotion. I thanked God for that, for he was a great, strong man and very hard headed and I expected he would oppose me and prevent me from visiting the churches in the interest of Foreign Missions.

I visited all the churches I was able during the month of March. The snow was very deep and five times our train was stuck in the snow all night. As I did not take a sleeper I sat up and sometimes played crokinole with commercial travellers till morning. Next day I took my idols and curios, went to the High School and got the principal to allow me to exhibit them to the children and to ask them to let their parents that I would speak on Missions in the Baptist church in the evening. It was hard to get an audience when they had been disappointed the night before because the train did not arrive and I took this method of interesting the children to secure an attendance for the evening.

I continued this work till the roads began to break up, which made it impossible for the farmers to attend meetings. When I came back to Winnipeg the Ladies Board assured me that they would undertake to support Mrs. Eaton and myself in India. I had raised considerable money for them and a hundred dollars had been sent to the Secretary by a farmer who lived not far from Brandon. I had also received enough money to pay my expenses back to Ontario. The Manitoba Convention was to meet in July and it was arranged that I should return and speak on Missions, when the question of my support would be taken up. I bade my friends in Winnipeg goodbye and took the train for Toronto via St. Paul and Chicago.

While coming down to St. Paul a Salvation Army man came on board selling War Cry's. As he was passing through our car a young banker from Chicago was coming from the smoking car to the Pullman. When the Army officer offered him a paper, he began

to curse and swear. He said: "You ought to know better than to be talking about such rubbish as this. You know the Bible is not true - is not got revelation from God. I dare you or any Christian minister to read the 15th chapter of Genesis before a public audience or write I am a postal card and send it through the Postoffice. You tell me such a book as that is the Word of God and I tell you there is no God and the Bible is just a humbug. The Salvation Army officer was an uneducated man and scarcely knew what to say, but he answered: 'If there is no God who made you?' Oh," he replied, "Nature made me and made me all right too. There were a number of young men on the train and they were all laughing at the duel going on between the young bachelor and the Army officer. I had been accustomed to answering questions asked by the philosopher Hegelmans of Leiden, and when the bar was asked that he was a product of Nature, I thought it was time for me to put my cap on I said:

"You say Nature made you?" Yes," he replied.

"Made me all right too. Well, I said: are you prepared to stand on the pulpit platform naked just as Nature made you? When you are prepared to stand on the pulpit platform as Nature made you or to go through the Postoffice in the state in which you came into the world then I am prepared to read that 15th chapter of Genesis to a mixed audience of men and women from the pulpit platform. He grew red in the face, became very angry and poured forth a volley of abuse. When he had cooled down a little I said: "It looks to me as if the One who made you also made the Bible for there are some parts of you that are entirely and for public inspection but others are given for private use and so it is with the Bible. The greater portion can be read anywhere but some portions of it are for private instruction. He again tried to ridicule the Christian religion but the commercial travellers

on the train began to call out "The person is too smart for you you are caught in your own trap either accept the challenge and stand on the platform in a nude state or else hold up you are beaten be a man." Again he tried to speak but they clapped their hands and stamped their feet and shouted and laughed so that he could not be heard and uttering a volley of oaths he turned and made his way into the Pullman car and we did not see any more of him.

I showed my curios to some of the commercial travelers and talked to them for an hour and a half about the work in India. Before we parted in the morning, one of the young men gave me two dollars and a half for missionary work and another took me to breakfast with him.

My brother Albert met me at St. Paul and I went with him to Lakeland where I spent two pleasant days with him and his family. While there I spoke on Missions in the Congregational church. I had not seen my youngest brother for thirteen years and it was a great joy to me to know that he had spent years as a traveling evangelist and though his throat troubled him some he was still preaching the gospel. He accompanied me to the train the morning I left and as I stood on the platform I could see that he was struggling hard to control his emotion. He was separated from all his own family and I knew he felt lonely but I was strong then and I kept laughing and joking with him till the train was in motion then I went back into the car and sat down and as I was carried back to St. Paul, I could not help thinking of the past and of the days when we were all in the home nest together. Now we were scattered in different parts of the world, each pursuing his or her vocation as God had called. And the thought came to me that if my sweet little mother could look down from the starry heights and see three



of her sons preaching the gospel and her other son and daughters also Christians, she might feel somewhat repaid for the way she watched over us and the loving labor she bestowed upon us in our childhood days.

I spent two more nights on the train and then got off at Ingersoll to visit my brother. From there I came on to my home at Port Hope. I found my wife and children well and I was as glad to be home as they were to see me back. I took a rest during the month of May and in June visited as many of the Associations as possible. I was to have gone back to attend the Manitoba Convention in July but the Secretary wished to go and I gave place to him. After the Convention was over I learned from a friend that they had passed a resolution in favor of supporting Mrs Davis and myself as their representatives on the foreign field and that it was carried by a unanimous standing vote. When I received this news I felt well repaid for the time I had spent in the West. I had paid my own way there and back, had sat up in the train nine nights without sleep, and had done a good deal of hard work, and now I was reaping the fruit of my labors.

### Off for India Again.

In September we broke up housekeeping and left the children with my sister Mrs Robert Rice, and she and my brother's faithful wife took the three oldest into their homes during our second term in India, or we could not have gone. After spending a week or two visiting our relatives, the Women's Convention was held in Elgin and at their request I gave the address on Foreign Missions. I was conscious that I was in the presence of a very appreciative audience. This inspired me to do my best, and I felt the Lord was with me. After this, I went to London and attended the General Convention. When I returned home from the Convention, I received a letter from Branford

informing me that the Baptist churches wished Mr Brown, Mr Keeble and myself to spend Sunday with them. I consented and we spent two times each in different churches and Sunday Schools. Then after the evening services and there was an extra address in the Y. M. C. Building which was packed in of young people from all the churches, and on Monday night the ladies' society held a joint meeting in Park Baptist church and we all spoke there again. My hair and clothes on Sunday and now on Monday night pretty well exhausted my strength. After these meetings in Beasford I had a good many invitations to speak in other churches, but was unable to accept.

The next week we attended a meeting held in Jarvis Street church and Mr Craig and I gave our farewell addresses. On the day we left for India I gave a short message to the students of McMaster University, then attended a Board meeting and took the train in the afternoon for New York. Many friends came to the train to bid us farewell, as they had done ten years before, but now it was a more different train. We were travelling over old ground, we knew where we were going and it was not as interesting as I am expecting as it had been the first time we left Canada for the foreign field. We embarked on the W. M. MacDonald. It was a large ship and carried a lot of freight, but only a few first class passengers. It travelled very slowly and we took twelve days reaching Liverpool. From London we embarked on the Aquator, an old steamer belonging to the P. & O. Company. They were taking a lot of emigrants out to Australia and we were in the second class compartment with them. We had the last berth on the rear of the steamer, just over the stern, and the clanking of the machinery made such a noise that we could scarcely hear each other speak in our cabins. When the weather was rough and the arrow was flying above the water, the vibration was terrible,

and my wife was sick nearly all the way to Aden. The second steward had the contract of supplying food for the emigrants and second class passengers. It was the worst mess of stuff I had ever eaten. The passengers got up a petition to send back to the company telling them how badly they had been treated and what miserable food had been served to them. I went to the steward privately and bought some extra things and some fruit for Mrs. Davis and the children.

At Aden we transferred to another ship sailing to Bombay. The passengers belonged to the better classes and the food was nicely cooked and everything about the table was neat and clean. We were four days going to Bombay. We had a very pleasant time and became acquainted with a number of other passengers on board. We landed in Bombay in the morning and took the evening train for Cooranada, a distance of about 900 miles.

When we reached Secunderabad Mr. Laflamme met us. He had purchased a home there and put him on the train to ride back with us to Cooranada. The next morning we were at Hyderabad and among the Telugu people. I could hear them chattering on the platform and soon found that I had not forgotten the language for I could understand them and speak with them just as well as ever. That evening as our train came into Samarkota Mr. Stillwell and the students were at the station to meet us and as we again left for Cooranada the boys gave us three cheers. It was a time of great joy for wherever we went the native Christians came to welcome us, and many of our Hindu friends were glad to see us and greeted us most heartily. The Ganga had reached Cooranada ahead of us, and they and Mr. Laflamme spent a few happy days with us in the old bungalow. I preached in the Telugu church on Sunday morning and in the English church in the evening. It was a great pleasure to meet so many

old friends, and to receive such a hearty welcome, and instead of feeling that I was far away, I felt that I had come back home once more, and that the society and fellowship of my fellow missionaries and the native Christians meant much more to me than that of the friends I had met in the home land, for the missionaries are a circle within themselves. They have similar experiences, they know and understand one another, and are in many respects more to one another than they really know until they have been separated. They realize full well the meaning of the hymn

“Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love.  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.”

## CHAPTER X

### A Fateful Chase, Broken, and a Festival

We reached Loranaka early in December, 1907. A full year before we had escaped across that a rival in India. There was a lot of excitement. Then everything was very much the same and interest was excited by all the various people that were taking part around us. The wedding processions were quite an attraction. The Highness together with others took us to see how the wedding ceremonies were carried out. He was there himself. A large period was built up and decorated with a whole mass of the kind of green trees and arranged with garlands of flowers. Under this great period the guests assembled. The musicians played for some and for some girls danced their rich garments and borrowed with their eyes were jewels, necklaces and bracelets of gold moved to and fro in the dance keeping performance with the music and answering one another's song. Their rich garments their jewels and their look also made them look pretty and attractive and their movements in the dance were very elegant and graceful. It was all novel to us but when we began to see about their life songs we began to attend these weddings. There were often large processions marching through the streets accompanied by bands of music when their girls and grooms were united in marriage. Khatwa people not only get their children married but they frequently have a wedding between a girl and a groom and their dance also beautifully decorated are carried in a palanquin about the streets and followed by crowds of people clad in holiday attire.

The frequent cry of the Muhammedan Moulvi calling his followers to worship at the Mosque, then attracted our attention but now it was an old story

All these things were going on around us, but we were taking it as a part of every day life. There was nothing new to us. The East never changes, and the customs and habits of the people are much the same as they were three thousand years ago.

The next week after our arrival we had a special Conference the chief object of which was to appoint missionaries to the various stations. Mr. Craig had been at Akola two terms and desired a new appointment and Mr. Laffamee who had been acting in my place had to be appointed elsewhere. Mr. and Mrs. Walker were going back to Loughborough and Mr. and Mrs. Craig were requested to act in his place at Poddapuram. Ramachandrapuram was vacant but if Mr. Laffamee were appointed it would make a very awkward or Messy Hatch who resided there for there was only one bungalow. Mrs. Laffamee owing to poor health had remained in Canada. The other alternative was for him to live with us at Coonacola and work the Ramachandrapuram field with a bear. While these appointments were under discussion I suggested that we suspend our evening sessions and take time for such guidance in prayer. After supper I talked the matter over with my wife and told her I was willing to go to Ramachandrapuram and let Mr. Laffamee stay in Coonacola where he could get good food and would not be exposed to long journeys for he had no wife to care for him or look after his supplies. My wife then read me a letter she had received from Mrs. Laffamee requesting her to let Mr. Laffamee board with us and work in Coonacola town or some adjoining field. After some thought and prayer she agreed with me that it was better for us to go out to Ramachandrapuram. We would have a long distance to send for our food supplies and would be isolated from English speaking people but we would have an opportunity of doing a great work for our Saviour. Then, too, there was a

little tendency among some of the brethren to think those at Cocanada had an easy time and that it was a place to be resented. I wanted to be willing to endure hardness and to go anywhere I felt the Lord was leading me. I told several of the brethren about the matter that evening. Four of them urged me very strongly not to go, but the next evening when we assembled I got up and stated that I was ready to go anywhere the Conference wished to send me. After a good deal of hesitation we were appointed to Ramachandrapuram, and Mr. Laflamme was left as acting missionary at Cocanada. The Conference refusing to make his appointment permanent because they thought the missionary at Cocanada should have his wife with him and that she needed to be strong and able to entertain Conferencees.

After the Conference was over we went to Kadam by train where Miss Hatch's boat was to have met us, but darkness came on and no boat arrived. We had little George with us and we put him to sleep on one of the benches. After waiting till about ten o'clock Mrs. Davis lay down on top of an old rugboard and folded up a shawl for a pillow and I sat on a stool for there were no chairs or benches in the station. Almost every hour of the night I walked down to the canal to see if the boat had arrived. We got up at daylight in the morning, crossed the canal on the ferry and walked half a mile along the canal bank to Jaggampod, where there was a native pastor with whom we hoped to lodge for a time, but just as we reached the village, we saw the boat coming around a curve in the canal. We soon got on board, and hurried the coolies back to the station for our valises. The boat serang had disobeyed orders, and he and the coolies had spent the night only about six miles away from us. They turned the boat around, and we were soon on our way back to Ramachandrapuram as fast as the coolies and the cur-





Miss Hatch we returned to Canada and got our heavy luggage out of the Customs. We did some preaching in the hamlets about the site for a week or two and spent Christmas with Mr and Mrs Smith at Yella March 12. We then packed our goods and moved out to Ramachandrapuram. Mr Walker came and paid the workers for the last time and delivered over his charge to me. I made a short tour over the field visited all the out stations and the villages where there were Christians and then prepared my estimates for Conference. The missionaries up to this time had taken all the money raised by the native churches and used it to repair schoolhouses and chapels and to pay the salaries of the workers. I changed this method at once and let each church manage its own finances. I got them to consent to pay a portion of their pastor's salary and to repair their own buildings and I made up the rest of the pastor's salary out of the mission funds. In this way I was enabled to reduce the contributions for the work by 50% and take on new workers. When we met at the January Conference the question of self-support again came up and I suggested that we provide no more clothes for the children attending our boarding schools. I had taken away one suit of clothes when I was in the Seminary and Mr Stillwell finding the students were not dressed had taken away the second suit likewise from them. I was appointed chairman of a committee to bring in a resolution in regard to what we should supply the students who were attending our seminary and boarding schools. After some deliberation we drew up one to the effect that the students in all our schools should provide their own clothes and that each boy and girl pay at least four annas a month towards his or her board and more when the parents were able to give it. This was a step in advance in the matter of self-support and though some of the missionaries shook their heads over it and

thought we were asking more than the parents were able to give, and I remained firm in my conviction that if the pathway to education and to positions in the Mission work was made too easy, the students would never have enough stamina and vitality to give the gospel to their fellow countrymen for experience had taught me that the only men on the field that we could rely on were those who had had to struggle to get their education.

Shortly after our arrival in Ramachandrapuram Mrs. Davis noticed that Miss Hatch had a waterman who appeared to be suffering with some chronic disease. He carried her water, helped to wash the dishes and assisted the cook in peeling potatoes, drawing fowls, etc. On inquiry our old ayah told us that he had leprosy. Miss Hatch took the man to the hospital and soon learned from the native doctor that it was true. She dismissed him but continued to support him till he died. As I toured over the field I saw many suffering with this terrible disease and I felt that we must do something to make a home for them.

### **A Sorcerer Encountered.**

We did not go to the hills that hot season and when the canals were closed I visited all the villages that were within four miles distance from Ramachandrapuram, and soon a large number of the outcaste people began to attend our meetings. In Solaram a village about three miles away, I found a sorcerer. He had a small room built where he told fortunes and practised a kind of black art. He and his wife began to attend our Sunday services very shortly after our arrival. He said he had heard the gospel a good many times through Bola David our colporteur and as a proof that he had given up his sorcery he tore down the building and was making his living by farming and doctoring cows. He belonged to the Madiga caste. They

tan hides and do all kinds of leather work. Because their houses about the river make such a disagreeable smell they are looked down upon by the other branches of the opposite community. As time went on, they continued to come to church and bring their friends and neighbors with them. Again and again they asked for baptism but I steadily refused them because I was afraid the river would fail, back again into the lake but to them it was a sweet little stream and was fair and good in every way. Every month the Christians in the village gathered at the breaking of bread and prayers and brought their monthly offerings with them. Jacob and his wife were always present at these meetings and continued to plead with us to baptize them into the church. After testing them for about six months the church unanimously voted that they be received and after the service was over I baptized them. Jacob was an active man and very kind and courageous and whenever he went among his relatives he continued to preach the gospel. Through his influence and our visitations in the village thirty or forty new persons began to attend our services, and sometimes we had as many as a hundred or a hundred and fifty at our regular weekly meetings. We often spent two hours in examining candidates for baptism. One of the first questions we generally asked was, "Have you two wives?" If they said No, the second question was, "Are you in debt or have you a burden on hand which you are hoping to get help from the missionaries?" After examining them we sent a committee to visit them in their villages to find out all they could about them, for we were more anxious to receive those who were coming from pure motives than we were to report a large number of baptisms.

Shortly after Jacob's baptism the entire people of the village turned against him and threatened to have him beaten or hanged in some way. One Saturday he

was seized by some men and brought before the village Munsiff who is a petty magistrate and has power to bind men in the stocks for six hours. If they are caught as petty thieves. Jacob was accused of stealing a bundle of grass for his own use and was detained at Saturday afternoon. Saturday evening his relatives came to the bungalow and told me about the matter. I told them not to worry, that if Jacob was tried and found the Munsiff would not do him any harm and probably would even let him go. But on Sunday morning they woke me up at daylight and said he had been detained all night and that the Munsiff had told him he would never let him go. He was promised to give up the Christian religion. I told them to go back quietly and that I would come over after breakfast. About 9 a.m. I borrowed a cart from the Rajah and went to Badaram to see the Munsiff. I found Jacob there in front of the office and quite a crowd of people gathered around him. I asked the Munsiff what he had done, but he did not reply. He was a fool in the hands of his father-in-law who spoke for him. He told me that Jacob had stolen a bag full of grass and that according to the rules of the village he had made him a prisoner. I asked him if Jacob had ever done anything of the kind before and he said,

No. I replied that it seemed strange to me that he should have lived in the village all his life and never been known to steal and that now they should suspect him. They had no witnesses and were simply detaining him on suspicion. I told the Munsiff that six hours was all he was allowed to detain anyone and that if he did not let Jacob go I would report him to the Sub-Collector. I then bade them good morning and went away. While I was conducting the preaching service about eleven o'clock Jacob came in and said they had let him go shortly after I had left the village.

He then foolishly brought a case against them

before the Mub magistrate, and the latter sent the case to the English Magistrate. I was called on as one of the witnesses. I could not swear how long he was detained but stated what I had seen. When the Magistrate asked me if I knew the accused, it was with difficulty that I was able to point them out in the crowd assembled in the court room, for when I saw them they were richly dressed and wore gold bangles on their arms, but now they had on dirty old clothes and a beard, no more combs. They knew they were guilty and expected they would have to pay a big fine, hence were advised by their lawyers to dress in old clothes and appear very poor, so that the Magistrate would make the fine as light as possible. The English Magistrate was a young man about twenty-four years of age and didn't know a word of the Telugu language. After I had given my statement I sat down in the court and listened to the other witnesses. The court interpreter and I were kept up totally misrepresented the witnesses. They gave the evidence in Telugu and he translated it in English. He made them contradict themselves and say things they never had said at all and the Magistrate dismissed the case for want of evidence. The eight before the trial these wealthy men wanted to settle the trouble with Jacob and offered to give him a hundred rupees if he would withdraw the case from court. They waited Jacob and our native pastor to let them come to my tent and get the case settled out of court, but Jacob was so sure of getting them punished that he refused. They then took 250 rupees and went to Jacob's lawyer who was a Khasian man but just as eager for bribes as the natives. My first wrong was at the lawyer's house visiting his relative who was a servant of the lawyer. He saw these men and their lawyer with the court interpreter, all go into the lawyer's house and the men had a big bag of rupees with them. The two lawyers and the

interpreter shared the money between them, and the case was lost but the offenders were well punished by the large sum of money they had to pay to escape justice. I made up my mind however that I would never let them call me to court again and I was very much grieved because Pastor David had not brought the men to me and had the matter settled peaceably. From that time onward I managed to get all the troubles between the Christians and Hindus settled without going to court.

Jacob kept preaching the gospel among the natives, and before a year passed by we had Christians in five or six new villages. I baptized thirty eight persons during the year and a large number were attending our churches and asking for baptism. The prospects were very bright and encouraging and in January I went to Conference with a heart full of joy to tell the brethren what great things God had done on the Rama chandrapuram field.

During all that year there was no fence or compound wall and people and cattle were continually running through our land and goats were jumping up on our verandah and destroying our plants. I determined to have a private compound of our own and to shut out the traffic that was going on across our premises. Having a little money left in July I felt free to act and so had two large posts built and a pair of iron gates put on them and a stone bridge built over the canal opposite the gates. I then sent to Madras and got barbed wire and put it along one side of the compound. This prevented people from driving through with their carts and gave me a little more privacy.

In 1899 I determined to do more touring than I ever had done before and from the time our Conference was over till the first of April I spent most of my time travelling among the villages. On some parts of the

field the work was very encouraging in other places the Christians were very indifferent and there seemed to be little or no progress. But during the first three months about thirty were baptized and crowds kept coming to our Rameshwaram church. Mrs. Davis superintended the boys' Boarding School and gave them sewing lessons. She also watched over the church and Sunday School when I was absent and went to have out in conduct open air Sunday Schools in various parts of the town on Sunday afternoons. In addition to this she sent her own supplies of food and clean clothes every week and a weekly mail.

About April 18th we went to the hills to spend the hot season. We secured rooms at Coimbatore for twenty dollars a month and we had about seven hundred miles to travel by rail. This was pretty expensive then. Women are so fatigued by the heat and the jolting up and down a life. We went off a meet with others who are more experienced and more zealous than ourselves and our fellowship together and discussions about spiritual work etc. are helpful and encouraging. When on the hills that year I read half of the M.A. course in Psychology at McMaster University. There were evangelist services carried on by an evangelist from Scotland so I attended a number of these meetings. Later on a series of meetings was conducted for the deepening of spiritual life but unfortunately the leaders of the meeting believed in the doctrine of perfection. They thought it was possible for Christians to reach an absolutely perfect life. Some of our missionaries were so disappointed and disgusted with this teaching that they would not attend the meetings, but I went every evening although the week and to some of the morning sessions too. I felt from the beginning that the teaching was unwholesome and I told the leaders of the meeting privately that wherever there was Christ in the soul there would be growth

and development that we were never perfect in this life—that Jesus alone was perfect—and that we were reckoned perfect because we trusted in Him. The Apostle Paul said: "Not that I have already attained or am already made perfect, but I would that I could attain unto the resurrection from the dead." He evidently felt that he was not perfect while he was in this body, and therefore he desired to receive his resurrection body. He also said: "I press toward the mark for the prize of my high calling, which is of God in Christ Jesus." And again: "Let us run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus." Jesus is the goal of our perfecting—and as we keep our eye fixed upon Him and keep running toward Him, we are becoming more like Him. All we with unveiled face, beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory. Our ideal becomes higher and higher. We may not appear to have made much progress, but that is because our ideal has become so much higher that we feel that we are just as far away from it as we were at the beginning. Character building is not the work of a day. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." God the Holy Spirit is working in us, and we must with fear and trembling work out into conduct the breathing of the Spirit that we receive within.

There were, however, a number of good earnest Christians who believed this doctrine, and some of them were afterwards led into acts of folly in search of the gift of tongues. They were determined to have this remarkable gift. Some from Los Angeles, California, professed to have received it and came out to Calcutta to preach that doctrine—but they found they were not able to speak to any of the Hindus when they got here. "Try the spirits," said the Apostle "and see



what manner they are of. It is often the case when the Holy Spirit has been working with us, that Satan comes as an angel of light, personates the Holy Spirit and seeks to lead us into darkness. We are never safe from his ravages except when we are on our knees before our Heavenly Father. The gift of tongues was a sign for the unbelieving and not for believers. It began to fade in the hearts of some of those in the church at Durak by the Lord's special work and the gift, and there is no record that any have truly received it since then. We would like to fly on eagle's wings but the Lord knows that it is best for us to walk along the dusty road as foot wear wears out. I am satisfied that God will give us all the spiritual gifts and mountaintop experiences that are for our highest good and for His glory. But we must not be disappointed if during the greater part of our lifetime we are called upon to pass through sorrows and troubles and to walk in such thick darkness that we are afraid to take a step alone. Like a blind man groping his way along the brink of some roaring cataract, ever feeling with his cane for some strong and always waiting to stretch out his hand to some Israel to lead him over the dangerous place, so we stretch out our hands and say, "Lord, I cannot go alone. Lead Thou me on."

About the first of July we returned to our station, feeling refreshed and strengthened by our vacation. After our July experience I went on tour again among the Christians on the Vallarta side of the field. I was disappointed during the greater part of my journey. Neither the Christians nor the heathen seemed to take the interest in the gospel that should have. I was conscious that there was something wrong and had hints that one of our native pastors was living an immoral life, but as there was no positive proof of this, I could only hope and pray that it might not be so. I was very much distressed and troubled and on my way

up the canal bank I said good bye to the Nalluru workmen and took only a couple of minutes with me.

The next morning it was raining and while we were waiting for coolies to pull our boat up to Patnasha, the coolies went over to the village to see if he could sell some Bible portions or tracts, while I remained on the boat. But I was very tired and did not wish to get wet in the rain. While I was there walking up and down the path suddenly the Lord visited me and I had a wonderful experience. I was so full of joy that I could scarcely control myself and said, 'Lord, it is enough.' I then went over to my table and opened my Bible at the 15th chapter of Genesis and I read in the place where the Lord said to Abraham,

'Look now toward heaven and tell the stars if thou be able to number them. No shall thy seed be.' I had not been seeking this blessed experience, but I felt God had given it to me for some purpose and I kept saying over and over again, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' When I got across on the Mendapetta Canal I went to Madhavachalapalem and preached to the Mahas and Christians and while I preached my heart was so moved that I could scarcely control my emotion. Tears would run when I thought of the sad condition of the heathen around me. Nall Peter the pastor of the Maramanala church was present and as he prayed for the Christians I could see that his heart had been deeply touched.

After the meeting was over he said, 'You must come to Maramanala and help us, our Christians are quarrelling with one another. We are dead and cold and we have no power or influence among the heathen.' The monsoon had broken and we were getting heavy showers of rain almost every day, but I promised him I would go over in the evening. I did so, and there for five days, night and morning I preached to the Christians and the heathen, and warned all men everywhere



**NATIVE STAFF RAMACHANDRAPURAM**

Most of these Men were associated with Mr Davis.

to flee from the wrath to come. On the fifth night after I had finished preaching and while Peter was praying I heard a little rustle on the mats, and as I looked up I saw two old men run across the church and embrace each other. They were white with age and trembling with emotion, and as they leaned on each other's necks and wept and confessed their sins and asked forgiveness the one of the other, the whole church was deeply moved, and we remained there till after midnight listening to confessions. The next day Miss Hatch arrived and had special meetings with the women. After these meetings the church took on new life and the pastor and his people were very much encouraged. I returned home very tired, but I was very happy, for God had visited me and blessed my labors, and I was assured that there were good things in store for him.

It was near the end of the month and the pastors, evangelists, ex-pastors, and Biblewomen were coming in for the first part to attend the monthly meetings. It was then I began to think that the success of our work depended largely on the impression made on the hearts and minds of the workers at these monthly meetings, and I spent three or four days in prayer and Bible study and word preparation in order that I might have some definite message from God to deliver to those who were assisting me in the work. For I was sure that if the pastors and evangelists were filled with the Spirit they would bring spiritual life in the hearts of their people, and that apathy on the part of the Christians would pass away. Our workers meeting lasted two days and I preached on the text, "Keep a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." During these two days I was in travail and pain, and poured out my soul unto death for these workers, and during the prayer meeting some of them confessed that their

pride and idleness was the great hindrance to the work in the villages where they were living. This was a time of great heart searching and they went forth determined to find a help to lead the Christians nearer to the Heavenly Father and to join with them in preaching the gospel from house to house among their heathen relatives.

On my next tour I found the pastor of the Nallura church was causing scandal by his intimacy with a Christian's wife in another village. As this had been going on for some years and he showed no signs of repentance and was unwilling to cease going to that village I dismissed him from Mission employ and I got the church to disown him from the pastorate. He was a hard headed man many were afraid of him and this caused a great deal of trouble but Peter and I held a series of special meetings in the Nallura church and the whole membership was greatly blessed. The pastor alone remained outside ashamed of his conduct but unwilling to confess his sins and lead a better life. He had taught some and in the village and this too had been a snare to him. The woman also was excluded from the church in the other village. The work went on much better without them. The field was in great need of workers and it was hard for me to take this stand but I was compelled to do it that the name of my Saviour might not suffer reproach among the heathen. Every month in the Manakhandrapuram church we had a number of baptisms, and the church was fully supporting its own pastor.

## CHAPTER XI

### The Lepers, the Blue Mountains and Demons.

While I was making these tours, I saw so many suffering from leprosy that every time I came home I used to talk to my wife and Miss Hatch about starting a home for them. It was on my mind night and day wherever I went. I pleaded with Miss Hatch to undertake the work, for besides the work on my own field I was treading over the mountain tops and jungle part of the Poodipuran field. Mr. Cing was not very strong, and did not feel able to undertake such long journeys in excarts, so I gladly went to assist him. I had been talking to Miss Hatch about this subject ever since we had come to the field, and in the fall she received a letter from her brother containing a money order for \$100.00. This was the first donation to the leper work, and we bought an acre of land from the Rajah. She built a shed on it and placed one sufferer there to take care of the land. Before he was ended she received a generous gift from Mrs. Dr. Kellock of Perth Amboy, and with that money we bought two more acres and built what is called the Dr. Kellock Home. At the close of this our second year we had baptized sixty-five persons and many heathen were attending our services.

### The Building of the Kellock Home.

After our January Conference I went to Rajahmundry with my boat a distance of twenty-five miles, found out the price of lime, bought a gauge and brought it home. I also inquired about the price of loading boats with sand and the price per mile for bringing them down the canal. I bought two boat cards and had the lime and sand carted to the new building site. I then helped Miss Hatch get bricks there and start the first building. She secured the services of a mason who had built the Yellamanchali bungalow, but he was



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It is suggested that it was while returning from the office that the body entered the door.

such a cheat, and did his work so poorly that she was glad to let him go. After the first three buildings had been erected, she secured a good man, and during the year 1900 building operations were going on continually. An infirmary for about fifty lepers was provided, and a nice chapel with open arches was erected, in order that they might have a place to worship the one true God and to learn the story of Jesus and His love. A house was also built for a caretaker and pastor David became the overseer and the right hand supporter of Miss Hatch in this good work. When I was in the station, I took charge of all the building work and let Miss Hatch go out on tour in a chaise, and when she returned I handed over the work to her. Thus we relieved each other and when we were both absent Mrs. Davis superintended the work. At the end of eighteen months we had accommodation for eighty patients.

### A Weeping Mother

While I was on tour one evening we stopped our boat at a village called Kadapalanka, and went to preach to the caste people. When the sun had set and the darkness was coming on, I left the native pastor, who was carrying on a conversation with a Brahmin, and went down to the outcaste hamlet. As I walked up the street towards the temple of the goddess, I heard a low moaning sound, and I stood still and waited for a moment to know where it came from. Soon a woman who had been lying on the ground in front of a stone idol rose up and said: 'I gave you flowers, I gave you my fowls, I gave you my goat, and you didn't save my child and you didn't save my child and you didn't save my child. You mean old thing, you dirty old thing, you are not a god at all. You killed my husband, you killed my child, and you better kill me too. You won't do that, you have left me a



widow you have left me without a son you are not a god at all. Saying this she spat on the idol. Her clothes were all dirty and her hair dishevelled and hanging about her face. She turned it back wildly with her hands and stamped her forehead on the ground, and cried out: My child! My little son! Come back! Come back! Come back to me! I have no one to comfort me but you. Ah, where have you gone? Where has this god taken you to? Ah, my poor me! And again she went on repeating the same thing over and over again saying: You are not a god at all. And then she ceased for a moment. I stepped quietly forward and called to her get up. She looked up and was about to run away when I said to her: Wait a moment and I will tell you where your child has gone. You are quite right that idol is not a god at all, but there is a great God up in heaven and He loves you and loves your child. Then I told her about Jesus, and how when He was on earth He said: Suffer little children to come unto Me for of such is the Kingdom of heaven, and how He took them up in His arms and blessed them and gave them back to their mothers. Then I told her briefly how He died for the world's sins and how He went up to heaven to prepare a place for all those that love Him and for the innocent little children. And I told her there was no sickness or sorrow or crying, no pain up there and that I believed her child was with Jesus, and I asked her if she would not like to go there too. She said she would. But what am I? I don't know anything and there is nobody to tell me and how can I find the way? And then she heard the men coming from the field and not wishing them to find her talking with me she darted away to the back of the house and I never saw her again. I learned afterwards that her sorrow was so great that she hadn't eaten anything for three days, and her relatives were afraid she was going to starve herself to death.

As I lay in my boat that night her words came back to me. "What am I? I don't know anything, and there is no one to show me the way." Yes, I thought, that is true, and there are millions more like her who feel that they are in darkness, that God doesn't care for them, and there is no one to show them the way. The hymn we sang in Canada at our farewell meeting came into my mind.

'Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling  
Millions of souls forever may be lost,  
Who, who will go salvation's story telling?  
Looking to Jesus, counting not the cost!'

### The Flood.

About eight miles east of Ramachandrapuram there is a village built on very low ground. One Fall, before I came to Ramachandrapuram, the North-east monsoon broke, and the rains were very heavy. The Godavari river overflowed its banks and flooded a large portion of that flat, low country. The inhabitants were compelled to leave their houses and congregate on a piece of high ground. They were there all day, and the water kept rising, and about 10 o'clock at night they were in a great panic. They had no boats and there seemed to be no way of escape, as the water was slowly rising and the dry ground was becoming less and less. They had been crying to their gods all day, and now the shouts that were going up were something awful. About midnight they were all tired out, and a state of despondency settled down upon them. They were discouraged and believed that they were all going to be lost.

At this time an outcaste man named Veerawami stood up among them and said, 'When I was in Burma I heard much about the Christian religion and about

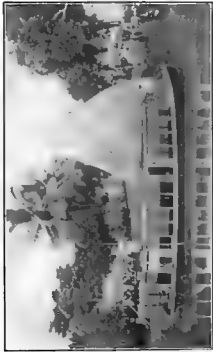
the true God, who made the heavens and the earth, and how He became incarnate and for our salvation. You have been crying out in your grief and they have not heard you and so I was in a hurry to tell you of the true God. In this they all agreed and Veerawansa, knowing that he was at length to pour out his heart in love and to join with Him for I had a wish to have many join them. He asked the Indians as He had asked Noah to command the birds to land someone with a boat and add them all to a place of safety. About 1 o'clock someone came up from the water's edge and said he thought I was going down a slide. Then Veerawansa got up and sang a hymn for them. He told them the whole story about I heard and the wonderful way even He had wrought while He was on earth. How He had walked on the water, calmed the tempest, and how He himself had would save them. For if they would all pray with Him. Again someone came from the edge of the water and reported that it was decreasing. And from time to time Veerawansa and many others went to assure themselves that the flood was abating. And again he came back and preached to them and prayed and sang hymns until the morning dawned. A little after sunrise an English engineer came with a steam launch and took them all off to a place of safety.

Veerawansa had worked for a Baptist missionary in Burma and had been baptized and joined the church, but when he returned to his native land he was afraid to confess his Saviour. His wife and children were heathen, he had joined in with them and said little or nothing about the Christian religion. I went to see him and preached in his village. For a time he was thoughtful a great deal of. Had he remained faithful many in that village would have forsaken their idols and turned to Jesus for salvation. But alas! for the sake of gain he went into partnership with the heathen,

was led to accept a bribe brought disgrace upon the name of his Saviour, and then went away again to Rangoon. If the native Christians were only faithful, thousands of the heathen would turn to the Lord every year, and if the Christians in Canada walked with God, the time would soon come when "judgment unto the Lord" would be written on the bridges of the horses that till the land and cart our goods about the streets.

### Building My Boat.

During my first year on the Field I found that our old boat "The Canadian" had become so rotten that it was not worth repairing. At the beginning of my second year, through the kindness of Mr. C. Cook of Brantford, the family of the late John Harris sent me \$400 to build a new boat. That Fall I went up the river and bought 600 rupees worth of teak logs, got them built into rafts, and had them floated down the Canal to Loranada and put in the compound where our industrial school is carried on. I then made a sawpit, engaged sawyers to saw the logs up into planks and boards, and let a contract to build the boat. Mr. Lallamne kindly superintended the work. I came in once a month, bought all the materials and left them with him, and he gave out the nails and screws and other materials day by day, as they were required. We didn't dare to give out more than just what was needed for the day, or the carpenters would steal them, and often Mr. Lallamne counted the big nails that were driven into a plank, to see if the workmen had used them or carried them away and sold them. It took four or five months to complete the boat. It was 44 feet long and 8 feet wide on the inside, with a deck 8 feet long in front and 6 feet at the back. It included a main cabin, a bathroom, a small dining room, a cook room and a room for a colporteur or native evangelist to travel with me.



MISSION BOAT -- JOHN HARRIS

In April, 1900, when it was completed I had rollers made moved it a mile from the compound to the canal on these and launched it. I had sixty men with ropes to drag it along and we spent our whole forenoon trying to get it out on to the road. The rollers had not been evenly turned, and would not run straight and at noon we had to give up the work, jack up the boat and take the rollers out and get them turned evenly. I worked from 5 o'clock that morning till 12 in the terrible heat. The ground was so hot it turned the coolers' feet and they kept running away from us to get in the shade of a tree. The next day we placed the rollers under it again, got a crowd of men and succeeded in moving it to the canal and launching it.

### The Hills.

After launching the boat I went back to Ramachandrapuram and took Mrs. Davis and the children to Ootacamund. This is on the highest hill among the Nilgiris (Blue Mountains) of South India and the place where the Madras Government carries on its work during the six hot months of the year. The government gardens are very beautiful and have trees and shrubbery and plants of almost every description. Many of the trees are imported from Australia and South America. It is nearly 8,000 feet above the sea level, and the atmosphere is cool and invigorating. All kinds of English vegetables are grown in the neighborhood and are sold every week in the market. There are plenty of peaches, pears, bananas, grapes and straw berries to be had during the summer season. There are a number of British officers residing here. When their term of service is up some of the officials find the climate of England too cold for them and come back and make their homes on these hills.

It is a great change for a mission family to go to such a place for the hot season, and some societies

insist on their missionaries going every year. This year we had taken a house with another missionary family. We were to occupy the rooms in the upper part of the house and they the basement. But when they entered they found the rooms of the basement too low and damp and were afraid to live in them. Hence when we arrived they were occupying the rooms promised to us. We soon found that it was not safe for us to live in the lower rooms. The landlady who had let the house to them had deceived them, and the basement was not what it was represented to be. I spent three days hunting up another accommodation and succeeded in renting a little house for ourselves, but feeling sorry for our friends, I paid a month's rent for the rooms in the basement and was glad to get away from that part of the town.

The very day we left Mrs. Hill, the missionary's wife, was taken with typhoid fever. She was the Miss Johnson who had come to India with us when first we went out in 1887. She had been very kind to my wife on shipboard and while she was ill with the fever we took her three children to our home and cared for them. She lived only ten days, and then we laid her to rest in St. Thomas cemetery. After the funeral Mr. Hill was also taken sick and again we took the children and cared for them till he was better.

When I was all over I walked eleven miles down to Coombe one morning and wrote on the examination papers for my M. A. degree. The Chancellor of the University had sent the papers to Mr. Craig. I was allowed three hours on each paper and wrote in his presence. It may seem strange that I should be conducting revival meetings on the plains and spending my holidays studying psychology, but I do not think that I affected my spiritual life in any way whatever. It is true that James' Psychology, which teaches that there is no experience that is not preceded and condi-

trained by a movement of the lungs, logically leads one to the conclusion that there is no resurrection, a far depth that Van Hattum's Philosophy of the Living agrees with its pessimistic and realistic open view of resurrection etc. and that Herbert Spencer's materialistic Philosophy in which he reduces everything out of nothing, are subjects that are not especially calculated to aid one who is seeking for spiritual attainments, yet they serve to show one that the human mind is limited and that man's wisdom cannot find out God. One needs to walk close with God who is at the top of Philosophy, or a thought reaches one to think carefully, it moves in a world of mystery and a good deal of it is of the earth, earthy. I always felt so even when I turned away from it and began to meditate upon heaven's things. I had had a long and experience that one, not acquainted with its Philosophy, it is this will be eternal, but they might know. Then the only true God is of Jesus Christ whom they had met. Yes, surely and I long to tell Kings but how, in the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus is loved.

Our experiences were so painful and we went back to our station stronger and better equipped to carry on our work. The harvest kept growing on our field and we were even then carrying up work in new villages. Our village schools also were increasing in number and there was a great demand for teachers, which we could not supply. We had baptisms in some parts of the field almost every Sunday and many heathens were attending our services. I saw the fields whitening to the harvest and my soul was aglow with hope and love. Before the year closed we baptized about eighty-five persons and I went to Conference in January with a happy heart and an encouraging report to give to my brethren. Mr J. R. Hallford took down in health and Mr Craig took his place in the Seminary. As I was asked to take charge of the large Peddapuram



field in addition to my own. I had been assisting Mr Craig in the care of it, but now I had to take it over altogether. This made a tremendous burden and greatly hampered me in carrying out my plans for my own field. But I was strong and enjoyed good health, and never said 'No' to any burden that was laid upon me.

### **The Need of Native Assistants.**

Some of our brethren had written home many times about the need of more missionaries, but from the first I had realized the need of a great host of native workers. As I tried to stretch myself over these two large fields, I felt more and more convinced that if India was ever to be brought to Christ, the work must be done largely by the natives themselves, that a missionary ought to be a well-trained man, filled with the Spirit of God, and possessing the power of organizing, inspiring and directing two or three hundred native workers, that he ought to spend the strength of his life among the Christians and native assistants, and leave them to propagate the gospel among the Hindus. Britain conquered India by using her own people as soldiers. A few British officers, with a well-drilled native army, conquered one tribe after another, until all India came under the control of Great Britain. In the same way we missionaries will have to learn how to raise up a large army of native assistants, and how to organize the greatest lay movement that has ever taken place in the world's history, since the common Christians were persecuted in Jerusalem and went everywhere to the bounds of the Roman Empire, preaching and witnessing for Christ. If our missionaries can only succeed in getting every member in their churches to do some definite work for his Lord and Master, it will not only keep them from falling into temptation, but will hasten the Redeemer's kingdom as nothing else can do.

### **Pastoral Support.**

This subject was one of vital interest to me, for I realized that we could never get enough funds from Canada to carry on the work, and it would be a very bad thing for the Christians if we could. During my first term many of them came to me to conduct their weddings, but I was obliged to perform this service for only a few of them. I secured licenses for my native pastors and arranged that these should receive a fee of one rupee for conducting a marriage service. When I married them they expected me to do it for nothing, and give them a present besides, and as I wished to create a revenue for the pastor I refused to marry anyone.

Then again I ceased to baptize, but left that work to be done by the native pastors, for I wished to see the Christians trust and respect their own ministers.

When a child was born of Christian parents, I made a practice of going to the house with the native pastor and conducting a service. I took the occasion to have an earnest personal talk with the father and mother about their responsibility toward the child God had given them, and if they did not already have family prayer in the home I got them to promise to do so, and to try to bring the child up for God. When they were heathen they usually gave some kind of a thank offering to their gods for the gift of a child, and I encouraged them to come to the church and make their thank offering there. This was another aid towards pastoral support.

Many of them wished me to baptize their children. I read them the passages of Scripture where Jesus took them in His arms and blessed them, and gave them back again to their mothers, and I told them I could follow the example of Jesus, so I knelt with them and prayed for them and the child. I think our pastors

in Canada would do well to have a prayer service in the homes of their church members when God gives them a young life to care for and train for His service. We make a great effort to get the larger children into our Sunday Schools, but we do not emphasize the importance of a Christian atmosphere at home. It is the home influence that moulds and fashions the lives of our children. If I have been of any use in the kingdom of God I owe it all to my mother who taught me my child's prayer when I was three years old and who was really kind to me during the first ten years of my life for she lived a close touch with her Saviour and created a spiritual atmosphere in her home. She so impressed us with the importance of seeking first God's kingdom and His righteousness that none of her children has ever forgotten it.

### **Hindu Stock Arguments.**

After preaching in Meldepetta, one evening, to a large crowd of people a well dressed and well educated young Hindu stood up and said: "What the missionary has told you is all very good, but just as all rivers empty into the same sea, so all religions lead to God. The European's religion is good for him and our religion is good for us." When he sat down I stood up and asked the elders of the village what he had told them and one of them replied that all rivers emptied into the same sea. I said, "Do you know why these rivers empty into the same sea?" "No," was their reply. "Well," I said, "the rivers along this coast take their run back in the mountains, and the mountains are higher than the sea, so the water must run downward. What this gentleman has really told you is that all water runs down hill, and I suppose you knew that before didn't you?" "Yes," they said, "of course we did." "Well," I said, "I'll tell you something that you don't know, namely that water sometimes runs up

hill? They said: "How can it do that?" "Well," I said, "in Canada they have a great deep tank full of water, and in that tank there is a big engine pumping water through pipes and carrying it all over the town and into the houses. Yes, they said, we have heard about that, and some of us have seen it." "But," I said, "water does not run up hill itself. It takes a great engine to force it up. And heaven is up, and if we are going to reach heaven, we must be taken there by a power outside of ourselves, and that power is the Lord Jesus Christ." Addressing one of them with whom I was acquainted, I said, "Venkiah, can you take hold of your boots and lift yourself?" He said: "No." "Well," I said, "that is what you are trying to do. You are trying to give to the poor and to the priests, and to repeat prayers, and do enough works of merit to take you to heaven, but you can never get there by your own works."

Again the young man stood up and spoke as follows: "Well," said he, "I perceive the gentleman didn't understand me very well. What I want to say is that all religions are good, and just to make my meaning clear, let me say that gold is gold, whether it is in the ear, or on the finger, or on the toe, and so God is God, by whatever name He is known. We call our incarnation Krishna. They call their incarnation Christ. They are both incarnations of God. The only difference is in the name. Yes," I replied, "gold is gold, wherever you find it, but how are you to test it?" "For brass well polished may resemble gold." "Put it in the fire," said the goldsmith who was sitting near by, "and you'll soon find whether it is gold or not." "Yes," I replied, "that is a good way to test gold, and there is a way of testing the incarnation. Take for example Krishna. If he is an incarnation of God, then his life and works ought to be of a holy character. But

what do your sacred books tell about him? "They tell us he was a better than" cried a man of the shepherd caste. "Yes," I said, "he stole better from the shepherds. He stole their flocks, vessels and carried them off to his her houses and passed all kinds of tricks on the people. He used a very bad name to a great deal and raised the mob all over the village where the poor boy was searching and accounting for him. He stole the clothes of the shepherd women who were bathing in a pond and engaged him to sing and the songs the shepherd people sing about him are so vile and indecent that no respectable person can bear to hear them. I have been using newspapers and commented these sins he would be put to rest. I said he was the man who was the greatest of his kind." Now he was taking the life of Christ. He healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, raised the dead, fed the multitudes and taught them to love him. He said that food was a holy food and that He could not look upon any with the least degree of a sinners' and in the end He saved the world that He offered Himself up as a sacrifice for the world's sins. His words and His teachings are so wonderful and so miraculous that all the great minds of the world recognize that He was divine.

Again the young man stood up and said he had read European history and no other great men had said "all roads lead to Rome" so I am an ignorant man to find

"And why," said I, "did all roads of that time lead to Rome? Because the Romans built roads from Rome out to the provinces they conquered. But what man has ever built a road to heaven?" "No man can do that," shouted the crowd. "Yes," I said, "I'll tell you of one man who did it. The Man Christ Jesus. He came down from heaven. He knew the way that led to God and He said, 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. No man cometh to the Father but by Me.' And," said I, "all the sacrifices and burnt offerings that your ances-

tern and more offered up in past ages pointed to the one great sacrifice that Jesus made for the world when He shed His blood on Calvary's cross. And now, however sincere you are, you must be conscious that these idols are not God."

The young Brahmin replied as follows: "We do not worship *idols*, but—When the image is first made by the artist, it is godless; but people take it as their deity and worship it. But as for the priest, repeatedly a prayer is spoken before it and consecration takes place before the spirit enters it. That people do make touch or handle it, but are very reverent when they come within sight of it, then, therefore, before it, and worship not the image, but the god that is in the image." He then spoke to me in English and said that he had studied in the University of Madras for three years, had been in nearly all the big open churches, and that in the church where the English gentlemen attended they had images and altars and candles, just like we have.

"And many Hindus think," he said, "that as the Hindu religion is much older than Christianity, some of the Christians from Europe are visiting us. Mrs. Besant, a great English lady, has joined the Hindus and become the highest one of our religion. Well, I said, can you tell me, anyway, what is the real object of idols? Why do you have them? What purpose do they serve?"

He replied: "They are of no value to a great number of people, but very to the mass of the people who are ignorant and must have something to help them in their minds as they go along. But, I said, these idols do not look like God. God is a spirit and these are material and they must give a person a very wrong impression about God."

"Your Bible," he said, "says that God created man in His own image, and we make an idol like a man, and therefore it must be the image of God." That Bible, I replied, says that God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into him the breath of life and

man became a living soul—but it is the soul of man that is made in the image of God and not his body. God is person and we are persons and we resemble God in our personality. "Who is personality?" he asked.

"Self-consciousness, plus self-determinations, plus a freedom of choice, constitutes personality," I replied. "We are conscious of our own identity, conscious that we must separate from all other existences, conscious also that we have a power of choice and a free will, directing our own actions. We are also conscious of a feeling of ought. I ought to do this rather than that."—is the question of our moral life—and it is in these conditions of our soul that we receive God. It is impossible for us to make a religion that is a lifeless God.

He then told us that there were a number of religious Hindus—Malays who had received themselves into prayer societies such as the *Hebrew Society*, *Javan Society*, and the *Arabic Society*, that they had given up all idols and had started a pure system of worship. I had met a number of these gentlemen myself both in Malacca and Penang. They have a kind of prayer book which contains a great many of our Christian hymns, with the words Christ and Jesus left out, and the words God and Lord substituted in their places. They also use some of the prayers from the Church of England prayer book. They acknowledge Christ to be a great religious reformer, but deny His divinity, and they are very fond of saying Lord Krishna, Lord Buddha, Lord Christ and Lord Mohamed. They have left Hinduism and are in a state of unrest. They have accepted the others of Christians, and are very friendly with the missionaries. We can only hope that in time they will be led to accept Jesus as Lord of lords and King of kings.

### "The Magic Lantern."

Some of our missionaries make use of the magic

lancens and of pictures of Christ and the apostles, and I think these are very useful where one is speaking to those who have never heard the gospel, but I found that when I wished to hold a special meeting and was looking for spiritual results, I had to avoid all pictures and gramophones and anything that would attract the senses as a special offering for prayer and the preaching of God's word, and I am persuaded that those who enjoy fellowship with God and are seeking to walk in the Spirit care very little for outward things. When Jesus said to the Samaritan woman, "The hour cometh and now is when neither in this mountain nor yet in Jerusalem shall men worship the Father: for God is a spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." He announced to the world a new truth, that Jews no longer needed to make long pilgrimages year by year to worship in Jerusalem. And the heathen no longer need to journey from shore to shore, but wherever there is a heart longing after God, there God is present. And so it is to-day. Whether we are by the roadside or in our office, we can pray and hold fellowship with God and feel that He is near us.

During the year 1901 our work kept continually growing, and I held special meetings in several villages which always resulted in baptisms to the Christians and in the conversion of some of their heathen relatives, and in October I went down to Akula and held Mr. Chute conduct special services in our mission. The Christians were divided, and there was a lawless going on among them during the time that we were conducting the meetings, so it was difficult to get them to attend, and more difficult still to make any impression on their minds, but we had good meetings and about thirty of those present asked for special prayers that God would help them to lead better lives than they had led in the past.



On my journey home from Akidu, I was caught in a heavy rain, and got a bad cold. I missed the train at the railway station and had to stay up all night and wait for another. When I reached Ramachandrapuram, I had considerable fever and was compelled to take a rest for a few days. While taking a bath one evening, I noticed some red spots on my chest but I thought it was just the result of the fever. I felt weak and miserable for some time but got a touch from one of our mission doctors and went on with my work. Self-support was increasing and we had over a hundred baptisms before the year closed.

### **Demon Possession.**

After the January Conference was over, Dr. Hubel, Mrs. Davis, the children and I while on our way to Ramachandrapuram stopped at a village where there were a large number of Christians. We entered the village and preached. When we returned to the boat quite a number came and wished to be baptized and I began to examine them. After examining four or five persons, the wife of one of our Christians came and sat down on the front of the boat. I started to question her about her faith in Christ, but she did not answer me. As I repeated my questions she began to sob and cry and act very much like a woman in hysterics. The pastor and her husband took hold of her and led her out on the canal bank and we could hear her shouting, "Go away! Go away! Go away! Why do you come to trouble me when I want to join this holy religion?" Her husband came back and told me that she used to practice divination and was possessed of a demon, that for three or four months she had given it up and had attended church services regularly but that on Wednesday night that week she woke him up crying, and said the demon had come back to her and told her it was going to torment her once more, before she

was baptized. She was so distressed he said that she was trembling from head to foot and couldn't sleep any during the rest of the night. And now it was Sunday, she had come to ask for baptism and the demon had fulfilled its promise and was trying to get her under its power again. She kept screaming and shouting and foaming at the mouth and seemed like an insane person. I told them to take her back home and pray with her, and a number of Christians gathered around and prayed with her all night when the demon left her and never troubled her any more. Towards the close of the year she was baptized and lived a good Christian life while I remained in India.

In India there is some man or woman in almost every village that is said to be possessed of the devil. Dr. Gertrude Hulet could not account for this woman's actions any more than we could.

Miss Hatch went home on furlough in 1902, and Dr. Hulet took her place. I again spent the hot season on the hills, at Ootacamund, and as our little girl, Arthur, had convulsions Mrs. Davis was obliged to remain with her there until October, but I returned toward the end of June, reopened the boys' boarding-school and got things going again before Conference.

### Dr. D. L. Joshee.

During my first term I sent a young boy from the Cocanada field up to the literary department of the Seminary. He was very gentlemanly and much more refined than boys of his class usually are. Miss Hatch was so taken with him that she wished to adopt him, and I consented to the arrangement. After he had received all the education he could get in our school she sent him to a medical college in North India, and for five years he was under English professors and took a pretty thorough course in medicine. He graduated in the spring of 1902, and returned to Ramachandrapuram

Dr. Hulet had written me of his arrival, and I was very much afraid he would be so proud and uplifted that he would be a hindrance to our work. There is a tendency among the educated Indians to look down on their own people and to wish to associate altogether with Europeans. This is a serious cause for feeling among the Christians. We had one young man of this type leaving our baptizing school, and as I had another going to the same church, I felt sure there would be trouble. But when I met Joshee, I was agreeably surprised to find what a good and as simple as a child. Miss Hatfield involved in the love of her great heart took him and gave him a Christian training such as few receive in Canada, and he was to a large extent what she had made him. He was a great help to Dr. Hulet to look after the medical work off her hands, and left her free to superintend the caste girls' school and to do Zama work among the women. Joshee became the center of the Hellous L'per Home and has been ever since. He was not long with us when by unanimous vote of the church he was appointed deacon. He endeared himself to the poorest Christians and was patronized by the caste people and the Rajah. Instead of being a hindrance to our church work, he a quiet, earnest, consistent life and his strong Christian influence made him an example to the preachers as well as to the Christians. The better I became acquainted with him, the more I learned to trust him.

## CHAPTER XII

### **Crushing Burdens and the Final Break.**

Shortly after my return home from the hills, Dr Hulet left for Coaguila and I superintended the completion of another row of buildings in the Kellock House compound and built a new stone bridge across the canal opposite our chapel. While superintending this work I was out in the sun a good deal and one day I helped the coolies carry a very heavy stone. I felt very weak after it took cold and had an attack of dysentery. I had never had dysentery before and the pain was terrible. I got relief but I had to be careful for several days, and it left me very weak.

### **High School.**

After my workers' meeting I attended the July Conference and again brought up the question of a High School for Tlaxcala. Some of the brethren wanted a larger number of missionaries, but I was much more anxious to increase the number of native assistants, and I could not see how we were to accomplish it without a High School. The greatest problem on the mission field is that of raising up suitable native assistants, and another generation will pass away before we have accomplished this task. As time goes on missionaries will be given up more and more to distinctively missionary work and leave the evangelistic work to be done by the natives themselves. They will be like generals, for they will superintend, organize and inspire a great army of native evangelists, and they must needs be men of special gifts and training for such work.

During September I conducted special services at Anapartit. As many had been attending the Christian services for a year previous to this they were fully prepared to receive the truth and at the close of our meetings twenty were examined and ten accepted and

baptized. From that time on they began to pay three rupees a month toward their pastor's salary. They were nearly all of the Madaga caste, and were an earnest band of Christians from the beginning. They often spent their evenings with their pastor singing and preaching the gospel to their heathen relatives in other villages.

### **County Board.**

Shortly after coming to Ramachandrapuram I had been elected a member of the Taluq Board, or County Council. After being a member of that Board six months, I was elected as their representative on the larger District Board. I spent one day a month attending these Board meetings. The position was honorary, I received nothing for it but my travelling expenses, but it brought me in touch with all the highly educated men in the District, and I preached the gospel faithfully to them while in company with them on the train. It was worth while to be friendly with these men, for sometimes I was able to get them to vote money to dig wells for the poor Christians and outcaste people.

### **A Heathen Elder Becomes a Christian.**

While touring the Pottaputram field in February, 1902, I rode on my bicycle to a village about ten miles south of Jaggampetta, where I heard there was a Christian. I went into the Malapudi, and asked some of the men if there was a Christian there. They said yes, there was one called Chidiah, that he used to be head of their village, but had gone crazy about the Christian religion. Their foreheads were painted with the marks of their gods, for they were very bigoted heathen. I passed on to their little temple, for that is the place where people usually congregate, and someone having told Chidiah of my presence, he soon came and joined me. My bicycle was a great curiosity, and a crowd of

people were gathered to see it. How a thing with two wheels one straight in front of the other could carry me along the road without my falling off they couldn't understand for when I got off it it couldn't stand alone. I could hear them saying: There must be some power at the back of him to keep it straight.

We sang a hymn for him and then I told them the story of Jesus and of the great work he had made. As soon as I was through Chidamb began to give his testimony. He told them he had seen the cross for twenty years and had he paid to send out on the cross a sheep but now he had found Jesus and his heart was full of joy.

I cannot offer you more work here for you are just in your working time and he said that I can and do pray for you so that you may give up your idols and see the true God. I lifted my hat and prayed for them and then Chidamb and I went up into the village proper and preached to the caste people.

Chidamb was so full of joy that he could scarcely contain himself and told the village Manni and all the caste people that he had found the true God. He had been the village servant for many years and the caste people sent him and knew him and listened to him attentively. He was a bogged leper and he had to put up with a great deal of abuse from his wife and from his brothers but when we got into the road he told me he was very happy and would like to go to heaven. I told him I was going to Chikaram and would be back to Jaggampella on Sunday and that all the Christians would gather there to partake of the Lord's supper. He said he would try to be present and I told him good bye and returned to the train very fatigued. He was the best specimen of a Christian I had met on the Peddapuram field and the work on his face well repaid me for my journey. When I came back the next Sunday the Christians from a number of villages gathered at Jaggampella to meet me and our service began at

was a clock. While I was preaching I noticed a little woman come in the door and sit down close to the table where I was standing. She was breathing hard and covered with perspiration. As soon as I had finished preaching she said, "I want to confess my sins," and bowing her head to the floor she began as follows: "O God! Thou knowest I am a good-for-nothing woman. When I was a girl I heard the gospel, and my mother and I believed and were both baptized the same day. When I got out enough I had to go twenty miles away and live with my husband, and I used to pray and teach the Malia women to sing hymns. The Malia's got angry and put my husband out of caste because he allowed me to be a teacher. Then he got very angry with me and beat me many times until I promised I would not say anything more about Jesus. The Malia people made my husband pay a fine of three rupees to be taken back to caste again. They took the money, bought liquor, and I got drunk. They made me drink the poison and say I would join with them and never worship the Christ any further any more. Yes Lord, I did it. I denied Thee. I am a good-for-nothing woman, but I was only fifteen years old, Lord. I was just a girl. And they were cruel to me and frightened me. Though I denied Thee with my lips I did not deny Thee with my heart. But when the servants came to preach the gospel once again the Malia wouldn't let them stay in the village and they had to go and sleep in a cow shed in the field, but when my husband was asleep at midnight I got up and cooked rice and took it out to the shed for them. I did, Lord. Thou knowest I did. I denied Thee, but still I loved Thee. And when I heard the servant was going to be here today, I asked permission of my husband to come to a village five miles from here to pay a debt he had promised to pay, and when I had paid the debt I gathered up my shirt and ran all the way here. But Lord, I denied Thee and

my brother denied. Then I died, forgive my brother and bring him back again.

While she was making this confession, the tears were running down her face and she was sobbing with emotion. I spoke to her and said: 'Sister, your prayer is heard in heaven and your sins are forgiven. Then I prayed for her and for her brother and when I was through she untied a knot in her upper cloth and took out four annas and put them on the table as a thank-offering. And now she said: 'I must go for I have ten miles to walk back again and my husband will beat me for being away all day. But' said she, 'even though they tell me I'll never see my Lord again.' And saying this she went out of the door. The pastor's wife went out with her, took her to her house and gave her some food. After the communion was over I went outside and could see a little woman about half a mile in the distance running as fast as she could go in order that she might get home before dark. Poor old Venkamma (that was her name) walked twenty miles that day to see her son and to be restored to fellowship with the church. And the Lord heard her prayer concerning her brother for the next month he came back to the church, confessed his wrong doing and was received into fellowship. Venkamma and Uthiah, two happy souls, were serving God in that heathen village. This is one of the most remarkable testimonies of God's power to take care of His children even when surrounded by heathen darkness that I have ever known.

### **Special Services in the Hallary Church.**

In August while I was on tour I was led to hold special services in the Nalandy church. I had dismissed the pastor from mission employ nearly two years previous to this time. He had retired (and was carrying on farm work). Things had not gone on very well in the church from the time of his dismissal, for he con-



usually worked in opposition to the other pastors and evangelists. Peter was with me and we both preached there every day for a week. The church was always crowded and a number of the heathen gathered in also. I was in poor health but I never was happier in my life. Often when I finished speaking at night I had a longing to depart and be with Christ. After our preaching service was over we held a prayer meeting every evening. Most of the Christians took part in prayer and many confessed their sins. Old quarrels were settled and those who had been enemies became friends.

While our meetings were going on we preached in different parts of the village in the daytime and at night to the Madagas proper, a number of whom were afterwards baptized and received into the church. The church members had been all from the Mala caste and it was very difficult to receive Madagas into the church. The Malas would not eat with them and how could they take communion with them? They used to put the Madagas at the back of the church and have the cup passed to all the Mala Christians first and then to the Madagas. The caste problem is a great one in India, and it is still a source of trouble in the Christian church for several generations. Some of the high caste people used to say they would be baptized and join the church if we would give them a separate cup at the communion table and a separate piece of bread, but we refused to receive them on any such terms. Never before, when they do come into the church and become leaders, they will have churches of their own independent of the missionaries, and low caste Christians will not be allowed to commune with them.

### Church Organization.

After I came to the field I had two churches organized, one in Kallera and one in Mandapetta, and in each

of these churches we had a number of volunteer workers. Some of the women used to spend considerable time accompanying Miss Hatch and the Bible women and in helping to sing hymns and preach among the caste people. They did not receive any pay for this, but did the work gladly because of the love they had for the Saviour. In all our churches Kuleru was the best. Every member and all young men and women alike attended the Sunday School and every one of them could read and repeated the golden text which their pastor had taught them through the week. There were three caste widows who used to attend the church and give their experience with the Christians and I have since heard that they have been baptized. There was a caste widow at Mumpatti too who used to attend the services. Many of the caste people were secret believers in Christ but they lacked the courage to come out and confess Him by baptism.

In Marundala I used to visit a young man who had attended Mumpatti Bible class in Coranada when a boy. She had given him a New Testament and he and his wife and grandchildren used to read it and have prayer in her own house every Sunday. I often preached by his verandah to a number of the caste people who were his friends and at the close of the meeting they would accompany me on my way back to the boat. Then I would kneel down in the road with them and pray and let them go at night. The caste people will come here and live when the churches are strong enough to receive them.

### **A Woman Commits Suicide**

Mrs. Davis and Anne came home from the hills towards the last of September. There was a woman in Coranada whose husband and daughter died of cholera. Miss Hatch had taken pity on her and given her work for some time. She was very melancholy and would

scarcely speak to anyone. When Mrs. Hatch was through with her my wife felt no worry for her that she gave her some work to do about the house, in order that she might earn her living without associating with the heathen. I was away on tour most of the time. There was a great deal of sickness among the Christians. Two Christian women had been carried to the mission station by their pain even for Mrs. Davis in nurse and care for. We always kept a room for sick Christians. They both died after a lingering illness. She had been with them in the night reading and praying with them, and doing her best to comfort them. Mrs. Hatch was with her, and as my wife was not very strong, I was a great strain upon her nature, for the time at her name and kept up a mourning cry for two or three days, and no one, not those who have attended a native funeral can have any conception of the mourning and wailing that is kept up for days afterwards.

My wife was a brave woman, and I never saw her give way to her feelings in any unusual measure, but after she had gone through this long strain the woman we had with us was beginning to act very strangely. She wouldn't go to bed and no one could make her smile. She used to bring her mat and pillow and lie near Mrs. Davis and the children at night, but one night she did not come as usual, and about ten o'clock Mrs. Davis took the lantern and went downstairs to look for her. She called Miss Hatch's Hindu women, but they had not seen her. These also called some of the school boys and the teachers who searched every where, but could not find her. The next morning when Mrs. Davis got up the cook came running in and said Yokutama had hanged herself, and she went out to see the body. She had mounted a stool taken the rope of the children's swing tied it around her neck and then kicked the stool away. The servants cut the body down, and Mrs. Davis had them remove it into

one of the storerooms and lock it up, and then summon a policeman for cases of suicide had to be reported. The police came and made a great fuss because they had removed the body to the storeroom. Mrs. Davis explained to them that she did not wish the children to see their nurse in that condition, but they made a good deal of trouble and tried to put the blame on the cook and extort a bribe from him.

The strain of the two previous deaths, together with this last tragedy, was too much for my dear wife, and she sent a special messenger to me with a letter requesting me to come home as soon as possible. I returned home late the next night and finding her very nervous and run down, I took her and the children to Canada for a little rest and change. This is the only time in the history of our work that I ever saw my wife the least bit nervous.

### More Touring.

The year 1902 was full of work and full of encouragement. I spent 155 days on tour and 125 persons were received into the churches by baptism. Many brethren were attending our services and work was opening up in many other villages. I went to the January Conference with a glad heart to tell the brethren what great things God had done for us. At the conclusion of our Conference I toured on my own field till the end of January and then came in and conducted my monthly meeting with the workers. As soon as the meeting was finished in Ramachandrapuram, I made haste to Poddapuram to conduct a similar meeting there. Thus I had to do every month and as the meeting on my own field took place first naturally the workers on the Poddapuram field were at a disadvantage. For when I had spent two or three days imparting my very life to the workers on the Ramachandrapuram field, I hadn't the same strength and energy left for the workers who gathered at Poddapuram, and they,

pass fellows, came long distances to report their work and receive their monthly salaries. I sympathized with them however and gave them all the strength I possessed.

It was a large field and the Christians were very much scattered. There were about three hundred Christians living in eighty different villages. In some villages there was only one, in others two or three, and in all others up to a number. There were few teachers and evangelists to care for them. The field was badly in need of more workers. The Christians were chiefly from the Madaga caste but most of their preachers were from the Maga. If the preachers ate with the Madaga Christians their Mala friends and relatives wouldn't have anything to do with them. This too was a great barrier to the progress of the group. The caste system in India is the most difficult problem that Christianity has ever had to solve, and missionaries have realized that caste is the devil's masterpiece.

I spent the first three weeks of February on tour on this great field. When the Christians from many villages were gathered in Lukaram I gave them one of the greatest sermons I have ever delivered to a body of native people. While I was out I had overheard their conversations and I noticed that they were full of false ideas and unworthy motives. Why they were serving God they scarcely seemed to know. Their chief idea seemed to be that the Lord was indebted to them for their service and ought to give them some great thing in return. I told them that God in His love and mercy had passed by the Brahmans, the Rajas, the Banias and the Shudras, and had chosen them though they were the lowest of the castes, that such a thing had never been heard of in their country, that God had greatly honored them in seeking to set up His kingdom among them, and I asked what they were going to do for their Lord and Master in return for this great love!

Were they going to prove worthy of the confidence God had placed in them? Were they going to take up their cross and follow Jesus and deny themselves so that they might support someone to preach the gospel in their midst? Were they always going to be babies, wanting to be nursed, or were they going to be wage earners and supporters of their Father's house? Quite a number of them owned land and they were well able to support a pastor. If they were not willing to do it, I showed them, encouraged them and wept over them. My labor was not in vain, for many quarrels and troubles among them were settled that day. They said, "If we only had someone to teach us and to preach to us, as you have done to-day, we wouldn't live as we do." Many of them promised to do more for the support of the gospel, and to attend the meetings more regularly.

The next week I was away in Yelleshvaram and spent my birthday in the government bungalow there. There was a few group of Christians, about five or ten from there living among the hills. None of them could read or write, but they met together and sang hymns and prayed every night, so at night they laid themselves down to rest. They too had a little land and offered to support a pastor, if I could send them one, but there was no one that could be spared. The harvest was great and the laborers were few, and I prayed most earnestly to the Lord of the harvest to send more laborers into the harvest field. This was a strange field, the love and faith and devotion of some of the Christians gladdened my heart, while the cold and wicked ways of others almost broke it. And often, in anguish of soul I cried out, "O God, who is sufficient for these things?"

After a prolonged tour I returned to my home toward the end of February, and conducted another monthly meeting with my workers. Mrs. Davis and

the children went to the hills. I helped them on the train and then went on to Piddapattam to meet the workers there. As soon as that meeting was over I returned again to my own field and spent the month of March touring over it. I had charge of these two great fields. It was impossible to do satisfactory work on either of them, but the work on my own field was run past. There was a large number of Christians in the villages and I had a better band of workers than there is in the Piddapattam field. The Christians here received more teaching and responded more readily when appealed to in a spirit of love. At the end of March I had spent 35 days on tour and 15 persons had been baptized on the Kanchanadri, same field. After concluding my workers' meeting on both fields, I spent four days at Mervada getting the Hulet's boat pulled and then I left at Lucknow and joined my wife and children. Mr. A. Chitambar has rented a large house there called Blue Ashok. A large party of us occupied the house and shared the rent with him. There were Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Hayes and myself and Misses Archibald, Bishop, McLeod, Banksville and Hulet. I took up our portable organ and as a number of the missionaries were good singers we had a good deal of music and spent a very pleasant and profitable time together. We had regular times appointed for Bible study and prayer, but I enjoyed most of all the time I spent alone under the trees in the park. I had always found that when I wished to get near God and to have personal fellowship with Him, I must separate myself from my friends and my loved ones and be alone, and I know there were none others who felt just as I did. I always felt that there were too many religious meetings going on in Coimbatore for me. If I were to attend them all I would not have sufficient time for meditation and prayer, and I learned that if I desired spiritual food I must go to

the Lord and get it for myself. I could not receive it from others.

While I was there I got word that I had been granted the M. A. degree by McMaster University. I didn't know whether I had merited the degree or not. I had done good work on the first half of the course, but while covering the second half I had not been well, and didn't do the work with any degree of satisfaction to myself.

The two little boys George and Arthur were in a school that had been opened for non-memorial children. It would be difficult to find such a school in Canada. The principal was an English lady, thorough & trained in school work, and was devoting her life to working that in the measure possible providing a school for non-memorial children. She possessed a great deal of common sense together with a depth of piety and devotion such as is rarely found in the principal of a school that children attended. I for over a year and we felt perfectly at ease in sending them there for, when they returned to us, their hearts were warm and tender and in perfect sympathy with all that was good.

I went for long walks and sometimes played badminton, but I did not seem to be able to gather much strength. I was very nervous and was conscious that I was growing weaker in body, though I did not know why. I remember having the feeling that I would like to do something more or suffer more for the Lord Jesus, and in one of the Sunday morning prayer meetings I prayed that I might know Christ and the fellowship of His sufferings and the power of His resurrection. I scarcely know why I prayed that prayer, but as I reflect upon the matter now I believe it was given to me by the Holy Spirit. A lady writing to me from Indiana since my affliction, called my attention to the fact that she heard me pray that I might know the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, and I replied that I also asked that



I might know the power of His resurrection. One thing I remember distinctly, that I was continually impressed with the thought that I was to do some great thing for Christ, and that I had no time to toy with Higher Criticism or Philosophy or Science, that I must be about my Father's business, for "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, and with all thy soul" was a message that kept whispering within me.

Towards the end of June, Mrs. Davis and Annie went to "Brooklands," a rest house for missionaries that was kept by Miss Bishop, and I returned to Ramachandrapuram to give out on the plains the strength I had gathered in my mountain-top experiences. It was a great joy to meet the workers again and to hear their reports. The Lord was using them and blessing their labors, and I rejoiced with those that rejoiced and wept with those who wept. Having sent them back to their fields of labor I went twelve miles and a half in an ox cart to the railway station and took the train to Samakota, then got in another ox cart and went three miles to Peddapuram where I conducted a second workers' meeting. Then I had to balance my account books for the six months, so as to have them ready for the Auditing Committee and prepare my estimates for both fields for the coming year. When I had completed this I spent a week in Cocanada attending the July Conference and after while I went back for a tour over my own field.

In August I made another tour over the Peddapuram field and conducted special meetings for a week in the village of Jaggampetta. The Christians in Jaggampetta were the poorest specimens I had ever seen on any field, and probably if the field had been mine I would have excluded most of them from the church but I had a lingering hope that when some missionary took the field

and could give them more time perhaps they would respond. They were ignorant and low down in life. There possibly was a little of the Christ in them, and I didn't wish to smother it or to do anything to crush it out of me, although I was very busy and hadn't much strength left for special efforts. I gave up everything for them and attached to them night and more or less a day for a week. Their pastor was from the Maronites and they were Maronites and were didn't appear to be getting behind at anything else between them and him. They were very ignorant and they didn't seem to want to learn, and so for a few days I preached to them. I was very ill during that time after that. Notwithstanding that I spoke with tremendous energy and enthusiasm at I suppose they would go to sleep sitting on their mats and I would have to send someone with a stick to poke them up and keep them awake. The headman among them was a hard case, and the others all followed his example. I preached continually on the holiness of God's character and the exceeding satisfaction of us. These poor people knew nothing of God's law. They had had no Moses and the prophets in their lives as I saw Moses' Sign and it was difficult to make them realize that God loved gladness in the inward parts. But by the end of the week was over they began to respond a little and remembering Him of whom I was prophesied that He would not break, he seemed real as I watch the working that I concluded that I would not exclude them from the church but would dig a way for them for another year and see if they would not hear that. Miss McLeod had hoped that they would improve if they only had proper teaching and as she knew them better than I did I acted on her advice. I never knew till I began to look over the Peddapuram field what a noble soul she was, and what a grand work she was doing.

### **A Layman's Ministry Movement**

When I returned to my own field I went out to the villages where there were a number of new Christians and where they had no pastors or catechists and called in ten young men to give them some instruction in the Bible and teach them to sing hymns. They loved not only wit out the native spirituals who were especially liked men, but He also went out weekly sessions and I began to realize that a India was to be brought to Christ we must encourage a great laymen's movement not only to induce men to give of their means also but to personally engage in singing and preaching the gospel whenever they had opportunity. Some of these young men brought their wives with them. I provided them all with food while they were with me, and conducted Bible readings and prayer with them every morning and evening for ten days. We had a service in the morning from seven till eight o'clock after which we divided into two parties. The native pastor took one group with him and I, the other and off we went to preach the gospel to the native people. During the last one the pastor taught them to sing hymns and in the afternoon from five to six I conducted another Bible reading with them. Then once again we divided into groups took lanterns with us and went and preached in the outcastes. These were bright young men, and though they could not read or write they understood the main facts of the gospel. As soon as they got a little courage they began to preach and give their testimony for Christ. While we were there together some of them learned their letters and began to spell out little words. We had a grand time. The Lord seemed very near and very precious to us all and when the meetings were over these young fellows went home able to sing hymns and conduct prayers every evening for the other Christians. Had I remained in

India, I intended to have summer schools for bright young laymen and give them sufficient instruction to make them an evangelizing agency among their own people. I should like to have an organized our Christians that every man and woman would have become living witnesses for Christ. That is the kind of lay movement that India needs and such a movement would result in untold blessing also in the great cities of the star lands. It is needed in Canada now to evangelize the hundreds of thousands of immigrants that are landing on our shores every year.

Mrs. Davis and Anne came home from the hills in September. I went over to Pithapuram bought brick and other materials and got a small neat house built on our own property. Mr. Walker, after years of patient waiting, had secured land for the opening of a new station but there was no place for the missionaries to stay when they went to visit the Christians in that portion of the field. The house I built had a room with a verandah all around and a bathroom. Mr. Smith was in Canada collecting money for a new hospital and I thought this building would be useful for him to live in while he was superintending the erection of the hospital and dormitories for native people.

I then made a tour over the north part of the Pithapuram field and returned home the last of October. I spent the greater part of the month touring on my own feet and almost everywhere I went candidates came forward to be examined for baptism. As the workers came in from month to month too their reports were very hopeful. In November I conducted special services in Tapachuram. It was a busy time of the year and they were beginning to cut the harvest, but the people seemed eager to hear. Our little school-house chapel was always crowded full in the morning. Some of the caste people stood outside by the windows, listening to the gospel and every night we had an open-

air meeting in the Madigapetta. In the morning meetings there were generally eight or ten persons who made requests for prayer, and as some of them had been attending the services for a year or so, and seemed to fully understand the gospel we accepted ten of them for baptism. One night, after an open air service, we gathered in the little chapel to pray. I told them that God was going to hold them responsible for their heathen relatives, and before our meeting was over, three of the men and two women said they wouldn't eat or sleep till they had prayed on the verandahs of their heathen relatives and talked to them about their souls.

There was a great stir in the village. One caste man invited us to his home, gave us seats on his verandah, and we preached to many of his heathen relatives. At the close of these meetings, we baptized twenty three persons. The older Christians were full of joy and said that nothing like this had ever come to their village before.

Early in December I rode to Coanada on my bicycle and bought lime to whitewash our house. After my forty mile ride I felt very tired. While I was superintending the whitewashing I noticed some pimples had broken out on my wrists, but I didn't pay any particular attention to them. I supposed they had been caused by overheating my blood.

Just after we got the whitewashing done, Miss Hatch returned from Canada. Before she went away on furlough I rode to Coanada one day on my bicycle and secured a mortgage from a young Brahmin, which he held on some land near the town that she wished to buy for an untainted children's home. I made this trip in order to get ahead of some Hindus, who were trying to buy the land because they didn't wish us to get hold of it. Once I got possession of the mortgage, the owner was ready to sell to us, and Miss Hatch had a young

lawyer make out the deed before she left. (In this land Dr. Hulet had erected a new building, and in this we held Miss Hatch's welcome meeting. We gathered there, had a service and opened the home. Afterwards the Christians gave her a welcome meeting in the chapel. I presided at both of these meetings, but I felt so weary that I could scarcely keep awake.

### **Overburdened.**

Misses Robinson and Backersville and Mr. and Mrs. Cross spent Christmas with us, and we had a Christmas tree for the Sunday School children. When I made up my books for the year, I found I had spent 165 days on tour and baptized 124 persons on my own field and a few on the Puthapuram field. I went to Conference with a good report and a joyful heart, but I was weary in body and breaking out with pimples. I was examined by the Mission doctors. They thought that mine was purely a nerve trouble, that I had over-exerted myself in the heat and was run down. I requested the Conference to appoint someone else to take care of the Peddapuram field, for I was unable to do the work, but there seemed to be no one available for every missionary was loaded up with work. So, as I had never refused to do anything that the Conference asked of me though I knew I was not equal to the task, I consented to retain the oversight of it for another year.

### **Final Tour.**

I spent the remainder of January touring over my own field. Previous to this I ate little food and yet was fleshy, but now I had a ravenous appetite. I took a tonic and ate all I could, but nothing seemed to make me strong. After meeting with the workers, the 1st of February, Mrs. Davis and the children started for the hills, and I escorted them as far as Madras. I then returned to my field, packed up my touring outfit and

went for a big tour over the Pothalapuram field. I disliked riding in ox carts so I used my bicycle altogether. This of course was the worst thing I could have done in terms of my comfort. But I had always been strong and healthy and was grateful at the nature of my disease. When I reached that area I was pretty well tired out, but I concluded two more weeks' work here, then took my leave. When returning, had it poured out of the water left it to dry, took Mrs. Hatcher's boat and made six days' run over the Mangalore-Sapraam field. I had helped the Christians in the village that I took and built a new chapel. I washed a few things and besides there were several old Peter's goats and the first milking days were. When I was on this tour I met Miss Foster, daughter of a man of this place who had been brought up to work in the Free Church of Scotland near Aberdeen in England. She was well educated and had never married. She held the appointment of assistant schoolmaster's wife and was in receipt of a good salary from the Government. During our first year of living she was for some years in service in the Kingdom of the putam's daughter. After spending a Christmas with us at Cochin and attended both our Telugu and English church services. She had always been very grateful for our hospitality. I had a nice talk with her. When I left she gave me ten rupees for our Mission work and said, "I hope you will soon get better for our Hindu people need you." I replied that none of us was so important to the work as that. "If I were taken away, God would send someone in my place." Yes, she said,

but every man here has the same sympathy and love for our people that you and Mrs. Davis have. I told her to keep close to Jesus and let her light shine for Him, even though she was holding a Government position. bade her good bye and went on my journey.

I needed that ten rupees to help the Christians of Dathapudi to complete their building. I gave it to

them the next day. After visiting all the villages where there were Christians and baptizing 15 persons, I returned to Dhanushvaram and got my boat caulked. The boat was terrible and I suffered very much during the four days I was waiting for the work to be completed. I then returned to my station, conducted what proved to be my last meeting with the workers, got a well dug in the compound where the schoolboys and the native pastor lived, and on the 4th of April I packed up my trunk and went away to the hills to join my wife and children.

We had secured the same little house we had occupied there before at Delangamund. When I reached the house Mrs. Davis joined me, and she and Anne and I went to their apartments. I had hoped that once I reached there I would begin to mend. The mountain air cheered me up. I felt quite strong and ran about buying things that we needed to start housekeeping and buying in a small supply for three months. Then I took several walks over the big hills. Each time I became worse and broke out with a number of little boils. My feet began to swell and be very painful and my face was also swollen. I saw the English doctor and he gave me some medicine, but it didn't do me any good. I grew worse and worse. Towards the end of May I told my wife that I couldn't endure it any longer, and that I was sure there was something seriously wrong with me. After consulting together I went to see Colonel Williams, who was physician to the five or six of Madras and his staff. I had met him some years previously and I knew he was a good man and sure to give me wise counsel. It was hard work for me to climb the long hill leading to his bungalow. When I sat down in the waiting room and sent up my card by a servant, I was so weak that I was trembling from head to foot. When he saw me he was very much surprised that anyone so strong as I had been should be so badly run down. He examined me carefully and said



he could not be at all sure what my doctor was, but advised me to leave for Canada as quickly as possible. He forbade me to return to the plains in the heat to pack my goods, but insisted that we get out of the heat of India as soon as possible. My fellow missionaries were mostly at Adilshahar, and I had to write them to get permission to leave. Then we broke up before leaving and went down to Lannor and Anole and I stayed at Brooklands. During June Mrs Davis went back to Ramachandrapuram and packed up our goods for shipment to Canada. Mrs Craig very kindly assisted her. When they had completed the work she took the boxes to Lannor and got them shipped to Montreal and then returned to Lannor. I had been corresponding with Thomas Cook and Son for a passage to London but found all the ships sailing from Bombay were full so I was compelled to take passage on a British India steamer from Madras. We went to Madras and Mrs Davis spent two days shopping and then we found that our ship had been delayed and would not arrive for two days more. This was a great disappointment to me for it was July and Madras was as hot as a frying pan. During the four awful days I spent there I lost all I had gained on the hills, and my left foot was swollen so badly I couldn't get my boot on. We got a young Kachikan to help us on board so it was with difficulty that I was able to climb up the ladder which was let down for us at the ship's side.

### Impressions.

From the time we first went to Ramachandrapuram, in 1887 I was impressed with the thought that some great event was going to take place in my life. I dreamed about it at night, and it was constantly coming to my thoughts by day. Sometimes I thought I was going to receive a fortune and I often told my wife that if I did, the first thing I would do with it would

be to build a church for the English-speaking people at Cocanada, and the next would be to build a high school for our Christians. I told Mr. Laflamme that I dreamed one night that I owned a lac of rupees (100,000), and he replied that he didn't have to dream about it that he had a lack all the time. At other times I thought the Lord was going to use me in some wonderful way, and that perhaps, like Dr. Cough, I would live to see 10,000 baptized in a single year. Then, again, a great darkness would seem to gather around me, as though something dreadful was going to befall me, and I used to walk the roads and the canal banks at night, praying for hours at a time, and crying out, 'Oh God, what is it? Is it sorrow or is it joy?' I was seeing nothing in particular, and yet this thought would haunt my mind, go where I would. I couldn't shake myself free from it. Night and day the thought was ever with me, and though sometimes it seemed to be something terrible, yet I was always impressed with the thought that it was a cloud with a silver lining, that though it might begin in sorrow, it was going to end in joy and great blessing.

"Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings of that mysterious instrument, the soul, and play the prelude of our faith. We hear the Voice prophetic and are not alone."

## CHAPTER XIII

### **Stricken Down with an Incurable Disease**

Our ship carried a large amount of freight and only a few passengers. There was an engineer on board who had spent many seasons on a coal-coasting vessel sailing between India and Burma. He had become run down in health, his brain was affected and they were taking him home to Scotland. The heat was very trying during our trip through the Indian Ocean, and when we stopped at Aden it was so terrible that this poor man went altogether out of his mind. I too, suffered a great deal. The little boys and my cats kept on deck, and found themselves well covered with coal dust the next morning for they had been sleeping on coal. We then steamed away up through the Red Sea. The hot winds were blowing and at five days the temperature was almost unbearable. A great cloud of locusts passed over from the Arabian desert to the African side and several hundred of them fell on our ship. So we formed an idea of what the insects in the East were like. I was glad when we reached the Mediterranean, for shortly after we left Port Said a cool breeze began to blow which made it very pleasant for us, and we were able to sleep at night. We passed Stromboli by night. Every now and then there were little puffs of fire and ashes coming out of the summit, but the Captain said I was not very active at that time, and that he had often seen a much better display of fire from its crater.

We stopped at Genoa, the chief Italian seaport. It has a spacious harbor, and I noticed a large number of ships from different nations delivering goods and taking on cargoes. Mr. Davis and the two boys went ashore, but Annie and I spent the day on shipboard alone. We watched Italians making their living by gathering coal off the bottom of the sea. There were so many ships

taking on coal there and a certain amount of it always fell overboard. That threw me in earnest on a thriving business gathering the coal and selling it. There were three of them at a little boat. One put on a diving suit, went down, and up, and gathered the coal, up the bottom and filled his basket. Another pulled out the boat about a couple of yards and a third kept pumping air through a tube from a box lying on the deck. We could also guess when the time was up. I remember often of water kept rising to the surface, which I suppose was caused by the air escaping. He seemed to me about as the father was easily satisfied. It would ring and the boat would be pulled in, another descent, and we would commence the business again. There were not a few pieces. During the time on the water, one of two marks were. They took turns at coming up, one would stay down as long as he could, then come to the surface and another take his place. The cluster said it was very tiring on the boat and that men who rode up and the engine was used, that was very long and I thought if they are working, it must be a long time. I thought I had to be willing to go down to the bottom. But Jones said, "What shall I report a man to go, the whole world and see how well." And I was sure to write more than in the world of men, with a strong faith. The House of Commons had reported that I was a set of dirty swine, a scoundrel, and a felon for the sake of some black slaves, but my reply had always been that Jones thought, "What shall I say for them, and the strongest and greatest of all the Lord."

From Queen's College at New York, Mrs. Davis met the school again, went ashore and spent the day sight-seeing. She and the girls and the French people made a tour to the Island. After taking up some marginal coal we proceeded on our journey to Labrador. When we left Port Sand we passed two British warships. The war was in progress

between Russia and Japan. The Russian merchants had been interfering with British merchant ships, and the British were in search of them. At Calcutta we saw two more British warships, and when on our way through the Bay of Bengal we were attacked one morning by the sound of cannonading. A Russian ship of war signaled us, and as the Captain did not know us quickly enough to get there, we fired a shot as a warning. In a moment the pursuing vessel was all on fire, and there was considerable excitement when we saw the British ship leading a light in our direction. They came within view of us, but turned aside. The Captain was a Frenchman, and we with the French went on, and when they saw that there was that ours was a merchant ship, they turned round and signaled that they gave up their sailing to search her.

### Consulting Physicians.

We reached London, the 12th of August, after over five weeks on the journey. My feet were swollen so badly that I had to be carried with supports or with bandages and got down to the docks as best I could. When we arrived at the station I went into a store and bought a pair of overshoes and put two pairs of socks into them. These were the only things I could get on my feet.

Next day I arranged for our passage to Wiesbaden and on one of the Aachen steamers. During our journey from Madras there were no doctors or shipwatches on in the ship, but out on the ship were two or three other persons, and I was examined by each of them. They were looking and that I had caught that dreadful disease, Syphilis, which is so common in the East. I told them I did not see how it was possible, for I had always, yes, a clean and careful life. They said that it was quite possible that innocent people sometimes caught the disease from others, either through drinking



[illegible]

## The Shock

How could I have spent all that night? I would have said, "In rooms with no doors." But I was scared, petrified to the very marrow. I was afraid to go out at night, even when walking the crowded hallways, so I was in a room. I was alone, or even I was alone, but I was alone. I was compelled to watch the news and listen at the right places. When I got off at Highland, I was walked to my standing place, and I was so thoughtful that I went right past the door without stopping. I soon found myself going down hall away to the other side. I slowly turned a few steps and went to my room. I got the daily paper, and tried to read, but although there were many interesting events taking place, the great or trophies at the time, my own trouble was so great that I could not keep my mind on anything. I read a little of news items without knowing what I was reading, but there was one thing I had to do, that was to be perfectly cool and self possessed till I could think out some plan of action.

My wife and children were away to the Zoo with some friends, and did not return until late in the evening. After she had put the child in to bed, she came to my room to see me, for owing to my lameness I had

been given a room downstairs. She at once asked me what the Doctor had said, and although I scarcely knew how to break the news to her, yet I was obliged to tell her. Still we both hoped that our tears were not as bad as the Doctor anticipated, and so as I persuaded her to go and take some rest and leave me alone with the Lord. I told her my bag and had never opened it, and I believed he would show us before returning what I ought to do. She poor woman almost heartbroken, added and good night and left me.

I did not sleep till after two o'clock, not finally committed my way up to the Lord, and in the morning I got up early and had the usual morning shave, took my coffee before the others were up. Then slipping on my slippers, I took my walking stick and hat and went to the hospital. I found Dr. C. in his bathrobe just taking a cup of coffee in his office, and I asked permission to enter the hospital. He said he was very glad I had returned as he would like to have further time to examine me, and as he was in charge of the hospital gave me a letter to the house surgeon. I asked him what I should say to the people of the house where I was residing, and he said to say to the manager and I was saying that I had T.H. and to have the building all washed before letting anybody use it, and that I was particular to do. I then went to East Creek, cancelled my ticket, attended to some other business and returned home at noon.

### **Sustaining Wife and Children**

On Wednesday Mrs. Davis completed her shopping. That evening when the others had retired she and I went to the storeroom in the basement where our heavy trunks were, and she packed me up my outfit. While she was putting in the pins, needles, thread and other things that I might want to use, her tears were



falling. I said: "Laura dear, you have always been brave. Be brave still, keep up your courage. There will be some way out of this trouble. God will not forsake us." It was nearly 12 o'clock by now we had patients a large number and retired to rest again. The next morning at eight o'clock we bade our friends goodbye and went to Boston Station where Mrs. Davis and the children took the train for Liverpool. I told them I had said nothing to the children about returning. Then I told them that I was going to the hospital, and with some money asked them to be good and help their mother all that week. The train whistled and I said good-bye to them. We waved handkerchiefs in a moment and then they were out of sight.

The parting with them was so great, while I was standing there on the platform, that I could scarcely keep from crying out. But I walked back to where I had left my trunk, drove a mile or a half to another station and took the train for the Royal Albert Dock, where I arrived about 11 o'clock. I presented my letter to the house surgeon and was admitted into the hospital.

### Entering the Hospital

As usual in a hospital, I had to undress and go to bed, and remain there until the Doctor came on his inspection visit. It was Thursday the 15th of August, 1864, and while I lay I shall never forget that day. I had not under a great strain since Monday and the parting with my wife and children and the pain I was suffering made me very nervous. I had never been a patient in a hospital before. I was in a large ward, with about 40 beds, and was entertained off by myself. I took some dinner and tried to sleep, but the groaning of the patients and the patterning of the feet of the nurses, as they hurried to and fro among the sufferers, seemed weird and strange to me. The doctor came in the evening and examined me but said nothing. The patients

were suffering with all kinds of diseases. All through the night there were groans and cries, and these with the noise of the street-cars and the trains that were constantly passing together with the constant movements of the nurses administering medicine made it almost impossible for me to get any sleep. The next day at 10 a.m. I was put into a small ward upstairs with a young man from South America. He was gentlemanly and it was a great relief to get out of that general ward.

### Further Examinations.

The Superintendent paid a visit to the hospital twice a week, and they were examining my blood for germs, but evidently did not wish to tell me much. I knew the opinion of the chief Doctor, but that was all. Occasionally a visiting Doctor called and examined me, but as a rule they were not certain what was the matter with me.\*

I bought the daily paper every morning and read the news, wrote letters to my wife and tried to while away the time. As soon as I got a little better I began to go out for short walks on the road leading past the Docks and occasionally to Wrenwick Gardens, and often I walked up and down the banks of the river in prayer and meditation. What could it all mean? Here I was, 46 years of age, in the prime of life, in the strength of my manhood, the ambitious period of life,

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\*The bacillus leprae discovered by Hansen in 1879 closely resembles the bacillus tuberculosis, discovered by Hock in 1880. They are of the vegetable kingdom and the smallest of living things yet known, 125,000 of them could lie side by side on an inch, being about five times as long as they are broad. They multiply by division, and one may increase to 17,000,000 in 24 hours. The leprosy germ is supposed to enter by abrasion of the skin, and is but feebly contagious.

when I wanted to do some great thing for the Lord and for years had I not been haunted with the thought that I was going to have some great opportunity that some unusual thing was going to be thrust upon me? I had anticipated that it was going to be something great and good, but instead of that I was told that I had a disease that was going to cut me off from my fellow men, separate me from my family, and blight all my hope, and I thought, what can it mean? What have I done to merit it? If I have committed any sin, Lord show it to me. Make it known to Thy servant and I'll repent in dust and ashes before Thee all my days. And there was just life would come up before me, the struggle I had gone through for the native church, the slaves and the crippled had spent visiting the sick, the orphan and the widows I had clothed and supported at the boarding schools, the beggars I had fed at our gates, the Thams and I had helped a number of free and famines, the lepers whom I had supported in their own homes and so when I had hoped to build a house of rest, and like Job I could say, "Lord, if I have ever seen the poor hungry and have not shared my bread with them, or the widows and the orphans naked and have not clothed them, then let me suffer." But if I have done no such thing, why hast Thou not remembered me in mercy and mercy?"

I heard two doctors talking outside of my door one day and one of them said to the other, "This missionary has given his life over to those black devils and this is what he has got for it." These missionaries always talk about the Lord taking care of them, but He didn't take care of him, did He? The devil had told me just the same thing and as I walked beside the Thames day after day, and watched the roaring tide going out, I was tempted to jump in and end it all. The water was yellow with the dust and dirt of the city, and I would soon sink beneath it and be carried away with

the tide. There would be just a little splash and that would end it all. What was I now? Why should I live? I would be a disgrace to my family and a warning to mankind. I couldn't smile, nothing could make me laugh. I felt as though I would never want to wear any good clothes again. If I could only hide away in some shed or some lonely spot in the earth and die in obscurity! But no, I couldn't. And again the temptation to jump into the river would return and I would have to pray hard and ask God for strength to keep me and say, "Get thee behind me Satan, thou art an offence unto me."

### - A Great Temptation.

And just here I wish to say that it doesn't take long, when one is in trouble of such an overwhelming nature to think that the most righteous course to pursue is to put an end to one's own life. Those who have known me will bear testimony that I have been one of the most hopeful characters they have ever met. But here I was alone and misunderstood. There were English officers from tropical climates who were suffering for the same and as a number of the doctors thought my malady was Nephritis I was placed in the same category with sinners. I was conscious of my own innocence and integrity and often I said, "When He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." But melancholy apoplexy would sweep over my soul. I had lived for years in the sunshine of God's presence and there hadn't been a shadow between me and my Lord. When I had prayed I had felt that He was very near to me, that I had access to Him and fellowship with Him and He answered my prayers, but now I was in trouble and it seemed as if a thick dark curtain were drawn tight between me and my Maker. I tried to pray but it seemed of no avail. The curtain would not lift and I could not see through it. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify

me after came to try to in - but where was the face of promise now? It was all right - I was all dark to me. The surge of the late stream-paths raised about them a dark fear - and I perceived them. How often I had repented of this, when I went my work at Linn's. Right was it? It was right to the man who had been a trouble and had been a curse - but what about the other who had given comfort and faith? If I had not uttered anything - I should have said - I have said - And seen that others had suffered and died - I should have said - I was the executor of good men who had not lived but who were remembered and the many had suffered.

### The Problem of the Area

[illegible]

I had no doubt about hell—that the mind could suffer without the body seemed to me evident—but why should there be such a world? Who did a good God create it? And sometimes I thought if I could create a world at all I would create a better one than this. And often I said with Job: "Better were it if I had never been born."

### Rebellion and Contrition.

Sometimes there was rebellion in my heart, and I would tell the Lord not to tempt me too much, for the worm would turn on the foot that tramples it down. In my remorse and sorrow and through so constantly dwelling upon it, I was carried to the very verge of insanity. And then I would have times of great contrition, and would confess my sins with shame and sorrow before the Lord, and ask Him not to lead me into temptation, but deliver me from the evil one, for it seemed to me that the Lord had let the devil loose upon me, and often I would cry out: "Oh, God, help me! Strengthen me, for my adversary is too great for me. I cannot fight him alone. Blessed Jesus, Thou, too, didst battle with him and conquer. Help Thou! Thy poor servant lest he be overcome." And then for a few days I would have rest, would read my Bible and try to lean on the promises of God. I was not afraid of death. I could say, with Job: "I digged for death more than men dig for gold; but alas, it was far from me." And often in a field or lonely road I poured out my heart to God in prayer. I confessed my shortcomings and my sins and humbled myself before Him.

### A Heart Cry

I had heard about a heart cry, but I never knew what it was till then—but as I lay upon my face on the ground and cried to my Father in Heaven, "God have mercy upon me! Christ have mercy upon me!" and

my tears fell like rain upon the grass, I told the Lord if He would only hear my cry and deliver me, I would lay my life at His feet for His service. Yes, I would kiss His feet and wash them with my tears. I cried to Him as few men have ever cried, and if the saints and angels can witness our sorrows on the earth, they must have wept as they saw my figure prone upon the ground so often weeping and crying out in anguish of heart, 'God be merciful to me a sinner' Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me for if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean!"

### **In Darkness and Forsaken.**

A text that I had heard the great Spurgeon speak on the first time I was in London came to my mind. Who is there among you that feareth the Lord that obeyeth the voice of His servant that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon His God. In 50-10 He preached with such power and tenderness that he made me weep as I listened to him, and yet I could not understand a Christian walking in darkness and having no light. But there are times when God seems to abandon His own, and this was my hour of darkness and oft times I cried out in agony of soul "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" I remembered then that He hid His face from His Beloved Son in Whom He was well pleased. I had always thought that when I came into great sorrow God would be very near, that angels would meet me on the way, and that the pathway would be bright, but it was not so. Perhaps I made the cloud myself, because I was determined to be healed and I couldn't ask anything else.

### **Retaken and Reconciled.**

While I was in this state of mind, murmuring and repining and beating my wings against the bars of

the cage in which God had locked me up, the same rebuke that came to me in Manitoba, in 1890, when my father and mother and brother died of typhoid fever, came to me again in the hospital. 'He will and know that I am God.' Ps. 46: 10. Again I was humbled before Him and hushed to silence. No as I dwelt upon that verse of Scripture I remembered the other portion of it. 'I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.' When first this text came to me it made a great impression on my mind. 'He will and know that I am God' was the portion for me at that time, but then and for years after during my college course I often thought, 'What does the other part of that text mean to me and why does it haunt me now?' But lo! as I lay upon my bed there in the hospital I remembered that I had tried in my weak way to exalt the Lord among the heathen, and the quest on came in my mind, 'Will the other portion of the verse be fulfilled? Will I be healed and permitted to do something to exalt Him in the earth, or will He be exalted through my sufferings and death?' And I cried out, 'Lo! Thy will be done. Whether by life or by death, let me glorify Thee and I will not ask any more.' From that time on I became reconciled in my lot and I could say with the Apostle, 'All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.' And what is that purpose? It may be found in the context. 'That we may be conformed to the image of His Son.'

### Ministered to by Friends.

When I had spent a month alone I felt as if I would like to see someone that knew the Lord, and having entertained Mr. John Jackson at our home in Ramachandrapuram and knowing his address, I wrote him a note and asked him to call on me. The next day I received a visit from him. He was greatly amazed to



see such a change in me, and to learn of my affliction, but he was a wise man, with a kind heart, and did not say any foolish thing to try to comfort me. He sent me a number of good books to read, and among others one on 'Faith cure, or Divine Healing,' by Dr. A. B. Simpson of New York. But though I believed all things were possible with God, I couldn't make myself believe that God was willing to heal all people, or that He did not wish us to make use of medical skill. I believed that if I was ever healed it would be by direct intervention of God Himself, and if my work was not done, that He would heal me, but why should He heal me any more than thousands of others who had lived better lives than I had, and yet were slowly dying of consumption? 'If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed ye shall say to this mountain, Be thou removed and cast into the sea, and it would obey you.' Yes, it is a question of faith. But faith is the gift of God, and I could only say, 'Lord, increase my faith.' and I believe to-day that when God wishes to heal anyone He gives him the faith to be, and he will be healed.

On New Year's Day I received a card from my nephew, Ralph Bellamy, who was attending Oxford University as a Rhodes scholar. On it was a verse from Whittier:

"Who hath not felt, in hours of faith,  
That truth to sense and flesh unknown,  
That life is ever lord of death,  
And love can never lose its own."

I had been looking on the dark side of life, and yet I realized that life was ever lord of death, for where there is life there is hope. That verse from Whittier lifted me up, and made me think of the brighter side of life, but there would come lonely hours, hours of sadness, and somehow I felt that I had grown old. I

loved to listen to the children playing in the park. I was so surrounded by death and gloom, and they were so joyful and happy and full of life that their innocence and their mirth were a pleasure to me.

Dr. J. H. Farmer of Toronto, was in London and paid me a visit. He was so tender and so sympathetic that his prayer and his visit were a blessing to me. He left a pound on the table, as we parted, for me to buy books with. Among others I bought the Autobiographies of George Fox and John Wesley and Cardinal Newman's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua." I read these books with great pleasure.

### The Divine Voice.

The reading of these books occupied my mind and kept me from thinking about myself. Notwithstanding the awful darkness through which I passed while I was in the hospital, I yet realized that I was not alone, that I was being kept and upheld by a power greater than my own. I wanted to return to India, but one day when I was praying and asking for guidance as to what course I should pursue, a voice spoke with me and said, "You'll go to Canada and not return to India," and I knew it was the Lord. Then beside the direct leading of the Spirit, my wife would not consent, and the doctors were all opposed to my returning to a hot climate. They strongly urged me to go on a farm and live a quiet life. Accordingly my brother, having sold my land in Manchuk, purchased a small farm for me with the proceeds. I remained in the hospital till towards the end of March and grew stronger and better in every way. Then, having paid extra to secure a cabin to myself, I took passage to Canada.

## CHAPTER XIV

### **My Struggle for Life and the Defeat.**

I arrived on the farm on the 10th of April, 1905. My brother had erected a special room for me. He wished me to build a large hen house and go into the poultry business. But I had no experience in this line and did not care to undertake it. Just before I left the hospital in London an old doctor, who had spent thirty years in Burma visited me. He said he had seen many cases of leprosy and was sure I was not suffering with that disease. He agreed however with the other doctors that I had better go on a farm, have a room to myself, lead an outdoor life and see how I would get on.

My brother and son were putting in the crop when I arrived. I had not seen my three oldest children for over seven years and did not know them when I met them. My oldest son, Stanley was a tall, thin boy, but not very strong. He and I undertook the farm work. Besides our own 50 acres, we rented some land from a neighbor and had quite a large hoe crop, including four acres of corn and an acre and a half of roots. This gave us a good deal of work which was very trying for me, but I got along fairly well until the haying and harvest came on and then I overdid myself. My old trouble started up afresh and I was obliged to give up all work during the latter part of August and September. I ate all the food I could drink a pint of milk after each meal and took 4'haulmoogro oil. When I rested, I would get better, but as soon as I tried to do any hard work I got worse again. I remained inactive on my farm and let my wife and the boys manage all the outside business.

### **Seed Struggle Renewed.**

The summer went by quietly, but some of my friends had written home, telling their people what my

illness might prove to be my brothers had mentioned it to members of the Foreign Missions Board and along in November the report got round about the neighborhood. I was very much distressed. It was not my own wish to go on the farm, but the doctors had all urged me to do so and now I had to abide by the consequences. If I had to meet people I generally shook hands with them with gloves on. My hands were very tender and I was compelled to wear gloves about my work. This too was the occasion of many unpleasant remarks. I was afraid the children would be shut out of the schools, and often I walked the floor of my room and prayed, 'Oh God save me from the scolding of the tongues of men.' I spent many hours alone in the woods, crying to the Lord in prayer and after I murmured against my lot and said, 'Lord why hast Thou set me up for a mark and shot all Thine arrows at me? Why dost Thou persecute me and why hast Thou made me a reproach among men so that all who pass by wag their heads and hiss at me?' The old question would come up, 'What have I done to merit the anger of my God?' Will He never smile upon me again? Is that the earth would open and swallow me up, or that I could hide away in the grave and be at rest? But after the Christmas holidays the children went back to school and nothing more was said.

### A Trying Situation.

I could not tell my children anything about the nature of my affliction, they were too young. I could not show them my love. I could not take my little girl in my arms and carry her about on my shoulder as I used to do. The older ones could never know me for I dared not be intimate with them. They would never know how much I loved them, and why I was there on that farm. I was in a false position. In September of 1906 I had a good offer for the place. I wanted to

sell it and let my wife take the money and buy a house for herself and the children in some town, and let me go to the Hospital where I am now at Tracadie. At first my wife consented to the arrangement but when the man came back the second time to close the bargain, she broke down and wept, and said if I left her she would go out of her mind. No matter against my will, I was compelled to remain. My wife had been in a hot climate so long that she was very nervous. She had not been accustomed to doing hard physical work and the care of the six children and myself was too much for her. Up to the time of my sickness, I had always managed all the outdoor affairs, and she had never had a worry or a care about anything of that kind but now she had to do the buying for the family, look after the accounts and do all her own housework. The strain was too great for her. That together with my sickness, cast a gloom over her and she was often melancholy. I was afraid to leave her and though I had my hours of doubts and fears, I spent them alone with the Lord, and always kept bright and cheerful when in her presence. She could not understand the Lord's dealings with me and was not so able to bear up as I was. For in the depth of my sorrow I poured out my heart to God in prayer and found relief. One thing became clear to me that I must remain on the farm until the Lord permitted me to leave it.

### **The Bible—Miracle or Myth?**

From the time I entered the Hospital in England, doubts began to sweep over my soul regarding the sixty-six books handed down to us by the Jewish people. What was the Old Testament at its best anyway? It was but a history which recorded the experience of good men in past ages. If God appeared to men and talked with them in those days, why did He not do so now? I had lived in the East many years. I had been

surrounded by Eastern people had read the 1 books, their mythological tales. I had seen the 2 superstitions and knew how they might easily come into a people how they consulted the priests and the astrologers before they would go on a journey to see if the time was auspicious and if the stars were favorable and how 3 a priest should charge to forecast the weather and his forecast proved correct though he had failed a dozen times before they would pay him 4 one. He was equal with the gods he could foresee the future he had the power of life and death and all who met him on the street would bow down and worship him. And when any great man told these wonderful tales about him some of which were true but most of the events recorded were imaginary.

You Eastern people in their ignorance believe everything in a god or a demon and is it not possible that the Testament writers were men like you which had it in them a measure of truth but which also contained elements of a purely imaginary character? And might there not have been added to and at 5, more imagined as they were recorded by the writers from age to age? And so much the New Testament more was it not possible that it too might in a great extent be the fruit of imagination? Much of it was written by ignorant fishermen and was it not possible that even the miracles they recorded were the signs of those that take place in our days? Many people in India make pilgrimages to sacred streams, bathe in holy waters and are apparently healed of some kinds of disease Mrs. Field in unwatched yet extraordinary ways in America is supposed to have cured thousands of people She raised up fifty thousand followers in an incredibly short time and her false plea called her a second Jesus raised another Christ in the flesh. And if at the close of the 19th century men and women give their testimony concerning the many miracles which she wrought,

might it not be possible that a superstitious people, in a dark age, were led to idealize the man Christ Jesus, and that some who were cured, but whose malady was more nervous and mental than physical, when writing His history years after He had passed away, merely imagined He wrought many of the miracles attributed to Him?

There was one thing sure—I was suffering from an incurable disease and there were millions of others in the world suffering in a similar manner with apparently no human remedy available. Moreover many of those who were suffering and going down to death were servants of Christ who loved and trusted Him and cried out to Him in the hour of their distress but He did not answer. He did not heal people nowadays.

My mind was constantly reverting to this subject. The silence of God was an enigma too great for me. I couldn't understand it and, try as I might, I couldn't penetrate the mystery.

### **The Foundation Fact—the Resurrection.**

But the more I reflected and the more I doubted, the less was I able to account for certain events that succeeded the death of Christ. If He had not risen from the dead, would those fishermen have given up their business and suffered hardships and imprisonment and even death for I to bear witness concerning His resurrection? If they had been rewarded by some king or emperor they might have been willing to propagate a story that had been told them but it is not according to human nature to suffer and die for a cause in which there is no gain or earthly reward, unless the cause is a worthy one therefore I could not doubt the resurrection of Christ.

### **The Stolen Life.**

And then, the conception of the "Ideal Life" by

poor fishermen would be more difficult to account for than the real life itself. How could these men conceive such a sublime character if He had never existed? For in all the writings of men there is no character that even compares with that of Jesus. His humility, His meekness, His overcoming evil with good, His self-sacrifice, His mandate to love our enemies, His holy life

all these were more than human and made Him absolutely unique among men. Yes, He lived. He was a real character. He wrought miracles. He suffered on the Cross and rose again and ascended on high. He transformed the lives of the Apostles, bound them to Him forever and made them His willing slaves and thousands since then have suffered martyrdom for Him. I had lived in a heathen land and had seen what heathenism could produce, and I had to acknowledge that all that was noble and pure and grand in the civilization of the Occident bore testimony to the miracle-working Jesus.

### **The Bible, the Record and Revelation.**

But what of the Bible? Is it a real revelation from God? It is a record of God's dealings with men in past ages. It has come to us through a human and therefore an imperfect medium. Errors may have crept into it, but still it is a revelation. It is a light to illumine the pathway that leads to Heaven. It gives consolation and comfort in hours of distress and weakness. The law was given by Moses through him God wrought miracles. He was permitted to build the Tabernacle, to set up the Old Testament church, to install the priests in office and to leave them a law which they were to administer and teach to the people, and from which they were not to depart day or night. But the priests themselves wrought no miracles. Their work was to administer the law in the old dispensation. The Apostles received the power of the Spirit. They



wrought miracles, spoke with tongues, established the Christian Church, ordained bishops and deacons in office, and gave them the law of the church in the New Testament, which they were to hold fast and administer, and from which they were not to depart. The New Testament, it is true, was given in diverse portions, part of it in the form of Epistles, written to real actual churches that were passing through peculiar trials and temptations. Nevertheless the Apostles were gradually guided into all the truth necessary for the church and for the individual. Their successors did not speak with tongues and work such miracles as they did, but they received the same Holy Spirit to work spiritual miracles, which were greater than the physical. They and their successors have gone on leading a lost world to Christ, and at the present time thousands of young men and women are leaving their homes and friends and going out to the dark places of the earth to work these same spiritual wonders in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Other frequently recurring questions were these: Do we really need the Bible? Have we not the Holy Spirit to guide us? Does the Lord not speak to us now as He did to men in days of old? May we not have visions and dreams and great spiritual upliftings? May we not hear a voice behind us saying, "Turn to the right, walk ye in it," when we turn to the right hand or to the left? I believe we may, for God has many times spoken to me, but then there is another voice speaking to us, and it is quite possible that we may hear the voice of the evil one and mistake it for the voice of God. We need to try the spirits to see what manner they are of. We need a common standard like the Bible, to which we may come and test the voices that are speaking to us. We are so subject to change, to sorrow and sickness and difficulties that overwhelm us, that we are in danger of being swept out of our bearings by the

powers of darkness. If I feel led or drawn to do anything or to pursue any course that is altogether out of harmony with the teachings of the Apostles and prophets, I am pretty sure that I am under the influence of the evil one, and I need to read over again the sacred pages to bring me into harmony with a God that is pure and holy. No man is sufficient unto himself. We need this common standard that God has given us, and the preacher who grips it with all his might and is determined to know nothing among men but Jesus and Him crucified will prove himself to be a man of God and a blessing to his own generation. When the wind of criticism has blown past I believe the Bible will be left rooted deeper and stronger than ever in the hearts of God's servants. Negative teachers can never save the world. The hour is coming when the minister of God must be able to put his finger on the sacred page and say: "Thus saith the Lord." The soul that sinneth it shall die. The axe is laid at the root of the tree, and every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. If I were restored to health I would make my preaching more positive and more dogmatic than ever it was before.

### The Starving Cure.

I often heard of people being wrecked and left on islands without food, till one by one they started to death, and I had always imagined that it would be a terrible death to die. But, having had long experience in fasting, I can assure my readers that it is probably one of the easiest forms of death. In April, 1907, I lost the sight of my left eye. My right eye also was badly affected. I had eaten all the food I could hold taken a pint of milk after each meal for two years and had become very fleshy, weighing 205 pounds, but I was no better in health, and whenever I worked hard I got fever, and lumps would form on different parts of my

body. If I totally lost my strength what was I going to do? I certainly would be of no use on the farm. I consulted my way to the Lord and waited on Him daily to guide me. About the first of May Rev. W. T. Hunt sent me a book on how to keep healthy. I read it over, but there was nothing new in it. I had heard our Mission doctor talk a little about what was mentioned in it respecting the cause of health. Then I remembered that I had once bought a book called *The New Science of Healing* by Lucas Kuhse of Lausanne. My wife, after searching for some time, found it in the back of my library. I could see just enough to read the important parts of it through two or three times, and at last I decided to accept the course laid down by him, and give the treatment he used a trial. I had often been subject now and then to a kind of serum when I was in the hospital in England, and had eaten an egg-cupful of rice and every day, or two weeks. I had taken five pounds of Chaulmoogra oil, and tried one or two other remedies, but all had proved of no avail. On the 15th day of May I changed my diet gave up all kinds of meat, eggs, butter, milk, pepper, salt and vinegar and instead ate vegetables, stewed fruit and unseasoned graham bread. In the morning I took rolled wheat porridge, without salt or milk, but generally I had a few baked apples or a little stewed fruit without sugar to eat with it. At noon I ate turnips, carrots or parsnips and two slices of unleavened bread without butter, and at night a little fruit and one slice of bread. Along with this dieting I took two steam baths every week and three sitting hip baths in cold water daily. While following this course I worked five or six hours a day on the farm. The first month I lost 24 pounds, the second 18 pounds, the third 13 pounds, the fourth 11 pounds, and the fifth 5 pounds, in all 71 pounds. During this time I worked through the haying and harvest and, although I was not strong, still all the necessary and

swelling went out of my feet and legs, and I felt very much better than I had for three years. That Fall I let my oldest son go away to work for himself, did the Fall ploughing and cut the corn and drew it in several. Often I was so weak that after sitting down to rest, when I arose everything would go dark and I would become so dizzy that I would fall over against the fence and have to hang on to it for a while till my strength returned. Then the darkness would pass away and I would go on with my work. Huber was very positive in his work that it is possible to starve the germs of any disease, and I determined to give the thorns a fair trial. I went steadily on with my work, and in the winter time did the chores and cut the wood for the house. My other boys went to school, and did not have much time to help me, except on Saturdays. I improved considerably at first, but by the Spring of 1909 I did not seem to be any better.

### **Sickness and Death of Mrs. Davis.**

About the first of January, 1909, my dear wife took sick with Neuritis. In May the doctor found a gathering back of her left lung, tapped it and took away over a quart of pus. She almost collapsed under the operation. Two doctors said she could not live a week. Her eyes and mouth were both open, and she lay in an unconscious state. Her sister was with her and watched over her very tenderly. When a week had passed she gathered a little strength and seemed better. She lingered as it were between life and death till January the 6th, 1910. She was so weak that she could not wait on herself in any way, and suffered a great deal of pain throughout the year. After the High School examinations were over in June, Evelyn became sole nurse to her mother, and took care of her night and day until she passed away.

It was a very trying year for me, for during the

hours of my service, she had been my close companion, and on Sundays when the children were away to church and at Sunday School she used to read to me. She was a beautiful reader and it was a great pleasure to listen to her. We spent many happy hours together reading and talking over plans for the future. As, through the year, there were strangers in the house. She was ill, and the doctors were coming and going once or twice a week. I had to look after the work outside and give advice concerning everything up that went on. I did my own washing, scrubbed my own floor, washed my own dishes and tried to keep my room tidy, but I was difficult for I was half-blind. I had done my own washing and scrubbing from the first but my wife used to come into my room and tidy up and help me to keep things in order. Then, too, I was so blind that I could not see to stir the coal-lacks when ploughing. My little boy, George, used to walk down the side of the furrow just ahead of the horses and I followed him and struck out two or three loads before he went to school in the morning. I had done that for three years for I could not see a stake from one side of the field to the other, but when once I had, he had struck out the little boys went on to school and I would plough away till night. I was very weak, and when I became very hungry, my sight would fail to such an extent that I could not see the plough and I would have to switch and try again after dinner. I also had a sore foot and could scarcely walk, but I toiled away as best I could and completed the work.

Along in December I wrote to my son John, who was teaching school in Alberta, that if he wished to see his mother again he had better come home for Christmas. He came and stayed with us till the 2nd of January. He spent most of the time with his mother though she could not talk much. It seemed to comfort her to have him near. On the night before he left, I went for

Stanley, and we all gathered in the parlor around her bed and sang in low tones —

"Abide with me fast falls the eventide  
The darkness deepens . Lord, with me abide  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, Oh abide with me

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,  
Change and decay in all around I see  
Oh Thou who changest not, abide with me "

Kerlyn read the 23rd Psalm, and we all knelt in prayer . I lifted my heart and voice to God for her and the children . When we had finished she thanked us all and kissed all the children good night and that was her last act on earth . The next morning John was compelled to start back for the West . When he bade his mother good bye they were both cheerful, though they knew they would never meet again on earth . She kept up bravely , kissed him and told him not to miss his train and I hurried away with him to the station . When I came back she asked me to write to her sister and tell her she would soon be with Jesus . The next day I spoke to her but she did not answer . The doctor said she could not live till evening , but she lived till Thursday evening at seven .

When she was gone, Tina, our servant girl, became very nervous and excited and began to sob . Kerlyn, too, who had been up night and day for so long had reached the breaking point . Dear little Annie was lying in the parlor bedroom in a critical condition, suffering from a sharp attack of pneumonia and the least excitement might throw her into convulsions . I took in the situation in a moment, and lifted up my voice and sang, "Praise God, from Whom all blessings

flow. Evelyn and the boys joined with me. Then I sent the boys to call the neighbors, and went in to talk with Annie. I told her stories of the joys of heaven, of its golden streets and jasper walls, and how probably the angels were taking her dear mother about and showing her the glories of which we read in the Bible. I told her that her mother had no pain now and that she must not wish her back again to suffer as she had done. She said: 'No she would rather not see her come back again to suffer. Poor little darling! How I longed to kiss and caress her! But I dared not. There was a barrier between me and my loved ones, and how keenly I felt it in the hour of sickness and death. God only knows. I was granted special strength for the occasion, and kept up as bravely as a general commanding an army.'

When I had got Annie quieted, I wrote out three telegrams and had one of the neighbors drive me to town. I saw the undertaker, chose a casket and returned home. The undertaker followed and embalmed the body that evening. The next afternoon at four friends and neighbors gathered in, and Rev. G. C. Lamont conducted a short funeral service. The children and I sang one verse of the beautiful hymn:

'Sleep on, beloved sleep and take thy rest,  
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast,  
We loved thee well, but Jesus loves thee best,  
Good night! Good night! Good night!'

At six o'clock the undertaker came and took the body away to his rooms. As Annie was in a critical condition the doctor thought the sooner we could have the remains removed from the house the better. The next morning my son Stanley, and my wife's brother, Zachariah Lockhart, accompanied the body to Newtonville, Ont. On Monday, January 10th, 1910, Doctors

Brown and Bates conducted a funeral service in the Presbyterian church at the place where my dear wife had spent her childhood days, and she was laid to rest beside her mother in the Lockhart family plot. Our house seemed very empty when she left us, but none of us wished her back. She had suffered so much that it was a sad but glad relief when God took her. I received many letters of sympathy from friends and from the Foreign Mission Board, which has been so true and so kind to me since my affliction. To all those dear friends, and to my fellow missionaries in India, I owe a debt of gratitude I can never repay.

### God's Marvellous Power of Restraint.

It is difficult for man to contemplate the almightiness of God. We witness it in the terrible storms on the ocean, in the roar of the falls of Niagara, in earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, in the rumbling roaring thunder that follows the flash of lightning, in the night that upholds the starry heavens above us, but we are finite and limited and cannot conceive of unlimited power.

If man were possessed of this great power which we ascribe to God, how would he use it? History tells us how kings and feudal lords have exercised their power. Herod, through jealousy, had his wife and two sons and his mother put to death. Nero not only called out in his passion, "Christians to the lions," but imprisoned and put to death officers and noblemen who dared to oppose him. Kings were absolute monarchs in those days, and often, in their fits of anger, put to death their best friends. They had power, but lacked restraint. And even among Christians, many have been put to death or imprisoned in the name of Him who said, "Love your enemies, and do good to those who despitefully use you."

Few men can be trusted with great power. A man



who meets with signal success in life often becomes vain and proud and refuses to recognize the companions with whom he played in boyhood. He lacks the power of restraint and reserves an offence to his fellow men. The great defect in human character is this lack of restraint. Even the sons of Zebulun the loving Apostle John and his brother James once asked the Lord to roll down fire from heaven upon those who opposed them.

God's thoughts are not our thoughts nor His ways our ways. Men blaspheme His name, break His laws, trample on justice and still He waits with them and is silent. We fly to the roof of our cities when in distress, and get them, plunder them and upon them, smelter because we are selfish, frustrated and feeble, but how "merciful and longsuffering toward His children." He sees that which we hide at the closet and His glory and He lets them see His hardships as "after what manifold heart-breaking to read about" and yet He is silent. This silence of God has ever been a mystery to men.

As I lay in the hospital in London, and realized that I was the last of a line, as we were saying, that all my life plans were broken, and my dreams and aspirations brought to naught, the hardest thing I had to bear was the thought that God had counted me unworthy to serve Him. I had put in two years in India and had just begun to understand the people and the work. I had offered myself to the Lord, body and soul for that work, and then I was taken away from it. What could it all mean? Had I been mistaken? Had I miscalculated my trial? Why was the way so dark? And why did He hide His face from me?

So I can imagine the heaviness of heart with which Moses went about his work in the desert. He was a graduate of the Egyptian College. He was a philosopher. He was well versed in all the Egyptian sciences. He was an officer in the King's army. He had

servants to wait on him and hands of men to play for him. And here he was in the desert without a book without a servant without an educated companion with whom he could converse. The sun went down into his sea, he gave up all hope of delivering his people. The silence of God was too great for him, he could not withstand it, he could only serve on and die as a shepherd. His when least expected a bush burned one day, and a voice spoke to him. God's time had come, and he is the chosen leader of His people, and for forty years he led them through the very wilderness where he had been a shepherd. He gave them the Law and the Tabernacle, ordained a priesthood for them, and led them to the Jordan, there promised possession. He suffered forty years, but he rendered the greatest service to God and His people of all who bear the name of Jew.

In these examples the reason for God's silence is given. But take the case of John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus who prepared the way of the Lord and made His paths straight, who pointed his own disciples away from himself to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. And yet he was thrown into a dark damp prison and left there to grow despondent and melancholy. Stupor Jesus, calming the tempest and stilling the wave, healing the sick and raising the dead. John hears of this marvellous power and wonders why it is not exercised on his behalf. He cries to him for deliverance, he doubts, he sends his disciples to Jesus to inquire if He really is the Christ, and although he is assured by the reply of Jesus, yet his prayer is not answered, and he is not delivered from the prison, instead he is cruelly put to death by a wicked king.

Did not Jesus love him? Had He not power to deliver him? I answer in the affirmative. He both loved him and had the power to deliver him, but John's work

on earth was done. There was higher service for him to perform, and hence God was silent.

This lesson I take to myself. If my work on earth is done, God will not heal me, though I cry ever so much, for He has some other purpose in view, something that I cannot understand now.

"Not now but in the future years,  
It may be in the better land,  
We'll know the meaning of our tears,  
And then, ah then, we'll understand."

And I am led to believe that one of the chief characteristics of God is His power of restraint. Every man and woman has this power in a small degree. If we cultivate it and learn to restrain ourselves, it makes us more like our Lord and Master. All true nobility of character is built up through this process of restraining our desires, of denying ourselves and taking up our cross cheerfully. We can only attain to knowledge by the path of denial, by our holding on, even through crucifixion. And I must believe that God is working out for me through my suffering a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Therefore, I bow my head and kiss the hand that smites me, and say "Father, not my will but Thine be done."

### Giving.

The question may arise in the minds of those who peruse these pages. How could I be happy while on the farm with my wife and children, knowing that I had a terrible disease, and might possibly communicate it to some of them? I can only say that I tried to be happy, because I felt compelled to remain on the farm until the Lord showed me definitely what I was to do, and during those five and a half years I hope my children profited by my being with them. The three older

ones were just at the age when the character of young people is being shaped for good or ill and it was highly important that they should be with their parents at such a time. They belonged to the church but they knew almost nothing about the duty or responsibility which this involved. I could not attend church myself, and my wife refused to leave me, but every Sunday she got our six children ready and sent them to church and Sunday School. She took an idle envelope supplied by the church, put ten cents into each of them, and gave them to the children to take for an offering to the Lord, and when the offerings for the various Missions were taken, we generally gave four or five cents to each of these special objects. We did our going through the children, and taught them that God required for His service a portion of all that we received. My wife was very practical and faithful about going to all good causes, and we taught the children not to forget the poor. At the end of our first year we received some Xmas presents from friends, and sent \$10.00 to India for the new English chapel at Changanassery, and \$15.00 to build a house for the native pastor at Kanchanganassery, and we did not forget our own beloved pastor either. God had been good to us, and we tried to be prompt in passing on to others a portion of all that we received.

I conducted worship with the children every day, and did all I could to start them out in life with their faces heavenward. There are so many things that come up and have to be faced and settled by boys who are just passing into manhood that I felt they needed my counsel. As far as I could I made them my companions. I talked with them about the various walks of life with which I was acquainted. They in turn told me their difficulties and troubles. I believe that parents ought always to be frank with their children, to trust them and keep their confidence, and this I tried to do. They

did not understand or appreciate the value of a reformation, so I had to keep the importance of it before them constantly. They did not realize what were the important things in life. They needed their wives and mother to point out to them their mistakes and to emphasize the things that ought to have first place. A man who has not a family will know what a



CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. DAVIS (1905)

Eslyn, Arthur, Stanley, George, Annie, John Wilson.

task it is to get children to discern between the false and the true, between the things that count for much and the things that count for little.

### Neighborly Kindness.

Shortly before I came away one of our neighbors was hurried out. They lost their house and all their clothing except what they had on. My son John, heard

of it and came home and reported the matter to me Monday evening. After we had prayer, I said to the boys: "We have a house and beds to sleep in to night, but our friends have none and no clothes to wear to church on Sunday" and I asked Arthur my youngest son what he intended to do about it. Then one of the boys remembered that we had a bed we did not need, and suggested that we give them that. We also found two good hats my wife had bought before she was taken sick and two pillows and decided that we could give them. The little boys had earned about six dollars apiece working for neighbors, and they volunteered to give a dollar each. Anne also had her own little bank account and she gave a dollar. John had returned from teaching school in the West and he gave five dollars. I gave five and Stanley who was working away from home gave two. The next morning I sent John with the bed and the other things to our friends. He also interested the treasurer of the Intervale church in the matter. The latter telephoned the pastor requesting him to come up that they might consult together. The pastor wrote a brief statement of the case and signed his own name for five dollars and the treasurer did the same. They each took a copy of the subscription list and agreed to see what they could collect. The treasurer collected forty dollars and John seventy three. Other subscribers brought the total up to about two hundred. This was handed to our unfortunate neighbor together with some bedding.

### Good Counsel.

This was one of the last acts I inspired my boys to do. I had tried to keep them out of bad company, to show them the evils of smoking, drinking and idleness, and had kept urging them to aspire to be something and to do something for the Lord Jesus Christ. And if, in the good providence of God, they shall prove to be

a blessing to their fellow men, my life with them on the farm will not have been a failure.

### **Fighting the Disease.**

In July of 1910 my strength commenced to fail and my disease began to reassert itself. I was unable to do the work on the farm any longer. My son John returned home and took my place. In August I still further restricted my diet to see if I couldn't exterminate the germs. I continued to take my steam and cold baths, and ate as little as possible. I kept reducing myself little by little till I weighed only 118 lbs. I had intended to keep on reducing till I should weigh only 100 lbs., but I got so weak, and my heart beat so violently that I was afraid I was slowly committing suicide. That I did not wish to do, but still I was unwilling to give up the treatment. I used to walk about four miles a day on the railroad track, and lie down on the grass in the woods to rest myself, and every time I got up I would be so dizzy and blind that I could scarcely stand, and would have to hold on to the fence or a tree for a few seconds, to recover strength enough to walk back to the house. When I started to walk, it seemed as if I were walking on the air. When I breathed, I could feel the air discharging from my ears.

### **The Final Diagnosis.**

I struggled on like this till the end of October. When I saw that I could not conquer the disease, I made up my mind that I was going to eat some real food again. Just at this time Dr. E. G. Smith, our medical missionary home from India on a furlough, came to see me. When I left India he thought I was suffering merely from a nervous collapse. He was now convinced that I had that fearful disease of the East. So I determined to leave my home and children and get

away to a hospital, where I would not be a source of danger to others, and where I could be properly cared for. I had not eaten milk, eggs or butter for three years and five months, and when I began to take a little stronger food, I found my stomach was so weak that I could not digest it. After each meal my heart would beat violently and I would perspire terribly.

### To Tracadie.

I got my brother George to correspond with the superintendent of the Hospital at Tracadie, N. B. When I found I could be received, I urged him to accompany me and assist me on the journey. My eyesight was so bad I could scarcely see where I was going, and could not tell one person from another, so it was not safe for me to travel alone. My brother kindly consented, although he disliked seeing me go so far away from home. We were two days and nights on the train. I could not take a Pullman car and he refused to leave me. So we sat up in our seats all the way, and finally had a drive of 34 miles through a storm, to reach our destination. My strength was just about exhausted. He must have felt very weary, too, but did not complain. He remained two days at the hotel, and visited me twice each day. Then we said farewell, and he travelled back a thousand miles to his home.

I had committed my way to the Lord. I had burned my ships behind me and could not return, nor had I any desire to do so. All the doctors I consulted had encouraged me to go on the farm. I had done so, and although I never was quite happy about it, yet I had done my best. The Lord had called away my dear wife, and now He had separated me from my dear children, and yet I could say, "It is the Lord. Let Him do what pleaseth Him." For I was satisfied that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and that He was working for my highest good and His



glory I thought the end might not be far off, and that before the winter was over I might see Him face to face, and "tell the story, saved by grace "

"Not now, but in the coming years,  
It may be in the better land,  
We'll know the meaning of our tears  
And then, ah then, we'll understand "

## CHAPTER XV

### Five Years in the Lazaretto.

Toronto, Nov 24, 1910.

Dear Bro Brown.

Am passing through Toronto on my way home. Left John at Tracadie, N.B. Large stone hospital, steam-heated, clean, up-to-date in every way. Twenty-one with this disease there. Four blind, three of one family, woman and child. One worse than John. Supported by the Government. One end of the building a convent. Sisters care for the sick. Dr. Langmuir, Superintendent. Postoffice forty rods away. He is so blind he cannot read. Be careful what you write for others to read to him.

G. B. DAVIS.

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Tracadie, N.B. Nov 28th, 1910.

Dear Bro Brown.

We arrived here on Saturday night about dark. We left home on Wednesday at 4 p.m., and made good time until we got to Bathurst, where we arrived too late on Friday to catch the train on the spur line coming here. It runs only twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday. So we had to stay at a hotel a day and night, take a train going on another fork of the line for about 55 miles, and then by livery rig out here.

There will be no charge here, but it would be hard for me to live on their food. The patients are all of the poor working class, Icelanders and French. None of them can read or write.

Be careful what you write, for I cannot read your letters. I am cut off from the world. No one to read to me. No one of like faith in Jesus. All I have is God. But He is able to keep me until He calls me home. The Sisters are kind and will be good to me, I hope. You

can see what drove me here. It was blindness and weakness. I could not think of exposing John and the other boys to such a danger any longer. I could not see to wash my own clothes and keep my room scrubbed clean. I am not long for this world, anyway. I am only fit for the grave.

Remember me still at the throne. I need your prayers and sympathy now more than ever I did. But I am here for a purpose. Do not forget that, I will not forget it either.

The Lord be with you and all the members of the Board, as my prayer. I do not forget their love to me. G. B. will sell the farm next September and let John off to college. He will help John and Evelyn to look after the little ones.

J. E. DAVIS.

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Tracadie, N. B., Dec. 15th, 1910.

Dear Bro. Brown:

I was glad to get your letter a few days ago, and to know that you approved of my coming here. I thank you very much for your kind interest in me, your loving kindness to me and mine has been like a benediction since I returned home. You know the good book tells us "Owe no man anything but love." I confess that I am much in your debt in that direction. I am always glad that I met one in life who has been so true a friend to me. "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

"Two men looked out from their prison bars.  
One saw mud, the other saw stars."

If I choose to dwell on the melancholy side, I might see much that appeared to be like mud.

I caught a cold coming down and suffered consider-

able pain since arriving. I am nearly blind, and hence am cut off from the literary world. I am unable to read the papers and cannot keep my hand on the pulse-beat of the nation, as I was wont to do.

I do not take the Canadian Baptist, as I have no one to read it to me, so I do not know what is going on in the denomination.

The patients here are mostly of the poorer classes and do not take much interest in books and papers, and the Doctor and Sisters are too busy to spend much time in that way. But though, in one sense, I am dead to the world without, I see the stars ever shining before me, and as the Star of Bethlehem led the wise men in days of old, so it leads me to-day. I looked out of my window last night and saw the stars shining, and a stanza of Longfellow's poem came to my mind -

"Silently, one by one,  
In the infinite meadows of Heaven,  
Blossom the lovely stars,  
The forget-me-nots of the Angels."

I will not take up any more of your time quoting poetry, but if you know of anyone who takes the "Literary Digest," perhaps you could have it sent to me. I think one of the Sisters will try to find time to read me the important events recorded in it. It is published by Funk and Wagnalls, New York. I will be very glad if you can send it to me.

The Doctor and the Sisters are doing all they can for me, so you may rest assured that I am not neglected. I feel stronger to-day than I have since coming here. Please let me know all the news from the Mission fields in India, and, if you have time, ask Miss McLaurin to keep me in touch with the work going on there.

Now the God of all blessing be with you and your dear children

Yours in the best of bonds,

J E. DAVIS

Dec. 24th, 1910.

Rev Edward T Fox

My Dear Mr Fox, It was not so hard for me to come away from the family as you may think. Since Mrs Davis passed away, last winter I have been growing weaker and blinder and I was afraid of becoming a burden to the children. I therefore begged my brother to come and take me to Tracadie.

For six and a half years I have never been without pain, except when asleep, and during the past two months I have suffered a good deal. My hands and feet are greatly swollen, and my throat is very sore and dry. I have had a good deal of fever and perspire so at night that my clothes and sheets are wet through in the morning.

I have always hoped that in some way God would raise me up again and give me another opportunity of serving Him. But of late I have begun to feel that my life-work is done. Of course, concerning this I cannot say. I am ready to serve in this world, if it please Him, or to go up into higher service. "In His presence there is fulness of joy, and at His right hand there are pleasures forevermore," and that is where I long to be.

J E. DAVIS

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Tracadie, N B., Feb. 17, 1911

Dear Brother Brown

I received letters from Mrs McLaurin and Doctors Farmer and Norton, and a number of letters from India, so I am trying to send a return message to all the mis-

sionaries. I hope and pray that this may prove helpful to those who are toiling on the field.

I am getting along as well as can be expected, and have received a great deal of kindness and consideration from both the Doctor and the Sisters, who are so faithfully devoting their lives to such a needy cause. I do not regret coming here, but, on the contrary, I continually give thanks to God for such a home. I am not very strong, but still much better than I expected to be. This is my birthday. I have passed the fifty-third milestone, and I realize, too well, how poorly I have lived. It took me till I was forty-five to learn how to live, and when I said, "Lord, let me live for Thee, let my life henceforth be altogether Thine," then I ceased to live for Him, and have since been learning how to suffer and die for Him.

J. E. DAVIS.

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Tracadie, N.B., March 29th, 1911

Dear Brother Brown

I am not very strong, but I am just as happy as I was in India. My brother and some of my missionary friends wish me to write a history of my life. Do you think it would be of any value? I would not want it published while I was living, but if it would be of any use after I am gone, I would not mind telling out the whole story.

J. E. DAVIS.

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Kascarding, April 1, 1911

Dear Brother Brown

Poor John, that trip seemed like a nightmare. I hear from him every second week. He lost his voice about Xmas. He has gained in flesh, but is not so strong for walking about. Three lepers have died since he went there, two of them children. He has a com-

fortable room by himself, and is well cared for. He is blind, and all letters are written for him by Sister Petrie, who is well educated in French and very good in English. To keep John from thinking, with no occupation, I have persuaded him to write his life story.

G. B. DAVIS

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Tracadie, N.B., June 19th, 1911

Dear Brother Brown

I am continuing to take the Naxos, one syction each week, and think I am improving. Of course, it will take a long time to cure a case like mine, unless the Lord, in some special way, wills to heal me. I am altogether in His hands, and will not murmur against His leadings.

J. E. DAVIS

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Tracadie, N.B., July 12th, 1911

Dear Brother Brown

You will excuse me for having mentioned the word ambition, but I must tell you that I began to be very ambitious myself when I was forty years of age. I somehow woke up and began to realize what great things could be done for God and my fellow man. I was only commatred enough to undertake them, and sometimes I wondered whether the Lord was displeased with me for having taken that M. A. examination, though I am sure I did not neglect my mission work while I was doing it. What ambition I had was a desire to get the most out of the rest of my life, and to die seeking to accomplish some great work for the Lord Jesus Christ. But when I thought I was ready, when I began to reach out after greater things, when my heart began to burn within me and my soul to pant after the Lord, "as the hart panteth after the waterbrooks," then it was that He laid me low and humbled me. At first it seemed too great a cross to bear, but, by His grace and His love, I have either grown stronger, or

the cross has become lighter, for now I can say, with the poet —

"A tent or a cottage why should I care?  
They're building a palace for me over there!  
Though exiled from home yet still I can sing  
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King!  
The child of a King the child of a King!  
With Jesus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King!"

I have taken ten object-lessons of Nazareth and it has driven a good deal of foreign matter out of my system, but there is too much to be done yet for me to prophesy anything concerning the future. I keep in a fair degree of health go for short walks down to the seashore every day, listen to the reading of the daily paper and the Literary Digest, and keep in touch with all that is going on in the outside world. To say that I am never lonely would scarcely be true, but to say that I try to walk in the sunshine of His presence, in the shadow of the Cross, and that I have much real joy and happiness, is simply fact. And now may an overwhelming sense of God's presence be your portion and your strength to guide you in all your arduous duties.

Yours in the fellowship of Christ's sufferings,

J. E. DAVIS.

Coimbatore, India, July 13, 1911

To Our Brother in the Lord, Rev J. E. Davis with  
Affectionate Greetings

Dear Brother, Your message was such an out-breathing of your own inmost spirit as made your presence in the midst of us seem very real. It was as if you were here. Its tenderness and brotherliness, the high spiritual plane from which it spoke to us, the timeliness and appropriateness of its import, and its tone of triumphant faith very deeply touched our hearts and awakened in us feelings such as words can feebly express. We thank God that He has made his all-suffi-



first grace we should be shown. You do not restrain the feelings of affection which a veritable presence chamber of the Most High has placed about our



SIGNALLER JOHN WILSON DAVIS. B.A. 1876.

privilege to receive from the great sanctuaries a message so fraught with blessing and reparation. Probably none of us will ever forget what we felt during the

heart space occupied in listening to your letter. The example you have hitherto set us of faith and hope of working for, however at the Father's will, and of standing like a rock between us and hell, has been such as long ago, to elicit the grateful admiration of your brethren, and has proven to them, as well as to all who have had the pleasure of knowing you, how complete and unshakable is the sustaining power of Christ's presence. How all-embracing His love is a blessing for every circumstance and need of our lives.

Here we sit the example you have thus set us, and we know a rich treasure of blessing we most anxiously seek that you have not lived your life in vain since you left England. You have thus been fulfilling, probably to a far greater extent than you have ever imagined, a sacred mission of immeasurable worth. Were we competent to measure the value of, unrecorded suffering, we should see the extent of the unrecorded sacrifices of human lives that should flow therefrom. We would confidently say that in your own case the good accruing to a host from your patient work in the way of the cross has been well worth while. But we know that only the Father can fully determine such values, and that it is in your own will to go forth, rather than for us, your brethren, who are exempt to say whether the example you have set is sufficient and the great good that others have derived from it, as well as from your chastened ministry, thereon, has yielded you a compensation so satisfying as to justify the conviction that the good thus derived was worth the pain of the heavy cross. Thus we know that you fully trusted God to look after the fruitage of such sorrow, and that you feel that all is well where it is the Father's good and perfect will. For ourselves, we most earnestly assure you, but we thank God for sparing your life for the good that has resulted in us thereby. We would have been poorer men and women to-day had we been de-

joined of all your example and ministry have meant to us in recent as well as in past years.

In response to your request we placed a chair in the place of honor in the Telugu chapel where our sessions are being held a recognition of the Holy Spirit's presence and of His work of presiding over the deliberations of the Conference and, as the leader and guide of the people of God. Our sessions have been characterized by a spirit of singular harmony and helpfulness, and we have felt, in a very marked degree, the Divine guidance and blessing. We feel sure that much of this is due to the influence left on our hearts by your offer. If the same spirit of brotherly love and trust and the same consciousness of the leading of the Holy Spirit will but as fully manifest themselves in all future Conferences, they cannot fail to prove potent factors in the extension of Christ's Kingdom among the Telugus.

And now, dear brother, we commend you to God and to the word of His grace. How reassuring this word is. When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

Once more we assure you of our tender and unfailing sympathy, of our constant and fervent prayers for you and your dear children, and that you are ever held by us in affectionate regard and appreciation.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

Yours on behalf of the United Conference

JAMES A. K. WALKER,

C. H. ARCHIBALD,

A. E. BASKERVILLE.

Tracadie, N.B., Aug. 29th, 1911

Dear Bro. Gilmour

Your visit here was very much appreciated. I heard that some of the women almost cried when you went around and said a word of good cheer to them in their own language. Poor women! Some of them have left behind them children whose hearts yearn for and it does not take much to unlock their pent up feelings.

You asked me if I were willing to have a statement made in our Convention concerning the nature of my disease, and my whereabouts. I suppose the matter will be known some time, but I have not wished to be paraded before the public as a martyr while I am living. I went down into the fight and received my wounds, and will try to die like a good soldier, without a murmur or complaint. And I would be willing to-morrow to enter into the same work again, if God restored me to health and strength and gave me the opportunity. I would count it a great privilege, and not a sacrifice.

Yours in the best of bonds,

J. E. DAVIS.

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Tracadie, N.B., Dec. 5th, 1911

Dear Brother Brown

The weather is getting pretty cold, and the ice cuts will all be shut in during the long winter. We are trying to collect enough money to buy a Gramophone, to provide a little entertainment for them, and thus divert their minds from themselves. People suffering from this disease have a tendency to become melancholy. Their own sorrows and sufferings, and the thought of what they have lost, occupy their thoughts continually, and a little music occasionally would help brighten their lives. If you will have a dollar to spare, it would be thankfully received.

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N B., Dec 26th, 1911

Dear Brother Brown

We had a great day on Christmas. The patients were all entertained and delighted by the music from the Graphonola, as kindly sent by Dr Gilmour and on Saturday, the 23rd, I received the boxes of fruit and a box of figs, which I suppose Mr. Shemstone, out of a loving heart sent me. On Sunday I had a taste of the peaches, and they were delicious. As I lay on my bed and thought of the goodness of God to me in raising up such kind friends, I wet my pillow with tears, for these acts of kindness are to me 'tokens of God's' loving care, and they assure me of the faithfulness of His promise: "Lo I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the world."

I am continuing to take the Nectar twice a week, and that is as much as I am able to bear. I have considerable pains in my hands and feet and in my head and back, and in fact in all my limbs, and my throat is pretty sore. But suffering cannot dim my hope or lessen my faith. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

J. E. DAVIS

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Tracadie, N B., Jan 30th, 1912

Dear Bro. Brown

I want to tell you that I feel more and more persuaded that the New Testament is God's final revelation to man, and that it was given by the Holy Ghost, through the Apostles, for the guidance of the Church and the individual unto the end of time.

God gave the Jewish Church the law, through Moses and the prophets, and they were asked to continue in that law, and teach it to their children. So I think God did not leave the Church to drift without chart or compass.

I hope, as you grow older, you will become more and more a defender of the revealed word of God.

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N.B., April 13th, 1912

Dear Bro Brown

We have considerable snow, and the wind is pretty cold down here yet. The winter has passed away more rapidly than usual, because of the musical entertainments we have had from the Grapheola. I am not so strong as I was last Spring. I have had some chills and fever, but still I am able to keep on my feet most of the time.

J. E. DAVIS

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Copy of a Letter from Rev. S. C. Freeman, Missionary under our Board in India, to Rev. W. E. McIntyre, D.D., of St. John

Newcastle, N.B., July 13th, 1912

You will be glad to hear of our visit to Tracadie, I am sure. Mr. Fletcher, Miss Clarke, Mrs. Freeman and I went to Chatham by boat. A man with an auto met us there. It was a delightful day, and after the excessive heat, most welcome. The roads were fairly good, and we had a careful driver. But there was a burden upon us. We did not know what awaited us. It took three and a half hours to reach the place. The hotel accommodation was poor. After we had eaten we went to the Lazaretto. A Catholic nun, in their customary garb, received us, and we were shown into a room. There was lattice work between the room and another and we thought we would have to talk to Mr. Davis through the lattice. After a little time during which I presume she told him visitors had come to see him, and perhaps had put on him a collar and necktie, we were led to his room.

On our way we passed through a common sleeping-room, light, airy and clean. Mr. Davis has a room by himself which has been partitioned off from the larger room. He welcomed us as we came in, saying that he could not see us. I told him who we were. Then as we put a box of fruit on his table, thinking it was my

but I was placing there he told me I had better hold it in my hand. We sat down together and he talked. He seemed so glad to have a chance to talk. He told us much about his danger from the first till the present time. He is very free from discomfort except at sleep, and then he says he dreams so much of going to meeting and having all the people stare at him and, in his shame at being a hypocrite, shrink from them, so that even a kneeling he has his struggles with him. He has been in London about ten years. He has been blind about five years. There is one of the nurses who reads English and she reads the Daily paper, the Latimer Digest and the Catholic Record to him, but will not read the Evangelist, Baptist or the Missionary Review, because of often finding therein things against the Catholics. At his own request he has had volumes of Father Mordaunt read to him and has received many things which he would like to give to the world, if only he had the opportunity. He has written some things which are to be published after his death.

He expects his brother to come and see him and hopes to let a sister come with him. His mind seems very clear and active as a day's work. He asked me to subscribe for the Catholic Record of London. He said he knew that China had become a Republic and that the Labor Union Establishment was before the House of Commons. His greatest lack in the way of knowledge is concerning his own denomination. He receives letters from his people and has had letters from India, but he cannot answer a great many and I think makes no attempt to do so except to his relatives. There is but one Protestant woman in the Hospital, whom Mr. Clarke and Mrs. Freeman went to see. She is blind and as he is blind, also, their opportunities of talking together are few and they cannot talk freely because they are watched as to what they say. He talked to us in whispers, lest the people

might overhear. The word had gone out that he has become a Catholic, but he wishes us to witness for him, if any such word should be circulated after his death, that he was a Baptist, died in the word. For nine months he could not speak above a whisper, but he can talk all right now, except for a certain huskiness. He says that he has every physical cure, and that he is not rejoicing or fretting. 'Thy will be done' is his great desire. He regrets that he did not serve God better.

He endeavored to encourage us to put our whole lives into the service of God. Before we parted, I asked him if he would pray for us, and we knelt down together in his room, and he prayed not for himself, but for us and for the Kingdom of God. We spent more than an hour in his room, and the last words that I heard as we left were: 'May the blessing of God abide with you,' spoken in the Telugu language. We heard no word of complaint of any kind from him. Sometimes we were all in tears, sometimes we all laughed together, he more heartily than the rest. There is at present nothing unrightly in his appearance, so as to make conversation difficult. His face is swollen, and there are scars from sores on his face and hands. He made us feel that he appreciated our visit.

It was a great experience to see and hear him, and to realize a little of what the grace of God can do for a man under such circumstances. I conveyed as best I could the greetings of his brethren.

It is about sixty miles from here, and we arrived home about seven o'clock. I shall try to interest Dr. Cousins, and persuade him to visit him and give him a few hours.

S. C. FREEMAN

Trinidad, N.B., Sept. 5th, 1912

Rev. H. F. Laffamee

Dear Herbert, I have just had a visit with Mrs.



Elmore Harris. She and her mother were spending the summer months in Nova Scotia, and she came to see me before returning to Toronto. She is a noble woman. She talked with me about many things that she would like to do, and she evidently does not intend to let me. Before leaving she knelt and prayed such a simple childlike prayer: so full of faith and so tender and sympathetic that I could scarcely keep back the tears. I had never met her before, but she had heard a good deal about me. She had been in India and had seen the Dr. Kellerk House which I helped to build so had many things to tell me, both about India and Toronto.

I at first failed to express my gratitude to you for the trouble and expense you incurred in coming to visit me. When you left that night, I thought how often we had parted on India on some lonely roadside, after kneeling in prayer together. I thanked God for your life and devotion and for our Christian fellowship, and prayed that you might receive a fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit and be endued with power from on high, to bear testimony to the power of Jesus to save and to keep.

Yours in Christian love,  
J. E. DAVIS.

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Tracadie, N. B., Jan. 7th, 1913

Dear Herbert:

My son John was here and spent Xmas with me, and I was glad to talk with him once more. If he were only strong enough he would go to India with great pleasure. Neither he nor Evelyn have received any help from anyone for their education. Evelyn sold the furniture and the organ and put herself through last year. Then she earned \$175.00 teaching during the summer, and I am letting her have the interest on the money that came from the sale of the farm. John taught school two years in the West, and saved his money, which is

now putting him through. I think they will both become workers somewhere.

Although I am not quite as strong as I was when you were here still I am able to be up and to walk about a little. I have great reason to thank God for the faithfulness of those who serve us. For surely it is a test of friendship when one passes through a trial like this. I don't think anyone will object to the children going to college since I have been away so long at it. I am not anxious for my name to appear in any papers, though I believe it has appeared in some. But I suppose in time it will be generally known.

J. E. DAVIS.

Truro, N. B., Feb. 25th, 1913.

Dear Herbert:

Your good letter came to hand last week. Whenever I hear from you my heart always beats a little faster. Old sensations begin running over their former tracks, and the associations of old scenes awakens memories so thick and fast that for a time I am lost in regret. These memories always bring with them a feeling of regret that I did not get a vision of what a man may do in the Kingdom of God, if he is willing to forget himself and be captivated and held fast by Christ. It was not until my second term that I really began to awake and throw my whole soul into my work. It is true I worked hard enough the first term for I had three fields thrown on to me at the end of my first year. I was also manager of the Yampany School, and did whatever pastoral work was done among the English-speaking people. Then while I was in the Seminary, I started the Industrial School, was chairman of the Major League, looked after the native church at Vetapalam and Sanalkota, conducted a service at the middle lock once a week, preached in the Malapully two evenings a week, had charge of the native work on the Coconada field, and

conducted monthly meetings with the workers there. So you may be sure that I was not idle. Subsequently we went back to the Archbalds, and I taught two classes extra. Besides I gave night lessons to the lower secondary class in Arithmetic, others so they would never have passed their examinations. But though I did all this work and conducted one revival meeting in the Seminary, still I did not feel the same about the work as I did in my second term. It was not the quantity of work we do so much as the quality that counts, and it is quite possible to do a great deal of work without putting as much heart quality into it as we should.

My heart is just about the same as it was when you visited me. I haven't lost any of my fingers or toes, and don't expect to. I am unable to dress and undress myself, to button and unbutton my own clothes, and, with some difficulty I can tie my own shoes. My voice is pretty hoarse, but if I had the opportunity I might be able to give a foreign mission address yet. You must not think I am downcast. Please tell me what you think of the religious outlook in America at the present time.

J. F. DAVIS

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Newcastle, N. B., May 15th, 1913

My Dear Bro. Brown:

I spent the most of the day with our dear friend, writing and talking and trying to cheer him up in his terrible condition. He, however, cheered me more than I could cheer him. For a brighter Christian and one more firmly standing on the Rock of Ages, I have never found. I went to Tracadie at his special request that I should consent, if it could be arranged, to act as Protestant Chaplain, now that he is there alone and outside the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. He has written, through me asking for my appointment. I am told that the Government ought to do this. I happen to be the nearest Baptist minister to Tracadie, and if I can serve

the Board or any denomination in this way, I shall only be too pleased. I do not think he should be left in such a sad condition to bear his heavy burden without our practical sympathy and help.

HENRY T. COUSINS

Tracadie, N B., May 16th, 1913.

Dear Bro. Brown,

I realize that I am slowly passing away, but if I could say anything or do anything to lead our people to inaugurate a Forward Movement, then I could die with pleasure. I am keeping about as well as usual.

J. E. DAVIS.

Newcastle, N B. June 20th 1913

On my visit I found him in splendid spirits and so delighted that the Government had appointed me to look after his spiritual interests. He wishes to be warmly remembered to the Board members and to thank them for all their kindness.

HENRY T. COUSINS

Tracadie, N B., Aug. 26th, 1913

Dear Evelyn,

I am glad that you do not attend the dancing parties that take place in the neighborhood. Not that I think there is any harm in the dancing. I will give you a rule which you can apply to all questionable places of entertainment. "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all for the glory of God." If you can attend dancing parties and theatres for God's glory, then by all means do so. I remember that your birthday is drawing near, and that you will be of age on the 7th of September. You will be your own mistress from this time onward, but I don't think you will feel much freer than you have for the past four years.

Your affectionate father,

J. E. DAVIS.

Traverse N B Jan 27th 1914

Dear Evelyn

There is a story told of a lady and a knight. They were walking along the bank of a river and saw some beautiful flowers growing on the other side. The lady expressed a desire to have a bunch of the flowers and the knight attempted to cross the river to get them, but when he got midway he slipped into a deep hole where there was a coffin which caused him to sink and drown. Just before he sank he passed his hand to the lady and said "Forget me not." Hence these flowers from that time onward were called forget me nots.

There was another young knight who bought a Mattie at a tavern sale. In the Mattie were two hands clasped and above it a lovely bunch of forget me nots. He gave the Mattie to a young lady of slender form, with large brown eyes full of tears and she weathed the words "forget me not" with blue and crimson yarn. That young knight took this Mattie with him to Manitoba, had it framed and hung it up in his shack, and occasionally looked at it while doing his homestead duties. Three years later he returned to Winnipeg and hung it up in his room in the College. When he was attracted by other faces, the sight of his Mattie kept him steadfast. Seven years from the day he bought it he returned to Newtonville Ontario. He went away a poor boy, he came back with a deed for 300 acres of land, and a B A diploma in his trunk. He took that young lady to a tea meeting in the Methodist church, just where they had met seven years previous. Suffice it to say that she became his wife and was his loving comfort as well as his helpmeet in all his labors in India for over sixteen years.

The Mattie was eaten up by the moths in India, but even now in his blindness he can see the hands clasped, and the bunch of flowers, and it wakes many memories of the past. That lady was your dear mother. God

grant that you may be as loving and true and noble as she was, is the prayer of your affectionate father,

J. E. DAVIS

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Tracadie, N.B., Oct. 24th, 1914

Dear Bro. Brown

I spend sixteen hours out of the twenty four in bed and still I am so weak that I cannot sit up more than two or three hours without falling asleep in my chair. I took a bath this morning, and when John the Icelandic, took the bandages off my legs and arms, they were stuck with blood from my knees to my feet and from above my elbows to my hands. My nose and my eyes break out in sores and bleed; my forehead and the sides of my head also bleed.

I have been in bed for two days. I don't expect to be able to sit up very much from this time onward. The bed is the only place where I can keep warm. I may linger on like this all winter but it will be amid great weakness and suffering. It has taken more patience and courage to battle against this disease for the last ten years than language can describe.

You need not worry about me. The Sisters and the Doctor are very kind and when the end comes, I will let you know in time for John to come down to take my body and bury it beside my parents.

I am glad you have succeeded in getting the money through to the missionaries. This war will be a hindrance to foreign Mission work and if Germany should win, all English missionaries would be turned out of all foreign countries. The rest of the world has been asleep while Germany has been preparing to conquer the world. Their rude awakening may be too late to save them from disaster.

J. E. DAVIS.

Traverse, N.H., Nov. 30th, 1914

Dear Herbert

Many rejoice to see the loyalty exhibited in all parts of the British Empire. Thousands are volunteering to give their lives to preserve Britain, and thousands more are giving their money to safeguard and uphold the Empire.

Now contrast this loyalty to the British Empire with the loyalty manifested towards Christ and His Kingdom. How few there are who are willing to go to foreign lands to uphold or extend Christ's Kingdom, and how few to give the money to support those who go to be "fruit." I am not a pessimist. I believe that war will do a great deal of good. It will no doubt, turn the hands of the clock backwards for a few years, but after the war is over there will be a greater forward movement than ever. The longer it lasts, the greater the devastation, the hotter the contest and the more serious and suffering it will bring to the countries engaged in it, but the more permanent will be the peace that will follow. I also believe that the people of Europe will lose the power of their sovereigns, and perhaps some monarchies may be changed into republics. Many social problems will be solved by this war, as I shall be surprised if it does not prove a blessing from a religious standpoint. German Rationalism will not be worshipped in the future as it has been in the past. People will begin to see that culture cannot take the place of faith, and that a man's religious nature must be educated in the same proportion as his intellect.

J. E. DAVIS

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February 27th, 1915.

Dear Herbert

The first winter I was here I suffered a good deal from fever. I had cold sweats at night. My heart was very weak, and I thought I was not going to live long.

Therefore I offered to give a donation to the general hospital carried on on the other side of this building if one of the Sisters would kindly write for me a brief sketch of my life. Accordingly I dictated it in ten short chapters. The Sister was in charge of the Pharmacy and often could not write more than ten minutes at a time. I did not ask her to read it over. I know it is very incomplete and incoherent. My brother rewrote some of the chapters and then gave them to Mr. Brown. I told Mr. Brown that I did not intend it to be an autobiography but simply wrote in order to supply the data out of which my friends might write a brief story of my life if they wished to do so. You could do that better than anyone else as you know me better than any of the other missionaries. If you are coming East in the Summer and can get those chapters from Mr. Brown and come and read them over to me and allow me to make some changes in them you would have the complete data out of which to write my life story.

Since you have mentioned the matter, I am giving you this information. I have not been very strong this Winter, but still I manage to sit up about eight hours out of every twenty-four. I may linger on in the body during the summer. In all my afflictions I have never lost confidence in God. I can assure you that no bride ever looked forward to her wedding day with more joy than I do to my home going. I know that will be the greatest day in my life and the anticipation of it fills me with an inexpressible joy.

J. E. DAVIS

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Tracadie, N.B. March 24th 1915

Dear Brother:

The terrible war goes on and the coming Summer will witness the greatest tragedy in Europe that the world has ever seen. France and England will have



to lose about three million men to drive the Germans back into their own country. Somehow, I think the Allies must win in the long run. Probably it is because I think they have the just cause, but I am also aware that the destiny of Britain is trembling in the balance. If she emerges from the crisis victorious, she will be so humbled and cheatered that she will do much better work for the civilization of the world than she has done in the past. But if she falls, great will be her fall. I am not praying for peace, because I do not think the time for peace has come, but I am praying that God will overrule this awful carnage of blood for His honor and glory, and for the building up of a better Europe.

J. E. DAVIS

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Tracadie, N.B., Apr. 4th 1915

Dear Evelyn

I have always found in life that, when I was ready for it, some work always came to me, and I am sure you will find the same thing. First, we must prepare ourselves, and then have faith to believe that some definite work will be given us to do.

Your affectionate father,

J. E. DAVIS.

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Tracadie, N.B., May 31st, 1915.

Dear Bro. Brown

I have come to regard my sickness as a sacred trust from God. I believe He knew He could trust me with this disease. He knew that He was able to keep me, and that I would never deny His name. I have long since given up praying that I may be cured, and have prayed that I may use this disease as a sacred trust from God. I am some better than I was last Winter, and will probably live throughout the year.

J. E. DAVIS

Tracadie, N.B., Sept. 3rd, 1915.

Dear Bro. Brown

I wish to send a motto to the Convention that will express the law of sacrifice, and for the purpose I have selected the following text: "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." These words were true of our Lord, they are also true of our soldiers and of our home and foreign missionaries.

I lost my life while trying to save others. If you have time, I would be glad if you can have this motto prepared and placed in the audience room where the Convention will meet.

My mouth, throat and stomach are full of sores that continue to break and bleed and cause me a great deal of suffering. I don't know how long I shall continue in the body. I derive my peace of mind, not from my physical conditions, but from perfect resignation to the will of God. If He wishes me to remain and suffer, I say, "Thy will be done." If He calls me home, I shall rejoice with all my heart.

God bless you, and grant you a time of refreshing coming from His presence. As the prayer of your friend and brother in Christ.

J. E. DAVIS

Tracadie, N.B., December 15th, 1915

Dear Bro. Brown

My mouth and throat are so sore that I have given up eating meat or any solid food, and I am living on soup and milk.

We have had a lot of rainy weather down here, but now we have snow enough for sleighing. I hear the sleigh bells ring, and other sounds reminding me of Christmas Day, but I live not for these things, but for the world beyond. Oh, to be out of pain, and to be with Jesus, is my desire. There have been thirteen deaths since I came here. A few others have come into the

hospital, but we have fourteen patients at present, and two of us will not be here long.

God bless you all and grant you many greetings of the season, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N. B., Dec. 17th, 1915.

Dear Evelyn:

My mouth is so sore that I cannot eat solid food, I am living on soup, milk, etc. I trust that I shall not remain too long in the hospital to be a trouble to others and a burden to myself. I appreciate very much the kindness of the Doctor and the Sisters to me, and also that of the other patients at the present time. God grant you all a joyous Christmas: is the prayer of your affectionate father,

J. E. DAVIS.

Tracadie, N. B., Dec. 27th, 1915.

Dear Ben Brown:

I am a great sufferer, but there is nothing you can do for me except to pray for me. The Doctor and the Sisters are very kind to me, and I have everything that I need. I don't think that I will live longer than the Spring. I suppose you know that I wish to be buried beside my father and mother, in the Stanley Cemetery, not far from the old Haldimand church. I was born in the little village of Wicklow. I received my early education there and a part of my religious training in the Sunday School and the little church.

I thought at that time that those old men and women who used to pray so tenderly in the prayer meetings, were all perfect saints. I know now they were ordinary good people. Nevertheless, their memory is very precious to me. The association of the temperance lodge, the church, the Sunday School, all made such an impression on me that I can truly say my character was formed there. Of course, my mother

exercised a great influence over me in the home. The simple people who live in the country are free from all the snares and temptations of city life.

I was a child of the country, and I always remained so. You know how great my love for the poor and for the common people was when I was in India. Well, I want to be buried there. I would like to awake on the resurrection morn surrounded by those pure souls I loved and lost long years ago.

I want to thank Mr. Sheustore for the deep interest he has taken in me. I know more about his kind deeds than he thinks I do, and I am sure he will not lose his reward.

The Lord be with you all and make your last days your best days, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,  
J. E. DAVIS

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Tracadie, N.B., Feb. 10th, 1916.

Dear Bro. Brown:

I have great difficulty in breathing. I cough a great deal, and get so tired and weak that I cannot sit up, and sometimes I almost choke to death. One night I coughed and choked for about two hours. I thought the end had come, but I got some medicine that helped me. Still I know I shall suffer from this time on to the end.

You know I wish to be buried by my father and mother. John will have to come down after my body. I will have the doctor telegraph you when death comes.

I wish to thank you personally for all your kindness to me, and to the children. I also wish to thank the other members of the Board.

The Lord be with you, and make you a power and a blessing is the prayer of your affectionate friend,  
J. E. DAVIS.

Truro, N.B. Feb. 24th, 1916.

Dear Brother Brown:

I have become a great sufferer. I did not get any sleep for two whole nights and for two days. I only slept about two hours last night. The Doctor very kindly came and stayed all night at the Hospital. I got some sleep this morning, but still my throat is in such a decaying condition that I am in danger of choking all the time. The Sisters and patients are very kind to me. I am glad you have arranged about my funeral. I should be glad to have John come and stay with me a few days before I die. The Doctor will send you a telegram when he thinks the end is drawing near.

My faith in God and Christ is just as strong as ever, and after that comes my own church. God has always been greater to me than the church, and so He holds my heart fast.

I have never been sick, never run after the fads of the day. I have believed God was unchanging, and so I have tried to be like Him, steadfast and immovable in prosperity and adversity, and such, by God's help, I am at the present.

Please put a note in the Baptist to say I cannot correspond with anyone.

God bless you in this time of stress and strife and make you more useful than ever, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,  
J. E. DAVIS.

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Newcastle, N.B., April 7th, 1916.

I have just returned from visiting Brother Davis. His condition is indescribable. I do not think he will last longer than two weeks. He is too weak to leave the bed, and takes no solids. I am glad to provide him with some home-made grape juice, the only drink he now cares for. I will see to it that he gets all he needs. His faith is still strong, but because of his weakened condition I could not stay long in the room.

M. S. RICHARDSON

## CHAPTER XVI THE GLORIOUS END

### The Last Days

When first visiting Ben Davis, some two years ago, I found him able to sit up for a greater part of the day and while suffering great discomforts because of his blindness, one leg and decay of the lungs and nerves, yet he did not expect any gain. Many signs of this dread disease are not only affected but Bencher Davis had full possession of his mental powers and during many months he published.

Though blind and confined to a little room, his nights were some of the most serene. He was alive to all that was going on in the world and meditated deeply upon its social problems and religious problems. One day he exclaimed: "You see, I know how I would like to live and give battle to the world? All of the people may know what they would do, they would try to lead the world into the right way."

He watched the mighty events of the past two years with breathless interest wondering how they would hasten the consummation of the Kingdom of Kings, the Christ be loved so much and for whom he was suffering many things. He said he would wait as long enough to see how he was wounded but trying to see the issue was decided he had no doubt that through that struggle the cause of Him for Whom are all things, and in Whom are all things, would be set above. John Davis found the world a task and a trial so great and wonderful that at times they caused him to forget his terrible physical condition. They as well as Heaven's promise to him interested and attracted him.

Later when the disease so steadily and insidiously work had further weakened his once strong and manly frame his faith and hope seemed to grow stronger and in that leprous body he pressed God for His great good men, mercy and love. Still later he said: "I am now

suffering dreadfully. The internal ulcers rupture, causing intense pain and the poisoning of my system. My throat is horribly affected, and all foods taste bitter. When I lie down at night I am kept awake with fever and long for the coming of the morning. Then, through the day, I doze at times, and long for the evening shadows. My only joy now is the joy of meeting my Lord."

A month later he could not leave his bed and the only nourishment he could take was milk and water. To relieve his intense sufferings, Dr. Lange of the Lazarettu gave him morphine. The Doctor and the Sisters have been extremely kind and Brother Davis wishes the denomination to know of their tender care for him. Mrs. Dr. Smith of Tracadie has also been most kind and thoughtful in visiting him twice a week and reading to him.

Mary beautiful and loving messages found their way to his living room. One of these a poem especially beautiful and beautiful, was sent by Dr. Everett Sawyer of Okanagan College. Brother Davis listened to the reading of it with rapt attention and exclaimed, "Beautiful! Beautiful!" Its sentiments found an echo in his heart. Such messages greatly cheered him and they, together with the presence and promises of Christ, enabled him to live the victorious life, believing that death would be won loved up in victory.

Terror has named death "the terror feared by man." But John Davis did not fear death. For months he stood upon the verge of the grave and flung out the taunt, "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?" With wonderful calmness and composure he planned his own funeral. He carefully outlined all the details with his chaplain as regard to the interment and the service to be held. "Have a memorial service," said he, "in the little church at Wicklow Ont., for there I studied in the Sunday School,

there I gave my heart to God forty three years ago and there I was baptised with fifty five others. If any should object to having my remains brought into the church bury them, and heed the service later.

Thus he looked upon his body as a worn out letter that the soul had written and cast away before going home to God. Continuing he said: Tell Mr. Brown to preach my funeral sermon from these words: "Who shall as anything to be charge of God's secret? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that justifieth rather than a man again, who is even in the right hand of God who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written: For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Rom. 8: 33-37.

The minister first went to Health's Place and made with some dread. The Languette is situated upon one of the loveliest parts in the town of St. Lawrence. As one approached it seems at first to be a part of the grey and black gulf above rising out of the mist and wind swept waters. Then by further one soon descended into the road grey stone the new broad ward "Languette." Instantly there comes to one a memory the ancient story of the family of Patience with the hopeless victim crying "unseen, unseen." The minister, however, found no hopeless and complaining victim but a prisoner of hope, trusting in God's goodness, believing where he could not prove, believing he was suffering to fulfil the mysterious will of God and exclaiming with Job: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." This declaration was heard ringing through the Languette. "I know whom I have believed. I am a son of God, and if a son of God, should I be afraid of my



Father? Should I be afraid to go to His house? Am I lost? No more than I think God can be lost." Hearing such language from this leper sufferer, the writer on his last visit left those bleak shores with a burning heart, thinking not of the dreadful surroundings, but of "a man in Christ," whose spirit no walls could imprison, and whose high converse had transformed the little room into a Bethel.

M S. RICHARDSON

### Translated.

Brother Davis passed away last night, April 28th. He asked for me on Wednesday. I arrived at his bedside on Thursday evening, April 27th. In the midst of his terrible sufferings he lived his hours of life, and had me with him so that he could leave to the world his final statement in regard to his faith. Gasping for breath and choking with the poison of the disease, he said, "Thank God you are here—I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. Write that down." Continuing, after regaining strength, he said, "Henceforth, let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus. Write that down."

Gladly did I write down this declaration of the dying hero of faith. So passed the strong, heroic soul away.

M S. RICHARDSON

### The Last Rites.

Under weeping skies, the broken body of our missionary hero, John Edwin Davis, was laid away on Saturday, May 6th, in the Fairview Cemetery, midway between the villages of Grafton and Wicklow. There lie the ashes of his closest earthly kin. The Government officer in charge of the Lazaretto, Dr. Langs, who had become his warm personal friend, and Rev M S. Richardson, his chaplain, were present, having accom-

passed the basket in to him as they did. Of Mr. Davis's six children four were present, one in the King's uniform, besides many old friends and neighbors who came to show their respects to the memory of one who they loved and revered. The bearers were four of his own householders, J. G. Brown, Secretary of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board, Harry F. Stevens, the District Treasurer, with Mr. Thomas A. A. McLeod of Vancouver, H. H. Laffamme of New York and two of his old friends from the Highlands, one the Rev. J. H. Hume and another.

The funeral service was held in the old Highland church at Wickham. This church was established 118 years ago. The hymns, the psalms, the aria generally for the service were Mr. Davis's own choosing. The sermon was preached by Dr. Brown. A word which he has kept ever since as a banner to him, in the name of his fellow missionaries, as before the pulpit, a pebble symbol of the heart, illustrates that were spoken for his old time friends and fellow workers. Rev. A. A. Melson, who presided in a charge of the Hindu chattrapathi field. Rev. H. F. Laffamme, who went out with him to India in 1887 and who has been his closest friend through all the intervening years. Mr. W. Craig, the Vice-Chairman of the Foreign Mission Board, whose father was Chairman at the time of Mr. Davis's appointment twenty-two years ago, and Rev. M. R. Richardson, then a youth, eloquently testified to his hero's life, his splendid courage in suffering and death, his faithful union to the truths of the Bible and his unflinching loyalty to his Lord and Master. Rev. R. J. Routledge, pastor of the Highland church, took part in the service as also did Mr. Stillwell.

Mr. Laffamme spoke as part as follows: "I went to console Brother Davis, but came away myself greatly comforted and strengthened. Though suffering excruciating pain as the result of the advanced state of the

disease weakened in body, unable to dress or feed himself, separated from his family, stripped of all, men prize most highly and living among people of a strange language and another faith, he yet made to me this remarkable statement: "Don't pity me. I lack nothing, every bodily want is supplied, no mother could be more devoted and kindly in her ministry than are these good Sisters. The Doctor sees me every day, and has done all that human skill can suggest." I sat here day after day, conversing with my Lord and Master. Jesus is with me all the time. This little room, when with the presence of the guests of the Lord, I feel like abouting all the time." I was crying myself out of sheer pity. He was demonstrating to me and to all the world the great truth that a man's happiness depends not on his position or his possessions, but on his friends or acquaintances;—for here was a man separated from them all, but finally and forever upon the surrender of his will to God and his constant communion with Him.

Thus there passed into the presence of the Master one of the greatest saints and missionaries since Pentecost. We shall not soon look upon his like again.

"Nor blame I death because he bore  
The use of virtue out of earth  
I know transplanted human worth  
Shall bloom to profit elsewhere."

#### Tribute by Rev. J. E. Stillwell

"Mr. Davis was a missionary of the first rank. In his all too brief term, he left his impress on the workers, the Christians and the non-Christian community, and will be remembered through long years to come. He had those qualities which endeared him to the Indian people of all classes. He had absolutely no class feeling, being as fully interested in talking to the mereest cooly, as he was in breaking a lance with the learned disputant.

from the higher classes. He was a conversationalist of very exceptional quality and was able to converse on any subject with any person and at any time. In the beginning of his work for "society" here, I was frequently made aware that we associates treated him gently. For a long and short time he had from the villages. He was well received in a comfortable stream of conversation of the most interesting nature.

Mr. Davis was a man made of large bones, but he also had within himself the strength and the confidence that would have made him the leader in any order taking. One secret of his strength was his remarkable retentiveness. He was rapid in action, which generated in him a self-confidence in doing the best work he appeared. He was largely free from that nagging and nervousness which hinders many men and makes their work inefficient as a result. It was an unusual thing to fall in with a man who was faced everything with an unfaltering confidence and who was at the same time equal to his own estimate of himself. No one could pass half an hour with him without being impressed with the man and with the work as he lay open to his vision.

Mr. Davis was a mighty man in prayer. When things went heavy or out at all his great resource was prayer, and prayer with him meant the most intense expression of spirit and was perseverant until an answer was given. In his meetings when at times his words seemed to fall against a headwind of resistance he shut himself in a room and prayed the resistance away, and then the break followed. Christians confessing wrong doing and converts being won.

Mr. Davis's outstanding quality was his preaching. He was mighty in preaching for into his preaching went every man's strength and being and conviction that he possessed. There was absolutely no reservation of any kind. He gave his whole self, body, mind and heart to his message. He preached with an intensity

that carried conviction and with a readiness that impressed his hearers with the message burning in his soul. No day was too wet or too hot, no road too long or too difficult, no opposition too concentrated. In fact all were the necessary, a regular flaming brand touring his villages and preaching his gospel, until utterly exhausted he had perforce to halt, on a breath of spell. I doubt not that among other things, that singular intensity wrought to undermine his spiritual strength and so it he power to regain a period of years on a futile attempt to regain what he had lost. Looking back over his work and his history, would one now wish he had wrought other than he did? The thought will not come, for his office and work would not have been the same, and he would not have been himself had he taken counsel of moderation, and wrought as he to save himself. In all his work he was ever conscious of close and intimate fellowship with his Lord, and this fellowship grew closer as his hopes of recovery waned.

### Resolution of the India Conference

He is therefore resolved that we hereby place on record the warmest of our tenderest love and highest esteem for a fellow missionary whose wonderful realisation of the fullest meaning of life and service both while labouring in India and later while suffering in Canada has bound him to us in bonds which death can never sever. In his abode among the Trigunns he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed. Himself a burning and a shining light, he held aloft the torch of truth so that the entrance of God's Word gave light to many a heart. his earnest call of strangers and ringing head and clear throughout the whole Munson and ushering many into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. His visions of expansion have materialised into substantial and beneficent actualities, while he laid foundations as deep and wide that they can

never be washed away. We can never forget that it was as is supposed while he was performing an act of characteristic gentleness, kindness for some of India's most wretched people that he contracted the fell disease that laid him aside. This provided the occasion for the exhibition during nearly years of suffering of those sterling qualities which are character that made him a prize among men, and commended the admiring wonder of a whole world to him. Such a thrilling exhibition of the astounding strength and victorious power of divine grace, triumphing years of meditation, pain and agonizing service, is of a place, unperformed by legend or the genius of fiction, which is in all ages and all tongues to the admiration of the faithful and the unspeakable grief and regret of the ungodly. We feel that such a sacrifice in the work of a great spirit and such a result, like ours, would put us to shame if we are ever tempted to depression or discouragement, and that there will be thus a personal source of inspiration to do to date and to do more, while the blessing which he endured for us the breaking up of the a shatter has filled our hearts with a fragrance that can never pass away.

We rejoice in the grace that made our brother's faith make the place of angels, his reach the gate of heaven, his room a sanctuary where the angels come, and where radiated from his warm and devoted heart those messages of love and power that so strangely moved and impressed all to whom they came. We feel that a life like his is the most satisfying reply to the mocking question of the sceptic. Who will show us any good? that it visibly exhibits the supremacy of the things that are unseen and eternal over the things that are seen and temporal and that it is the unanswerable challenge of faith to the world that earth can do.

Thus we lay our humble tribute at our brother's feet. It is with such testimonies, when supported by

reality, that we would had the power of Jesus' name, and such lives are a royal diadem to crown Him Lord of all.

We rejoice with our brother in his precious mission with the sweet and devoted wife, who entered so heartily into all his labors, shared so much of suffering with him, and who preceded him to the glory land. We rejoice in our brother's coronation, and that he wears for evermore the martyr's crown of life. Farewell, beloved, 'till the day break and the shadows flee away."

Cocanada, July, 1916.











